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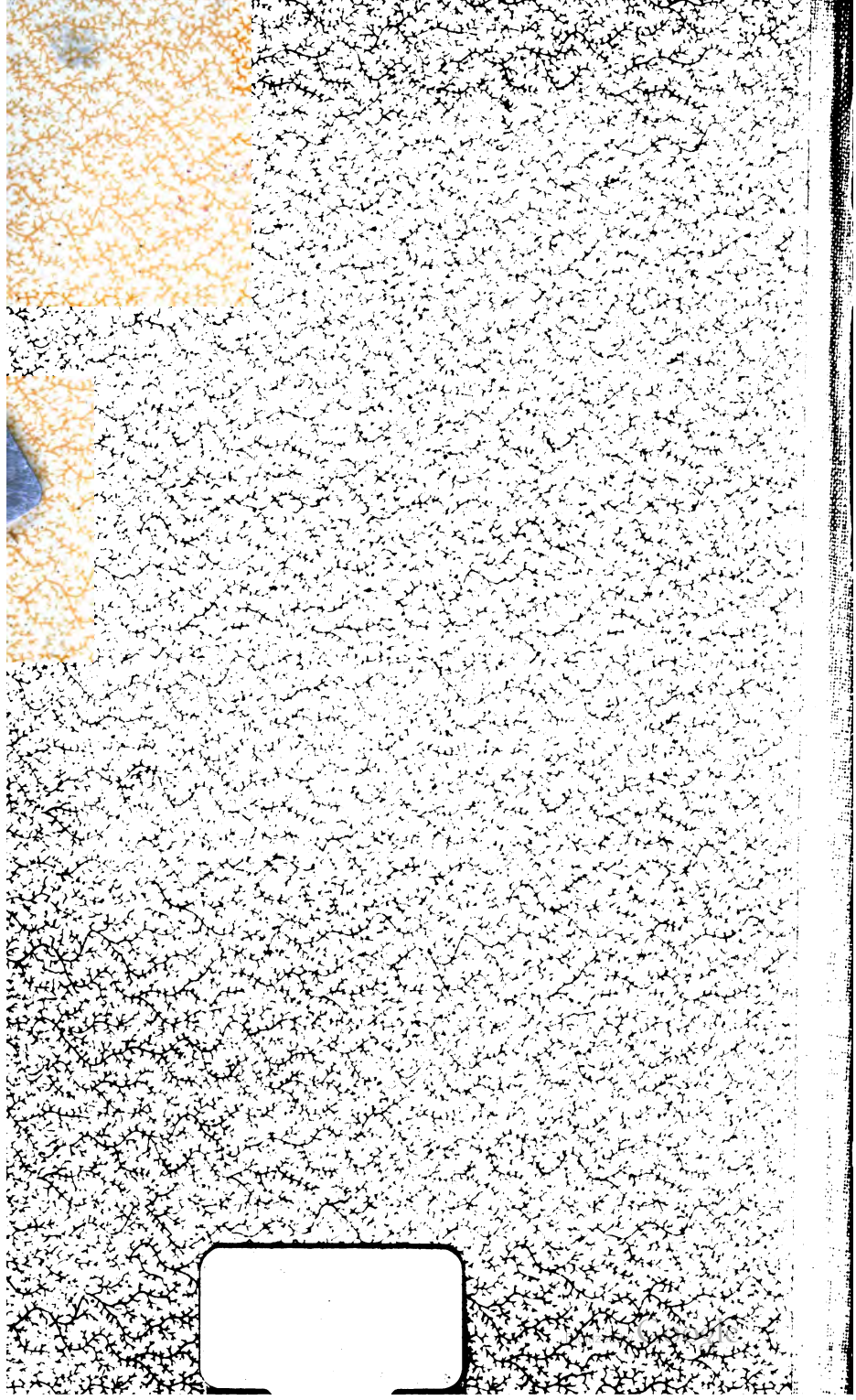
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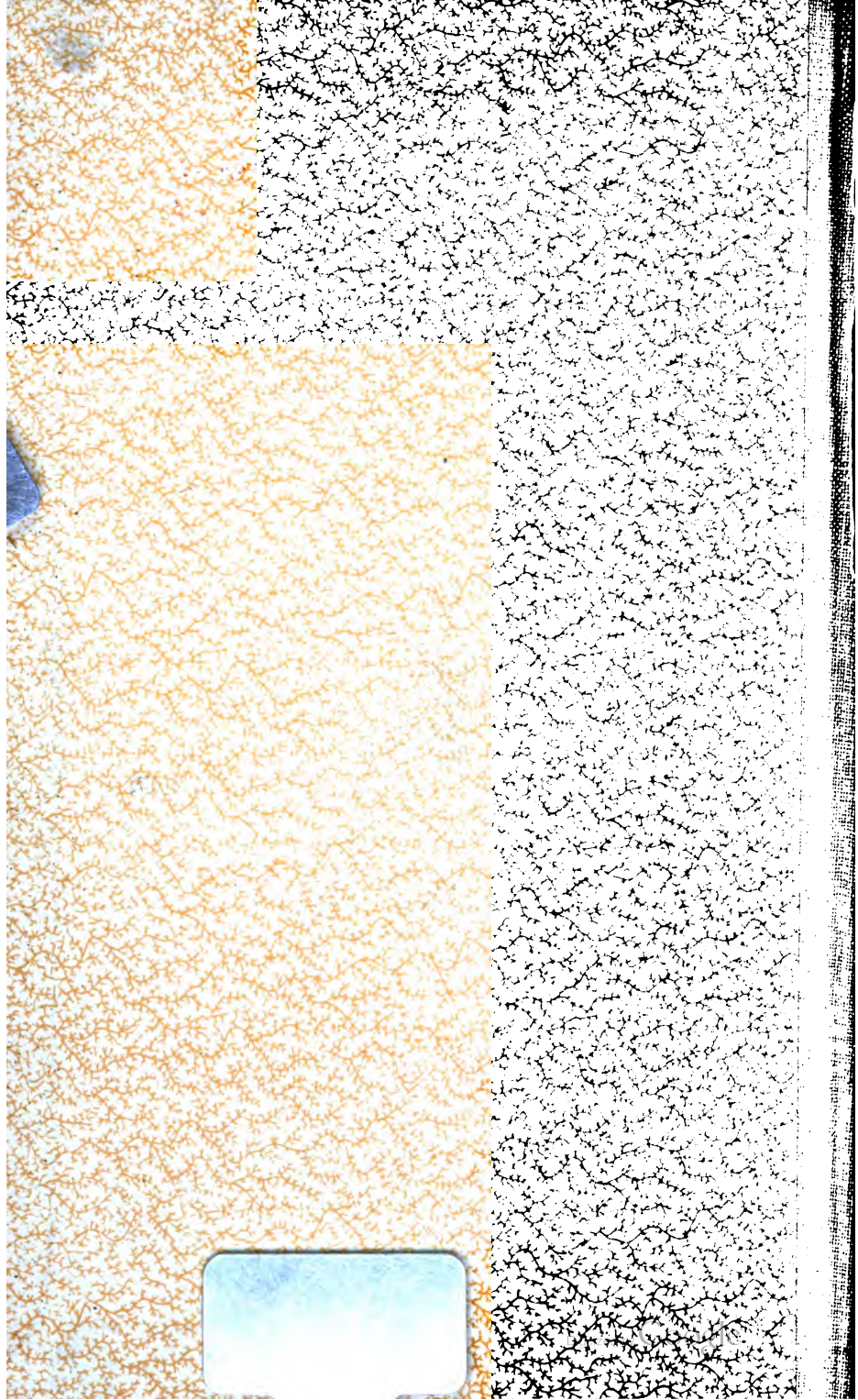
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THE
CRITICAL REVIEW:

OR,

ANNALS OF LITERATURE.

VOL. XIX.

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SERIES THE THIRD.

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THE CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE THIRD.

Vol. XIX. . JANUARY, 1810.

No. I.

ART. I.—*A History of the County of Brecknock, in two Volumes, Vol. I. containing the Chorography, general History, Religion, Laws, Customs, Manners, Language, and System of Agriculture used in that County. By Theophilus Jones, Deputy Registrar of the Archdeaconry of Brecon.* Brecknock, sold by Booth, 1805. 4to.

THIS work has remained so long unnoticed by us, that it is with shame we advert to the date of the title-page. It is hardly a sufficient excuse that we waited till its completion; since, had not others bestowed that attention on Mr. Jones's first appearance, which accident, rather than design, prevented us from giving, he might have wanted altogether that encouragement which he amply deserves, and without which he would perhaps have proceeded languidly, if at all, in the execution of his very extensive and laborious design. A respectable list of subscribers is, indeed, annexed to the work, probably (we hope, positively) more than sufficient to answer all the expense of the undertaking, considerable as it must be; but so great a devotion of time and talent deserves a much more ample recompense from the public, and, small as may be the extent of our influence, we are yet displeased at ourselves for not giving to the undoubted claims of the author that degree of publicity which it is in our power to furnish.

There is, however, another motive which has more substantially operated in causing our neglect, than the incomplete state of the work would have done; a motive, which has certainly prevented us from noticing other works of the same description,* peculiarly deserving of the public attention.

* This may be instanced, once for all, in Mr. Whitaker's *History of "Whalley,"* and of "*Craven,*" works which we estimate in the highest rank of topographical merit, but the latest of which has now been for five years in the possession of the public.

When a writer has bestowed on one particular subject the whole of his time and labour, for many years of his life, it always appears to imply some degree of arrogance and presumption in those who cannot possibly have examined the subject with the same degree of painful accuracy, to pretend to be his judges and censors. This, in the course of our duty as reviewers, we are often called upon to do; and the spirit of candour will generally attribute to our animadversions the motives which have suggested them, and the character which they are designed to support. For instance, a reviewer may be a good and sound mathematician; he certainly ought to be so before he pretends to notice a single treatise, however inconsiderable, on a mathematical subject. But if the works of a great and experienced master in the science pass under his inspection, his office is, generally speaking, reduced to that of laying before the public a plain and succinct view of the nature of the work, and of the points intended to be proved. He is not, indeed, forbidden—his duty, on the contrary, enjoins him, to give his opinion as to any matter in which it appears to him that there is a deficiency of proof or an error of calculation or reasoning; for, such is human nature, that the greatest and wisest among us sometimes commit errors which are liable to the detection of those who are greatly our inferiors in wisdom and understanding. But these objections, and these sentiments, are to be delivered, (in the case we are supposing) not with the authority of a judge, but with the modesty of a patient inquirer, zealous to attain truth himself, and to communicate it to others.

It is, therefore, only false modesty and affected humility which would deter a professed critic from noticing and commenting upon a work which, however conscious of his inability to equal it, it is open to him, with the whole world, to read, and understand. But the question becomes somewhat different as to works of a local and peculiar interest; and it would be necessary for the authors of a review to hold communication and correspondence with residents, not only in every county, but in every parish of the kingdom, in order to dispute the assertions, controvert the facts, or become judges of the merits of a topographer. It is this consideration which has, perhaps, influenced us too much in passing over former works of this description without notice; and, although we do not now consider it as a sufficient justification of past neglect, it is still so far of weight, as to make us disclaim all pretension to judicial authority in our ensuing remarks upon the historian of Brecknock. His first volume, which embraces a large proportion of general history and antiquarian conjecture, may, indeed, afford room for a few

observations of a critical nature; but these (if any) will be suggested with all due humility to one whose opportunities for examination and inquiry have been so much greater. To this portion of the work we shall devote our exclusive attention for the present. The second and third volumes (for the author has exceeded his original promise) are likewise published, but they will become the subject of future notice.

The two first chapters will, by the professed antiquarian, be thought to demand much more of our attention than we, having respect rather to the general information of our readers, shall find room or inclination to bestow on them. The county of Brecknock, or Brecon, 'was anciently known by the name of Garthmathrin, or Garthmadrin, Fox-hill, or Fox-hold, from that species of vermin with which *it is not improbable* this country was much infested, when it was thinly inhabited, and before its cultivation could be far advanced.' This name, though gradually fallen into disuse, is to be found in a roll in the Augmentation Office, containing a list of the possessions of the last Stafford, duke of Buckingham, who was attainted in the reign of Henry VIII. 'Brecknockshire derives its present appellation from a prince or regulus of that county, of the name of Brychan, who ruled over it about the year of Christ 400, and died in 450 or thereabouts; from whom, Brechiniauc, Brechiniawg, Brechiniog, and Brecheiniog, the Land of Brychan, according to different orthography, are derived. The English knew it by the more Saxon sound of Brecknock, before the time when Wales was divided into counties, under Henry VIII.

From this particular province, Mr. Jones extends his inquiries to Wales in general, for the purpose of ascertaining the ancient boundaries and divisions of the principality, with a reference to those of the lordship of Brecknock. Cymra (Wales), he tells us, was, from the earliest times on record, known by its present division of north and south, under the corresponding appellations Gwynedd, and Debeubarth or Dyfed; the two last words are the same in sense, though so different in sound, the terminations *barth* and *fed*, signifying equally region or land; and *dy*, being a corruption of *deheu*, on the right hand. South Wales, therefore, is known to the Welsh as 'the land on the right hand,' which in fact it is, to all those who, standing on the boundary line, turn (as all good christians ought to do) their faces towards the holy sepulchre.

We have here some charming specimens, in a note, of 'that erudite anatomizer of words and syllables,' Rowland Jones, who has immortalized himself by the attempt to derive from his native language those of the Greeks and Ro-

mans, as well as our own English. How delightful to all lovers of original conjecture must it be, to discover that they may safely lay their Scapulas aside, and rest satisfied with Pen-ux-y-gwyr-as, (the head over the lower people) as the legitimate source of the Grecian Panaxagoras! For the use of all future adventurers in this delectable science, we must give Rowland's recipe in the words of our friend, his name-sake.

"To reduce the Greek, Latin, English, and any other languages you please, into Welsh, dissect them, cut them across, backwards and forwards, transversely and longitudinally; then chop them up small as the cooks do parsley for sauce, and, thus minced, you may call them *celtic roots*."

The subdivision of South Wales into Dyfed (proper) and Syllwg, plunges Mr. Jones into the midst of two antiquarian disquisitions, from which no man yet has borne off the trophies of an undoubted victory. On the first of these questions we incline against Mr. Jones, though we will not say in favour of Dr. Whitaker, whose conjecture seems certainly to be somewhat fanciful. But, since the Romans called the natives of this province Silures, and not Sylvestres, and since Silures cannot by any refinement of etymological subtilty be supposed to be a *Roman* corruption of their own word Sylva, it seems to us a great deal more probable that Silures was a name latinized from the British, than that Syllwg has any affinity or connection whatever with Sylvestres. In other words, if Syllwg is a corruption of the Roman word Sylvestres, how comes it that in none of the Roman writers are these people called Sylvestres, but always Silures? This is to suppose an original corruption by the Welsh of Sylvestres into Syllwg, and then a re-corruption by the Romans of Syllwg into Silures.

On the second question we feel ourselves wholly incompetent to hazard an opinion. It relates to the boundaries of these subdivisions, Dyfed and Syllwg; and it appears to us as if there were no sufficient materials in existence on which a satisfactory decision can be formed. We shall only say, in this place, that Mr. Jones is of opinion with those who (against the supposition of Camden) think the county of Brecon to have been included within the boundary line on the side of Dyfed or Demetia.

Some of those who wish to support Camden's opinion, that Breconshire was part of Siluria, have said that Builth in that county was the ancient Bulleum Silurum; but it is the adjacent country or *hundred* of Builth only, which has been called Buallt, or Gwlad Fualt, the land of Boscage. The town, which is not of the highest antiquity, has always gone by the name of Llan-

fair, or Llanvair Yenhualt, Saint Mary's in Builth; and at this day, any one who says in the Welsh language, *Yr ydwyf'n byw ymhualt*, I live in Builth, is understood to mean that he lives in the country, and not in the town, of Builth.'

This reasoning, we imagine, not to be very conclusive, the question being less what the Britons meant by Builth, than what the Romans meant by Bulleum. And Bulleum certainly sounds much more like the name of a town than that of a district. According to the general analogy of Roman terminations, we should be apt to render the word Bulleum by 'the town inhabited by the men of Builth.' But on this important point every man must judge for himself. We do not pretend to say that Mr. Jones is wrong. We only prophesy that the world will never agree in a determination that he is right.

Leaving all further examination of these and other equally abstruse questions to those who are sanguine enough to entertain a stronger notion than ourselves, of our approximation to certainty in the solution of them, we shall inform the reader that, after conducting him with the precision of a most accurate surveyor round the present boundary-line of the county, Mr. Jones will present him, in the remainder of the chapter, with much valuable information respecting the 'population, principal rivers, mountains and valleys, soil, climate, and atmosphere,' of the little district which he describes. Under the second head, he makes some remarks to which we advert, on account of their justness and of the benevolent principle which appears to have suggested them. After giving his testimony to the truth of what Giraldus Cambrensis says of this county, that '*fluvialibus quoque piscibus abundat quos hinc Osca, inde Vaga, ministrat; Salmonibus etiam et Trutis utraque, sed plus illis Vaga, plus istis Osca, fecunda est;*' he proceeds, in language somewhat too fine, to extol the bounty of Providence, and arraign the selfish folly of man, which overlooks the blessings given, or prefers to their true enjoyment the gratification of some immediate and temporary interest. We shall not think of copying the whole of what Mr. Jones has offered on this subject to the consideration of his readers, but shall content ourselves with the selection of a short note which appears to contain the essence of all that is said in the text, in the simple proposal for the abolition of wears.

'I would not be understood here to quarrel with the rights of fisher: in the possession of individuals, which they are clearly and legally entitled to enjoy as freely and fully as any other species of property, but merely to submit it to the consideration

of the legislature, whether it would not be for the good of the community that all weirs should be abolished, and a satisfaction made to the proprietors by the inhabitants of the parishes in the neighbourhood through which the rivers run, empowering them, at the same time that the streams are free to all, under certain regulations, to punish those who may be detected in taking the fish with destructive nets or engines at improper seasons.'—*Note*, p. 17.

We shall not pursue the antiquarian discussion, with which the second chapter opens, concerning the route of Ostorius, the Roman general. Mr. Jones says, and says very truly, that 'the knowledge of the Welsh language is so absolutely necessary to a traveller among British antiquities, that without it he cannot take three steps without the risk of breaking his neck.' It does not; indeed, always preserve a man from that danger, of which we have sufficient evidence in the case of Mr. Jones's namesake above quoted; but we will at least evince our judgment to the extent of keeping out of the scrape altogether.

'Isca and Bannio,' says Horsely in his essay upon the chorographer of Ravenna, 'are doubtless Caerleon and Abergavenny.'

'Gently! gently, good sir,' says Mr. Jones, 'under Bannio I recognize the features of Ban, Bannau, Benni, and Venui, as I do also of Go-bannau, the lower or lesser Bannau or Venni, in Gobannio, which has undergone a still further state of *disfiguration* in Jupannia, supposed to be Caerdiff, by Mr. Baxter of happy conjecture (as Mr. Harris, whether jocosely or seriously, I protest I am not able to discover, most happily calls him): Baxter, indeed, has bestowed upon us so much learning, so much Greek, so much Latin, and so much knowledge of the religions and languages of the Armenians, and the Egyptians, and the Teutones, and the Samothracians, &c. &c. and above all, has introduced so many happy conjectures to demonstrate that *Caer ar daaf*, abbreviated into Caerdaff and Cardiff, means Jupannia; (here the sly rogue has slyly interpolated two letters, to support his hypothesis), that I can scarcely prevail on myself to attempt to deprive him of the benefits of his great labour; and I am only comforted by the recollection that even if I fail, it is probable his Greek and Latin will be read, when my ephemeral lucubrations, and consequently the folly of this attack, will be forgotten. In justice, however, to Richard of Cirencester, and Stukeley his commentator, I cannot help agreeing with them that Caerdiff was, in all probability, Tibia Amnis; and to me it seems clear that *Caerdydd* (the main prop of Baxter's conjecture, from whence he would wish us to believe it was Jupiter's town) is a corruption long subsequent to the time of the Romans.'—p. 28. 29.

Non nostrum est tantas componere lites.

Even if we were hazardous enough to assert that Mr. Jones is (as we think he appears to be) right in most of his conjectures, and that those authors are wrong whose positions he has undertaken to confute, how can we tell that another Mr. Jones will not rise and laugh us to scorn for our imprudent admission? We are, at least, rather more cautious than Mr. Polwhele, who, by a most notable leap from South Wales into Cornwall, actually converts the *Magnis* of Antoninus (which is usually placed at or near Old Radnor) into the *Saint Agnes* of the western county, and finds correspondent stations for Leucarum, Bomium, Nidus, &c. &c. in the same division of the Itinerary.

Horsley comes in for his share of our author's ridicule, in having, with true christian zeal, transferred to the British Saint Julian the construction of the 'Julia Strata,' which is not only evidently a Roman work, but attributed upon the strongest grounds of probability to Julius Frontinus. Mr. Jones is unquestionably accurate in reasoning upon the name. Had Julian been the founder of this work, it would have been termed *Juliana* and not *Julia Strata*. But where is Mr. Jones's own Latin, when he proposes *Sarn-Leon* as the original of the *Via Helena*? He deduces it thus—*Sarn-Leon*, —*Strata Leona*—*Strata*, or *Via, Helena*. But does he not remember that *Leon* (*Leo*, the proper name of a man) would make *Leonina*, (not *Leona* which is no more a Latin than it is a Coptic idiom)—and then can the very fury of etymology have persuaded him that either *Leonina*, or his own *Leona*, has by any process whatever been metamorphosed into *Helena*? Mr. Jones has generally a good laugh on his side when discoursing on the conjectures of former adventurers; but, in this instance, unless we are much mistaken, his own common sense will allow the laugh to be turned against himself.

Dismissing, at length, the subject of Roman antiquities, this chapter brings us down, in historical deduction, through the several British reguli of this part of Wales, to the celebrated Brychan, who has communicated his name to the province which he governed. Marchell, the daughter of Tewdrig, king of Garthmadrin, having been sent by her father into Ireland to avoid a plague (it must be confessed there is no little improbability in this statement, though Mr. Jones admits it without reserve), became the object of admiration to an Irish prince, who afterwards returned with her to her native country; and Brychan was the issue of their union.

The third and fourth chapters continue the history to the conquest of Brecknock by Bernard Newmarch, in 1092. It cannot be expected of us to follow our indefatigable historian

through the lives and actions of all his thirty-four sons and daughters, or of their numerous and warlike descendants to the reign of the unhappy Bleddin ap Maenarch, in whom terminated the British dynasty. In this part of the work, it is enough to say that Mr. Jones has merited the praise of a faithful compiler from the various records of his country; and it is no small eulogy to add, that he has actually composed, out of such stiff and unpromising materials, a species of memoir by no means unproductive either of useful information or agreeable entertainment. We do not consider as the least deserving part of his labour, the occasional fragments which he has introduced from the works of the native bards. We only wish they had been much more numerous, and shall not be contented to withhold from our readers that which is selected from the poems of David ap Gwyllym. Mr. Jones says that the translation is nearly literal. It is accompanied by the original, for the satisfaction of Welsh scholars, and we have no doubt, from the apparent extensiveness of our author's learning in the language, that what he says concerning it is perfectly correct.

‘ Wind of the sky of fleetest course,
Of awful sound, who roamest abroad;
Chilling champion of tremendous voice;
The mighty one of the world, though without wings or feet;
Most wonderful art thou; how marvellously extended thy circuit!

When thou comest from the store-house of the firmament,
thou art footless,

And yet how swiftly dost thou fly
At this hour over yonder hill!

Declare to the constant theme of my song,
The purpose of thy journey, thou northern blast of the vale.
Oh my man! Hie thee from Uwchaeron,*

With uninterrupted course and audible voice;

Stop not, hesitate not,

Fear not, little Crookback.†

Thou who sweepest the high ground and scatterest the leaves;
No one can question, none impede thee,
No! not the willing host, or the arm of the leader,

* In Caerdiganshire. Ooh Gwr! This is a peculiarity of expression, which, though not improper in Welsh, will not bear translation.

† This was his rival, and unfortunately for him, the husband of his mistress Morfydd. It must be acknowledged that in these lines there is something of the anticlimax: the bard here *wantoneth* with the wind, and the greatest poets, when in love, must be allowed *desipere in loco*, Anglice to be sometimes very insipid. I omit the two next lines, as they seem to be totally unconnected, and to be thrust in, head and shoulders. In the two, beginning with ‘*Nog-thid dwyn*’ (‘Thou who sweepest,’ &c.) the poet is himself again.

The bright sword, the torrent, or the rain.
Floods cannot overwhelm thee—no one can say to thee, De-
part hence!

Bonds cannot confine thee, thy course cannot be described by
angles :

The fury of man cannot destroy thee,
Nor can fire burn or stratagem mislead thee.

Thou lackest not the swiftness of the steed to convey thee,
Or bridge or boat to carry thee over the deep waters.

The officer cannot arrest, or the householder compel thy ap-
pearance

On a day certain ; Oh thou that fannest the leaves on the tops
of the trees,

The eye cannot follow thee to thy distant couch.

And yet a thousand hear thee ;* nest of the mighty rain !

Thou who vaultest along the firmament, of nature impetuous ;
Who lightly springest over the forests :

Thou art the gift of God upon the face of the earth :

With roaring force thou breakest the tops of the oak ;

Desicating is thy quality, thou active created one

Of the starry sky : in thy wide excursions

Thou often dost blast the hopes of the rising dawn.

With thy loud voice thou scatterest the heaps of husks :

Thou art the fabricator of the tempest on the shores of the
ocean,

And sportest as a wanton o'er the beach.

Thou art the author of great sorrows,

Thou sower and pursuer of the leaves.

Ruler of the troubled waters, assailant of the mountain,

How resistless is thy force, travelling o'er the white-bosom'd
deep.

Thy flight expands over the whole face of the earth,

Gale of the mountain ! Oh this night be fleet.—*p. 57.*

‘ The fatal battle of Morfa Rhuddlan, or Rhuddlan Marsh, in the vale of Clwyd, in Flintshire, where the confederated Welsh were totally defeated and their leader slain,’ was fought in the year 796, between Offa, the famous Mercian tyrant, and Meredydd (Meredith) king of Dyfed. It is less known to the generality of readers as an historical event, than as the origin of one of the most beautiful of the ancient Welsh airs that have descended to our times. It is undoubtedly a plaintive and affecting melody ; but Colonel Chabbert must have had ears of a peculiarly discriminating construction, if the anecdote here related of him be true.

* ‘ Nith y glaw mawr.’ This epithet, uncouth as it may appear in the English language, is particularly happy in the Welsh. No Briton can hear it without rapture.

'There is something,' says Mr. Jones, 'so peculiarly plaintive and elegiac in the notes of this composition, that I cannot resist the temptation of inserting it,* and to prove how well the sound conveys the language and sentiments of the bard upon this disastrous event, I need only mention that when it was first played upon the harp to the late Colonel Chabbert, (a Swiss gentleman, who came to reside in Breconshire) it brought tears into his eyes, while he observed that he was sure it commemorated the defeat of a great army.'

Mr. Chabbert must certainly have been the very Winckelman of music. We do not believe that the wonderful Master Crotch could ever have attained the faculty of judging what precise combination of quavers and minims must go to, 'commemorate the defeat of a great army.'

In page 77, and elsewhere, Mr. Jones does not seem to be aware (of what we believe to be correct) that the appellations of *Danes* and *Normans* or *Northmen* are used indiscriminately by some of the old chroniclers, both Welsh and English, and refer to the same people. The Normans who settled in Neustria, and whose descendants afterwards effected the conquest of this island, were (as we have been accustomed to consider them) some of the same piratical squadrons that infested the coasts of England during the ninth and tenth centuries.

Bleddin ap Maenarch, the last British Lord of Brecknock, was brother-in-law to Rhys ap Tewdwr (Rees ap Tudor) prince of South Wales, whom he had greatly assisted in recovering his just inheritance from the children of a prince of North Wales, the usurper of it. But his possession, obtained with difficulty, was disturbed by rebellion; and one Einion (surnamed Fradwr, or the traitor), having failed in the object of a conspiracy against his sovereign fled for refuge to the court of Jestin, lord of Gwent and Glamorgan, whose enmity to the princes of South Wales, not less than the unprincipled atrocity of his character, enabled him to obtain a bloody and fatal revenge for the banishment which his crimes had imposed. Robert Fitzhamon (one of the Norman conquerors of England) was invited into Wales by the confederated villains, who, by his aid, obtained a victory over the unfortunate Rhys, accompanied by the destruction of himself and his army. He was killed immediately after the battle, as most of the authorities maintain, and a place in Glamorganshire

* It is inserted accordingly in the following page of Mr. Jones's history, as set by "the late celebrated blind Parry," in a different key from that generally adopted, and, as Mr. J. thinks, "much better suited to the subject."
—Rev.

still bears the name of Pen Rhys (or Rhys's head) in commemoration of the supposed event. But Mr. Jones, who appears to have investigated these details with laudable diligence, and compared them with the observations made by himself on the topography of the country, inclines to the opinion of other chroniclers who assert that he escaped alive from the battle, and took refuge with his brother-in-law, the lord of Brecknock.

This event happened in the year 1091, and, the year following, allured by the success of his countrymen on the former occasion, Bernardus de novo Mercatu (or Bernard Newmarch) invaded Brecknock. In those days, disputes were generally terminated by the first appeal to arms. A single battle decided the fate of the lord of Garthmadrin, who was killed on the spot, and of his lordship, which became the property of the conqueror. Mr. Jones, with his usual assiduity, attempts to fix the precise spot of this engagement, and of its attendant circumstances; but in these details it would be superfluous in us to follow him, since so few of our readers could be interested in the result. He supposes that the death of Rhys ap Tewdwr was consequent upon this, and not upon the preceding affair. The descendants of Bleddin ap Maenarch still survive. His eldest son, Gwrgan, became the ancestor of several Welsh families now in existence; and, if Mr. Jones can vouch for the correctness of his genealogies, it is impossible to say whether, after the great and *just* Napoleon shall have completed the union of the western empire, by the reduction of these refractory islands, the high respect which we know he entertains for hereditary descent, may not induce him to restore the representative of the noble house of Wogan* to the lordship possessed by his forefathers. Perhaps his sense of justice may not even thus be satisfied; but he will compel the right heirs of prince Jestin ('several of whose posterity,' as Mr. Jones informs us, 'remain in Glamorganshire, boasting as an honour, that the blood of such a scoundrel continues to flow in their veins')—the right heirs of prince Jestin, we say, will be compelled to make over all their right, title, interest, property, profit, claim, and demand of, in, to; and out of the kingdoms of Glamorgan and Gwent, unto the said Ap Gwrgan ap Bleddin, by way of compensation for the injuries done him by their abominable ancestor. By means of which double act of justice, the aforesaid Ap Gwrgan ap Bleddin, without ever dreaming of such a thing,

* 'The Wogans of Pembroke-shire are descended from Gwrgan, eldest son of Bleddin ap Maenarch.' *Note to p. 90.*

will find himself suddenly invested with a little snug grand duchy, or perhaps kingdom, to the full as comfortable, and almost as extensive, as those of Baden or Wirtemberg.

We are loth to return from the anticipation of such pleasing prospects, to the tiresome narrative of facts. Bernard Newmarch did not enjoy in tranquillity the lordship which he had won by force; and, if we are to believe the Welsh historians, their native princes repaid with fourfold interest the obligation laid upon them by the Norman invaders. Mr. Jones, who seems to give a little too much credit to reports so natural to a vanquished people, wonders that 'these historians forget to give us any account how the Normans regained their authority.' He would have found many other occasions of wonder, if he had employed his usual industry in examining the statements of which he speaks. For instance, he might have stared a little at finding that Roger Montgomery, earl of Arundel, who is killed in due form by the Britons, while his immense army is *totally defeated* at a place called Gelli-gaer, not only died peaceably in his bed, a shaven monk, at Shrewsbury, but was *probably* never defeated by the Welsh in his life; his astonishment might have mounted still higher on discovering that William Fitz-Eustace, earl of Gloucester, (another victim to the rage of these valorous historians) not only did not lose his life on the same occasion, but, if he had, would have verified Lord Orford's fiction of *Prince Quiviriquimini** by the death of one who never was born; and in short, he might have been induced at last to reflect on a parallel to be found in the occurrences of our own days, and to believe the Welsh chroniclers no more than those employed by the supreme junta of Spain or by the ministry of Great Britain.

Certain it is, that notwithstanding Mr. Jones's wonder, and in spite of the temporary commotions which, we may reasonably suppose, disturbed the tranquillity of his government, Bernard Newmarch died possessed of the same, in the reign of Henry the First, having secured the forgiveness of heaven by founding the Benedictine priory of St. John the evangelist, within the walls of Brecon.

He married a Welsh princess of the name of Nest; an union not very honourable to his delicacy, since she was no better than the cast off mistress of Fleance, the son of Banquo. And here we cannot but notice another instance of the *exclu-*

* See Hor. Walpole's Hieroglyphic Tales—Tale the first. From Dugdale's Baronage, and the authorities to which he refers, the reader may be satisfied as to the accuracy of both our statements.—*Rev.*

since attention bestowed by Mr. Jones on the native historians, since, in direct variance with the Scottish annalists, whom Shakspeare himself has accurately copied, he calls Banquo *king of Scotland*, and supposes Fleance to have been banished from his country *for murder*.

Mahel, the only son of Bernard Newmarch, did not succeed his father, being deprived of his inheritance by the intrigues of his wicked mother-in-law, this same British princess; who, as appears from Giraldus Cambrensis, procured evidence to the denial of his legitimacy. The next owner of the lordship was, accordingly, Milo Fitzwalter, the husband of Bernard's eldest daughter. This baron is well known as one of the most valiant defenders of queen Maud, who invested him with the earldom of Hereford, and the offices of constable of England, and governor of Gloucester Castle, the *dolorous tower* of romance.

The illegality of the Norman usurpations in *Wales* cannot, at this day, be questioned, whatever may be alleged in defence of the invasion of England. But even, by the Normans themselves, in the very hour of their unjust conquests, if we are to credit the testimony of a Welshman of the highest authority (Giraldus Cambrensis), it was reluctantly confessed that they had not 'the right' upon their side. To this effect a very singular anecdote is quoted, which may not be familiar to all our readers.

'Henry the First, being in conversation with this nobleman (Fitzwalter), Miles was informing *his majesty* of a strange circumstance that happened (or which he dreamt had happened) in his presence, while he was passing near Llangorse pool, in company with Griffith the son of Rhys ap Tewdwr, the late prince of Wales: "upon the approach of the rightful prince (says Giraldus) the birds upon the lake joined in concert, and by the clapping of their wings, seemed to testify an universal joy."—"By the death of Christ," his usual oath, "it is no wonder *there is nothing strange in this* (says the king of England), for we have violently and injuriously oppressed that nation, as it is well known that they are the natural and original proprietors of the country."—
p. 100.

It might have made a good chapter in 'Awbrey's Miscellanies on Apparitions, Magic, Charms,' &c. &c. if he had referred to all the usurpers of ancient and modern days, who either have died childless, or whose lineage has been cut off before the third generation. Inordinate ambition has generally for a very principal, if not its chief, object, the aggrandisement of posterity, and it would hardly deserve the name of *superstitious*, to attribute to the peculiar vengeance

of Providence the numerous instances, which history presents, of the entire failure of that object which was the source and motive of the crime that has called down its indignation. Without looking back to Alexander, Julius, or Augustus, to Attila, Theodoric, or Odoacer, or forward to the probable, and almost certain, want of progeny in the present tyrant of Europe, we are naturally called by the subject of the book before us to the Norman conquerors both of Wales and England. And it is at least curious to observe that of all the attendants of duke William who were rewarded with the largest shares in their prince's conquests and favour, few, if any, were blessed with the great object of their vows, a long race of male descendants. The male line of the conqueror himself terminated with his sons. That of William Fitzosborn, earl of Hereford, ended, in like manner, with his. Ralph de Guader, earl of Norfolk, left no children. Hugh Lupus, earl of Chester, left one son who died without issue. Roger de Montgomery, earl of Arundel and Shrewsbury, shared the same fate with the conqueror, leaving three sons, who all died childless. Before the accession of Henry II. there was (we believe) no earl in England who claimed descent in the male line from those whom the conqueror established.

Among the invaders of Wales the same fatality, or the same judgment (call it which we will) is distinguishable. Fitzhamon left no male descendants. The only son of Newmarch was disinherited and died childless in all probability. And the great earl, of whom we have lately been speaking (the son of one of the conqueror's companions), though blest with a numerous progeny, out of which four sons* successively enjoyed his vast inheritance, had no descendants in the second generation, but in the female line.

Of the two daughters of Milo, Margaret brought into the family of Humphry de Bohun, her husband, the earldom of Hereford and constablership of England; and Philip de Breos, or de Brus, already lord of Builth by conquest, acquired, in right of the second daughter, Bertha, the lordship of Brecon, together with those of Abergavenny and Gower.

* Roger, Walter, Henry, and Mabel, the latter of whom (according to the churchmen, a monster of rapaciousness and cruelty—he seized upon some church lands of St. David's) died before 1176. To carry our examples further; the fate of Milo Fitzwalter with respect to his progeny was exactly similar to that of the great earl of Pembroke, William Marechal, whose cruelties in Ireland, a recently conquered country, might in like manner be supposed to have excited the vengeance of heaven. Of his five sons, all valiant and accomplished knights, and all surviving their father, not one left any issue male or female.

Here there occurs an evident defect in Mr. Jones's chronology, which must not be passed over in silence, although we are unable to rectify it.

'Of the expedition of this Philip de Breos into Wales,' says Mr. Jones in a note, 'and his conquest of Builth, we have no further account; but it is by no means improbable that he likewise accompanied Roger de Newburgh when he came to the assistance of Bernard Newmarch in 1098, or thereabouts, and that he was rewarded with the country of Builth after he had reduced the inhabitants to subjection.' p. 111.

Now this supposition a very little reflection would have enabled Mr. Jones to discover to be an impossible one. The expedition of Roger de Newburgh took place in 1098; the acquisition of Brecknock, &c. by Philip de Breos in right of his wife could not have happened long before 1176, certainly after 1172. Again, in the next page, where this Philip de Breos is mentioned as 'one of those noblemen who adhered to the king against Robert Curthop duke of Normandy in 9 William Rufus' (1096) the same mistake is evident. There must, in short, have been one intervening descent at least between the Philip of 1096 and him of 1172; but whether one or more, and which of the Philips was the first possessor of Builth, we must leave it for Mr. Jones to ascertain.*

William, the son of Philip de Breos and Bertha Fitzwalter, succeeded to the united possessions of both his parents. His wife was a very celebrated character in her generation, and has been handed down with a curious mixture of truth and falsehood to succeeding ones.

'He married Maud, daughter of Reginald de St. Walleri, with whom he had the manor of Tetbury in Gloucestershire. This lady is the *Semiramis* of Brecknockshire. She is called in the pedigrees, as well as in king John's letter or manifesto, Maud de Haia, either from her having rebuilt this castle, or from its being principally the place of her residence; most likely for the former reason; for within the limits of the county of Brecon she is an *Ubiquarian*. Under the corrupted name of *Mol Walbee*, we have her castles on every eminence, and her feats are traditionally narrated in every parish; she built (say the gossips) the castle of Hay in one night; the stones† for which she carried

* Another singular instance of inattention occurs in this page. Mr. Jones, copying Dugdale without reflection, has these words, *not* by way of quotation; *St. Florence de Salmare, now commonly called Somars, in France*. All the world knows the proper name to be *Saumur*. The old heraldic writers are full of similar inaccuracies, but are surely not to be followed in them.

† 'A rude stone effigy in the church-yard of Hay is said to be Mol Walbee's, though I believe it to be a monk's, perhaps one of the priors of

in her apron: while she was thus employed, a *small pebble*, of about nine feet long and one foot thick, dropped into her shoe; this she did not at first regard, but in a short time finding it troublesome, she indignantly threw it over the river Wye, into Llowes church-yard in Radnorshire (about three miles off), where it remains to this day, precisely in the position it fell, a stubborn memorial of the *historical fact*, to the utter confusion of all sceptics and unbelievers.* It is very extraordinary what could have procured to Maud this more than mortal celebrity: she was no doubt a woman of masculine understanding and spirit, yet her exploits in Breckonshire, where she is so famous, are not detailed either by history or tradition, except in the absurd tale just related. King John, in his declaration against de Breos, seems to hint pretty clearly, that the gray mare was the better horse, and it is evident, whatever her merit was, that she had considerable influence and interest in the county, as her name, though corrupted, is familiar to every peasant, while her husband's is unknown, or known only to be detested. p. 112; 113.

We should be very glad, if it were in our power, to extract a great deal more from this part of Mr. Jones's history, concerning Mol Walbee and her henpecked rogue of a spouse. It is a tale full of murder and wickedness, and every thing that is entertaining and pleasant, and quite sufficient to refute the vulgar notion that our old baronial histories are involved in merited dust and cobwebs. We some time ago ventured to recommend all lovers of romance to consult the chronicles of our friend Froissart, and have no scruple in advising our fine gentlemen (who understand Latin) to consult Matthew Paris, William of Malmesbury, and the whole host of monkish chroniclers for the purpose of extracting agreeable anec-

Breckon, to which house, it has been seen, Newmarch gave the tithes of this parish. The fable of her carrying the stones and completing the castle of Hay in one night, perhaps means that she collected, or rather extorted, from her tenants a sum sufficient for the purpose in a very short time.

* 'There are those, who, blind to conviction, suppose this to be the burying place of an anchorite named Wechlen, who was miraculously taught to talk Latin *ungrammatically*, and to use the infinitive instead of the indicative mood; Giraldus Cambrensis, in his account of his life, gives us the language of this man of God thus: "I to go to Jerusalem, and the sepulchre of our Lord, and when to return I to place myself in solitude, for the love of my master, who to die for me," and much I to grieve because I not to understand the Latin tongue, and the mass, and the gospels in that language, and often to weep, and to pray to God to enable me to understand it: at length, one day, I to call my servant at meal-time, and not to find him, tired, and hungry, I to sleep," &c. &c. &c.—and so—and so—and so—he awoke and talked in bad Latin, though it seems he understood the language as well as Cicero. It is dangerous to resist the strong current of tradition and popular opinion; for instance, in this case the tale of Maud and her pebble is full as likely to be true as that of the anchorite, and of course comes from an authority more anxiously if not better attested.'

dotes to please the ladies. Seriously, however, these neglected story-writers deserve to be much more familiar to the public than they yet have been, not only for the more solid information, but for the fund of amusement which they contain, in the delineation of the manners and characters of men.

But it is time that we should think of drawing our sketch of Mr. Jones's history to a conclusion.

'The honour of Brecknock with its dependencies, together with Abergavenny and the whole territory of Werwent, upon the attainder of the late baron de Breos, escheated to the crown.' Some parts of these possessions were thereupon granted by king John to his favourite Fitzherbert; but the weakness of the government enabled Giles, bishop of Hereford, eldest son of Breos, to seize himself of the rest, and gradually expelling Fitzherbert, to obtain possession of all the forfeited lands. We can only refer our readers for a great deal of curious information relating to this prelate and to two subsequent barons de Breos to the work before us, and acquaint them that on the death of a second William de Breos without male issue, the Welsh estates of the family became the property of Humphrey de Bohun VI. earl of Essex, who had married one of his daughters.

Humphrey was, next to Simon de Montfort, the most powerful of those barons to whom the courtiers thought proper to assign the title of rebels. He was closely leagued with his neighbour, the famous and unfortunate Llewellyn; nor are his professions of love for freedom to be altogether confounded with the views of ambition and self-interest; since he extended to those under subjection to himself the benefits which those professions claimed. To him 'the burgesses of Brecknock are indebted for their first charter of liberties and immunities now on record.' This *rebel* died before his father (Humphrey earl of Hereford, surnamed the Good); and in Humphrey the Seventh, his son, were at length reunited, together with the hereditary constablership of England, all the possessions and titles of Milo Fitzwalter. The last mentioned earl took at first a different part from his father. He adhered to the cause of Edward, and was very principally instrumental in the ultimate subjugation of Wales, against his father's old ally and friend. The interesting particulars here collected concerning the last defeat and death of that heroic prince would unfortunately lead us too far, did we attempt to give any analysis of or extract from them.

The revolution of circumstances, rather than a variety of disposition, appears to have caused the difference of conduct between the son and father. Humphrey the Seventh, in the

ensuing part of his life, had sufficient opportunity of evincing his equal zeal in the great cause of liberty and opposition to the encroachments of prerogative. He died at Pleshy, the old baronial residence of the earls of Essex, in 1298, and in him an old historian observes that 'England lost one of the best friends, as Edward did one of the severest checks, either had ever known.'

Humphrey the Eighth disgraced the memory of his independent ancestors by surrendering to the crown, 'by way of atonement for his father's conduct,' the inheritance of all his lands, with both his earldoms and the constablership of England; but upon his subsequent marriage with the lady Elizabeth (the seventh daughter of Edward the First) these valuable deposits were restored into his hands. Notwithstanding the act of degradation to which force or policy had made him in the first instance submit, he was a liberal benefactor to his numerous dependants, and not only confirmed in the most ample manner, but enlarged the privileges and immunities which his forefathers had granted. Nor did his connexion with the crown prevent him from acting a free and honourable part in the civil war which the folly of the second Edward and the pride of Gaveston rekindled throughout England. He was made prisoner at the battle of Bannockburn, having contributed to the royal army, from his county of Brecknock alone, a levy of eight hundred men. The weak and ungrateful king neglected to do any thing towards his release, which was, however, effected by the earl of Lancaster and his partizans among the barons. John, the son of Humphrey, succeeded his father; and the male line of this illustrious family terminated in a ninth Humphrey, the son and successor of John, who died in the year 1377. Upon his death, the earldoms of Essex and Northampton passed to Thomas of Woodstock (duke of Gloucester) in right of Eleanor his wife, the eldest daughter of the last earl; Mary, the younger daughter, inheriting that of Hereford, which, with the title of duke, was settled on Henry Bolingbroke, her husband. The reversion of Brecknock passed, in the same right, to Henry, dependent on the life of Joan, the countess dowager.

The history of Brecknock, thus become the property of the crown, is still interesting on account of two leading characters, in whose actions and disputes the interests of the county were deeply involved. These were the famous Owen Glendower (Glyndwrwy) and Sir David Gam, one the most powerful enemy, the other one of the most effective friends, to the rising fortunes of the house of Lancaster. Of both these characters, some very particular and very interesting biographical notices are communicated, to which, for the

season before assigned, we can do no more than simply refer our readers.

The fifth and sixth chapters having been occupied by the preceding details from the conquest downwards, the seventh leads us through the descents of the Staffords, on whom (in virtue of their near relationship to the Bohuns) Brecknock, together with the greatest part of the family estates, were conferred by the munificence of the sovereign, to the final re-union of the county to the crown by confiscation pursuant on the attainder of the last duke of Buckingham in 1521.

We must here content ourselves with remarking that, in an entertaining and somewhat particular account of the usurpation of Richard the Third, and other events of that period, as connected with the life of duke Henry, Mr. Jones strongly defends the *historic doubts* of Carte and others—a cause, which (to the extent at least of Perkin Warbeck's identity with the Duke of York), has always appeared to us to be so firmly established in argument, that we are only surprised it has not, long ere now, been universally adopted among men of sense and sound inquiry.

This first volume contains yet three more chapters, on religion, laws, language, manners and customs. But our examination of these must be deferred to a future opportunity.

(To be continued.)

ART. II.—*A second Journey in Spain, in the Spring of 1809, from Lisbon through the western Skirts of the Sierra Morena, to Sevilla, Cordova, Grenada, Malaga, and Gibraltar, and thence to Tetuan and Tangiers. With Plates, containing 24 Figures illustrative of the Costume and Manners of the Inhabitants of several of the Spanish Provinces. By Robert Semple, Author of Observations on a Journey through Spain and Italy to Naples, and thence to Smyrna and Constantinople, in 1805; also of Walks and Sketches at the Cape of Good Hope; and of Charles Ellis. London, Baldwin, 1809, 8vo. pp. 304. 8s.*

OUR author left Falmouth on the 2d of January, 1809, in the packet for Lisbon. On the morning of the 29th he entered the Tagus. At this period, no certain information had been received in Lisbon of the retreat of Sir John Moore to Corunna, and of the death of that lamented officer. But the misfortunes of the British were known by vague rumour and flying reports before any authentic details were received. Mr. Semple describes with much force, and, we have no doubt, truth, the impressions which the state

of affairs had made on the public mind at Lisbon, and the general disposition of the people. The French were execrated for their exactions, and the English were not cordially liked, not only because they seemed, at this time, preparing to abandon the Portuguese to their fate, but principally because they had the imprudence to support the relics of a weak and oppressive government which had incurred the public detestation. The author remarks that the English lost more by maintaining a regency odious to the people, and by agreeing to the convention of Cintra, than they gained by the battle of Vimiera. Whilst the French were overturning old and corrupt establishments, we were endeavouring to bolster them up with all our strength.

The natural consequence is, that the people of most countries execrate the French, but find it hard to condemn many of their measures; while, on the contrary, the English are very generally beloved, and their measures execrated.

We may ascribe this effect to a feeble and inefficient administration.

The citizens in Lisbon were arming *in mass*, and the author gives a ludicrous description of the military appearance of the confused and ragged group, who were provided with such weapons as the occasion could furnish. This armed mob displayed their valour in putting to death some poor deserted Frenchman who was accidentally discovered: and Mr. Semple was present while their vengeance was directed against the servant of an English officer, who was murdered within one hundred yards of the English head quarters. Mr. S. says that, when the French were in Lisbon, they cleared the streets of the dogs with which they swarmed, and obliged the inhabitants to remove the heaps of filth which had been accumulating for years. But these nuisances had begun to reappear in their ancient excess. The author seems to think the Portuguese in such a state of mental decrepitude and moral corruption, that it is vain to think of reviving any thing like patriotic energy in the national character.

On the 5th of February, our traveller crossed the Tagus to Aldea Gallega, where he was struck by the sight of a band of one hundred pikemen, marching in columns with a most reverend friar moving in the front file. Hence he took the high road to Badajoz, which he reached on the 7th; but discovered no symptoms of any enthusiastic interest taken in the passing events by the people of the country which he traversed between Lisbon and Badajoz. Most travellers have remarked a difference in the features of national character between the

Spaniards and the Portuguese, and much in favour of the former people. This difference was felt by Mr. Semple. At Badajoz he was saluted *as an Englishman*, with more respect than he had experienced from *our good allies* the Portuguese.—‘The population of Badajoz is computed at about ten thousand souls.’

In his way from Badajoz to Santa Marta, our traveller met ‘a succession of parties of armed men, going to join the force collecting at Badajoz. They never failed to cheer me with repeated cries of “Viva l’Inglaterra!” which I of course returned with “Viva l’Espana!” At supper I could not but smile at the ingenuity with which I was furnished with three courses: bread chopped up with garlic, and dressed up like a salad, except that a great quantity of water was put into it, formed the first dish; eggs boiled hard and dressed with oil, garlic and tomatas, formed the second course; and eggs in the form of an omlet concluded the repast.’ About two leagues from Santa Marta the skirts of the Sierra Morena begin to rise into rugged heights. Mr. Semple gives a very pleasing account of the kind and respectful attention which he experienced at the different places at which he halted in this line of his route. A more friendly disposition was manifested towards the English nation than has been evinced in other parts of Spain.

At Monasterio our author ‘observed with pleasure the children repeating their prayers, and kissing their hands to their parents before retiring to bed.’ He remarks a resemblance between the manners and habits of the Scottish peasantry and those in many parts of Spain.

‘The dark caps of the peasants of Sierra Morena, the uniformity of their dress, many of their dishes, the interior arrangement of their houses, the domestic manners of their women, their looks, their air, their gravity, mixed with a dry humour, and an unfeigned spirit of piety, all tend to remind us of many of the most prominent features in the character of the Scottish peasantry.’

‘About half a league from Monasterio begins what is here considered as the entrance of the Sierra Morena; and a rude heap of stones surmounted by a cross warns the pious traveller to prepare, by prayers and recommendations to his peculiar saint, for his entrance into this once dreaded Sierra, the haunt of robbers and marauders.’

The author saw some parties of peasants employed in constructing batteries at three different spots, to guard the pass. It was supposed that the French would endeavour to penetrate by this road to Sevilla. The country between Monas-

terio and Santa Olalla is said to be admirably adapted for defence. Shortly after leaving Santa Olalla we reach the highest point of the ridge of the Sierra Morena,

'On the right of the road to the north-west, the hills tossed in great confusion, justify the name of Sierra, or Saw, which the Spaniards are so fond of applying to the ridges of their great mountains. Whilst contemplating them, I saw the rain descend upon them in dark showers, while I was in the sun-shine. This was a spot formerly much dreaded, and called El Puerto de los Ladrones, or the Pass of the Robbers: and certainly as being in the very heart of the Sierra, it may have formerly been a favourable spot for their depredations.'

After leaving Ronquillo, our traveller found bodies of peasantry occupied in

'breaking down the bridges over the ravines and small streams; and placing planks in their stead, which, in case of emergency, could be removed in a few minutes. Particular spots were also marked out for the erection of batteries, and every preparation seemed to be making for the defence of these passes, so strongly fortified by nature.'

After crossing the river Guerba, which is about two leagues from Truxillo; the expanded plains of Sevilla are beheld from the summit of the adjoining hills.

'From Santa Marta to this spot, the road may be said to be constantly through the Sierra Morena. The views in every direction are those of a mountainous country: the succession of passes, the peculiar race of people, simple, stout, and hardy, secluded among the mountains which border this road, the deep gullies, the rapid streams, the long descents, all tend to render it a tract which can never fail to be interesting to the traveller.'

Our traveller arrived at Sevilla, at one in the morning, after leaving La Venta de Guillena at eight. He was stopped at the floating-bridge, which crosses the Guadalquivir at Sevilla, and his passports were strictly examined. Though at the unseasonable hour of one in the morning, he was conducted to the sitting of the Junta, where he found one of the members ready to receive him. Mr. S. was asked a few questions, and then conducted to a Posada.

In the third chapter of this work our author has given us some account of the Merino sheep, from the *Viage de Espana* of Ponz, and of the *Mesta* from Surmiento. We read that while the flocks of Merino sheep are pastured in the mountains, where the grass is reputed less succulent and nutritive,

'salt is given them at the rate of a bushel for every hundred head.' 'It is distributed to them every third day, broken into small lumps, on the ground where they are feeding, and they lick it with great avidity.'

Sevilla, which lies on the south-eastern bank of the Guadalquivir, is surrounded by a wall of Moorish fabric, though raised on Roman foundations, or constructed with the materials of Roman works. The whole exterior circuit of the wall is about three miles and a quarter. In some parts the line of wall is broken by the interposition of convents or the suburbs, which communicate with the surrounding plain.

'The suburbs are populous, and appear formerly to have been of much greater extent than at the present day; of which indeed we can have no doubt, when we consider the number of houses unoccupied, and the various waste spots of ground within, and close to the walls. The number of inhabitants is still however very considerable, and, including the suburbs, can hardly be reckoned at less than eighty thousand souls.'

The cathedral is the great ornament of Sevilla. It is a noble pile, erected on the ruins of the principal mosque in the time of the Moors. It is three hundred and eighty feet in length, and nearly two hundred and twenty in breadth. It is richly embellished with ornaments, but particularly with the fine paintings of Murillo. A large and valuable library is attached to the cathedral, which was founded by Fernando Colon, the son of Christoval Colon, or Christopher Columbus, the far-famed discoverer of America. The tower of Giralda, which was constructed by the Saracens, is the architectural wonder of Sevilla.

'It is a tower of about two hundred and sixty feet in height, each of the sides upwards of fifty feet in breadth, and surmounted by a female figure of bronze, carrying in one hand a palm branch, and in the other what appears either a shield or a standard. The weight of the whole is thirty-four quintals, yet it turns round, as the Sevillians tell you, with the slightest breeze. This tower was built by Gaber, the Moor, a native of Sevilla. The ascent to its summit is on the inside, and remarkably gradual, being from side to side on a slope, and without steps, so that a person may easily ascend upon horseback. I wished to approach the Giralda, but was informed that it was now considered dangerous to proceed higher than the bells, which are twenty-four in number, and some of considerable magnitude. From this height, however, there is a fine view of Sevilla and the surrounding country to a considerable distance.'

Small wooden crosses are fastened to the wall in some of

the streets of Sevilla, beneath which is a rude sketch of some murdered man, with an exhortation to the passenger to pray for his soul. From Sevilla our traveller agreed with a mulatto to take him to Cordoba, a mode of travelling which increased his facilities of observing the manners of the peasantry of Andalusia.

'My portmanteau was placed on one side of the back of a mule, and balanced on the other with a large bundle of bacalao, or salt fish. I rode upon an ass without a bridle, with my pistols, my cloak, and my leathern wine-bottle fastened to the pommel of my saddle.'

The whole procession consisted of five or six men, and nearly forty mules, and asses. Mr. Semple has exhibited a pleasing account of his journey from Sevilla to Cordoba, interspersed with some interesting sketches of the manners of the people. At the village of Posadas our traveller tells us that a better supper was prepared for him than he

'had met with since leaving Sevilla. Five or six rabbits were broiled upon the embers, then pulled to pieces, put into a large wooden bowl, and over all was poured hot water mixed with oil, vinegar, garlic, pimento, and salt. As usual we all sat down together, a large leathern bottle, holding about three quarts, was filled with tolerable wine, and being entrusted to one of our company to act as our Ganymede, the repast began. For some time hunger prevented all conversation, but our cup-bearer performed his office with such dexterity, that before supper was finished, our bottle was emptied, and the Andalusian peasant began to shew himself in all his vivacity. It was voted unathematically that the bottle should be replenished. They talked loud, they laughed, they sang, they cursed the French, and swore that even should all the rest of Spain be overrun, Andalusia was sufficient to protect itself from every invader. On a sudden a fierce quarrel arose; high words passed, knives were drawn, and I expected to see our supper end in bloodshed; when the hostess, after various vain attempts to allay the storm, began to repeat the evening service to the Virgin. Immediately all was calm, the knives were sheathed, all hats were off, and at each pause the whole assembly murmured forth the response, and devoutly made the sign of the cross. As often as the quarrel seemed likely to be renewed, the good woman had recourse to the same expedient, and always with the same success, &c.

The above extract places the influence of Spanish superstition in a pleasing point of view.—That superstition which is embellished with the pageantry of the Roman Catholic worship, which is admirably adapted to act like a charm on weak and ignorant minds, and combined with so many interesting ap-

peals to the hopes and fears of man, operates in different ways on the happiness of the people, and is at the same time productive both of good and evil, of mischief and of benefit. It invigorates devotion by means of agreeable or of solemn impressions on the senses; it often makes its way to the heart, by captivating at once both the eye and the ear. The supposed presence or consciousness of so many spirits or saints, who are interested in the welfare of the pious catholic, however ridiculous it may seem to the sceptical observer, must certainly be found a source of solace and of confidence by the fervid devotee. Unmixed good, or unmixed evil, is seldom to be found in life. Both are usually qualified by associated accidents. The good is reduced by a mixture of evil, and the evil attenuated by some infusion of good. What is thought evil by the philosophic sage is often found a benefit of no common kind by the unreflecting peasant. But while the Spanish peasant is often cheered and comforted by the sumptuous rites, the imposing forms, or the varied blandishments of the superstition to which he fondly clings,—he finds in it at the same time, a check on his industry, or a deduction from his little and hard-earned gains. The last marevedi is often extorted from the credulous peasant, by the supplication of some holy mendicant for ‘las animas,’ ‘the souls.’—But even here some purer sentiment is excited by the act; for the contributor probably imagines that he is rescuing some deceased friend or relative from the flames of purgatory.

In a part of the way, which was very destitute of water, our traveller saw a peasant girl by the road side selling that precious commodity. A Spanish soldier had just drunk a goblet, and Mr. Semple, after doing the same, was proceeding to pay for it, when the girl informed him that the Senor who had just passed on had paid for him.

‘This is a custom very common among all ranks in Spain, towards those whom they perceive to be strangers; it is meant to give an exalted idea of the generosity and magnificence of the Spanish character; and the traveller will sometimes be surprised to find his dinner paid for at a public table, by some unknown, who has left the house, whom he most probably will never see again, and whose very name is concealed from him.’

Near the town of Almodovar, Mr. Semple says,

‘I made a halt on the top of a rock near an old tower, and contemplated our caravan, which formed a long winding line, climbing in one part and descending in another, here concealed by trees and rocks, and there slowly moving past the openings. The jingling of the bells of the mules, the cries of the carriers, and sometimes their songs, now echoed among the rocks; and

now were lost in the hollows, and followed by a perfect silence.

This reminds us of some of the specimens of local portraiture in the novels of Mrs. Radcliffe, into which the animation of real life is always infused, and which thus powerfully seizes the feelings of the reader.

Cordoba, or, as it is commonly written, Córdova, which had the honour of giving birth to Seneca and Lucan, was the metropolis of the Moorish empire in Spain. But its prosperity has since yielded to that of Sevilla, which is more conveniently situated for the purposes of trade. The principal object of curiosity in Cordoba is the chathedral, which is highly interesting, from the specimens which it affords of the Arabian taste in architecture. The city is supplied with water by means of very ancient conduits, into which it is poured from the fine springs which arise in that branch of the Sierra Morena which is extended to the north of Cordoba. Some of these conduits are preserved in their original state, others have been repaired, and others are in a state of decay, notwithstanding the stability of the original structure.

In his route from Cordoba to Granada, through Castro, Baena, Alcaudete, Alcala la Reale, and Pinos de la Puente, he found the people at the different places where he stopped, apparently taking a considerable interest in the state of public affairs, and exhibiting an agreeable contrast to the indifference which was so chillingly felt in many other parts of the peninsula. When the author told the people at Castro, who were assembled in great numbers at the post-house to learn the news, that the Gallicians had acted hostilely to the English army, and had given up Corunna and Ferrol to the French, there was a general exclamation of 'Malditos sean los Gallagos!' or, 'curse the Gallicians!' After leaving Castro the author met a motley assemblage of at least twelve hundred men and boys, who had been drafted for the army, agreeably to a decree of the junta,

'Some were old men with gray hairs, riding on asses; others striplings under fourteen years of age, playing with each other as they went along the road.'

On approaching Alcaudete the author saw,

† for the first time, living monuments of Moorish industry, in the art of irrigation, the water running on both sides of the road in open conduits, and being from them distributed in innumerable channels through the surrounding fields and plantations.

† From Alcaudete to Alcala the road continues to rise; and about half a league from the latter we have the first view of the Sierra

Névéda, or snowy mountains of Granada. Ascending from the bottom of the valley, scorched with heat, this snow-covered Sierra appeared to me at first like a beautiful cloud of dazzling white, far above the summits of the hills; and it was not until I continued to ascend the outlines of waving ridges and lofty peaks, become more sharp and defined, that I could persuade myself that what I saw was any thing more than a mass of clouds. There was in these white ridges towering high above all the neighbouring hills, something desolate, mixed with the sublimity of their appearance. It was evident that no living creature could inhabit there; they must be the abode of perpetual silence and death; and it appeared that even the souls of heaven, as in crossing the ocean, might perish in attempting to traverse these wastes of snow.

The office of the inquisition is still preserved at Granada, but on procuring admission into the dread abode, the author tells us that he found 'the chair of the grand inquisitor most pleasingly covered with dust.' We shall not repeat Mr. Semple's description of the famous Alhambra, the grandest display of Moorish architecture in Europe, but which Mr. S. says disappointed his expectations. 'It appears to me,' says he, 'an immense collection of littlenesses; the effect produced is sometimes elegant, often beautiful, but no where elevated, simple, or sublime.' We were much pleased to be informed by our traveller, that the patriotic spirit is very powerfully operative in Granada, and that, 'since the commencement of the war with France, thirty thousand men fully armed and accoutered, had been sent out of this city.' Mr. S. considers Granada as the last part of Spain that will ever submit to a foreign yoke.

In the ninth chapter Mr. Semple gives a pleasing account of his ascent to the Sierra Nevada. He was accompanied by a young Spaniard as his guide. He left Granada at eleven o'clock, and at sun-set 'arrived at the cortijo de San Gerónimo, or the farm of the friars of Saint Jerome.' This cortijo was a small house inhabited by a single female of decent appearance, with a rude Spanish herdsmen for her sole companion, except during a part of the summer, when a reverend father of the convent retired to this wild region for the purpose of holy meditation. Our traveller rose by dawn of day, and set out as soon as the shadow of the peak became visible on the snow in the west; the path was intersected by deep chasms at the distance of every five or six hundred yards. Having arrived where all traces of vegetation were lost beneath the snow, which extended in every direction to the summit of the peak, his guide refused to proceed any farther. Our traveller pursued his laborious and hazardous way along a ridge to its junction with the highest part of the peak, which was

covered with frozen snow, up which he clambered a few paces, when the sensation of danger compelled him to desist. 'The peak is said to be upwards of nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, and nearly seven thousand above the city of Granada.'

The author admired the views which he enjoyed during his descent from the peak.

'The views,' says he, 'of the plain of Granada were charming, seen through the openings of mountains, or over successive ridges of unequal heights, one below another.' 'In the summer the whole Sierra is full of shepherds and their flocks, hunters and parties of pleasure. It is then possible to ascend the highest peak, and the view from it must rank among the finest on the globe. The mountaineers assured me, that in a fine clear morning the high land on the Barbary shore was visible, which is perfectly credible, the Mediterranean not being in the intervening space above eighty or ninety miles in breadth.'

The author thinks Granada superior in attractions to any town which he has seen in Spain. He says that the climate is cooler, and more congenial to English habits than in the plains. After leaving Granada, Mr. Semple proceeded through Alhama and Velez, to Malaga. He seems to have found the greater part of the country through which he passed well cultivated, and the system of irrigation which was practised by the Moors still preserved. At Malaga our traveller met some English gentlemen, with three of whom he crossed over to the coast of Barbary. They landed at Ceuta, visited Tetuan and Tangiers, but were prevented from proceeding to Fez by the turbulent state of the interior. The author notices a striking similarity between the customs of the Spaniards and the Moors.

'Their houses are formed upon the same model; the Spanish cookery is decidedly Moorish. The peasantry of both carry muskets and dirks, and in travelling go always armed; wear a red sash round the middle, one end of which serves as a purse, and use the same kind of saddle, stirrups, and bridle. The agriculture on both sides is the same; the form of the plough and the mode of ploughing; their cars with heavy wheels of one solid piece of wood; and their chopped straw brought to market in nets, upon the backs of mules and asses, when we behold them in Barbary, almost make us think ourselves in Spain.'

At the end of this work we have twenty-four different figures, representing the costume of the inhabitants of several of the Spanish provinces. Most of these are, executed with great spirit and elegance, and are a real ornament to the volume. These travels will amply repay the perusal.

ART. III.—*Essay on Sepulchres; or, a Proposal for erecting some Memorial of the illustrious Dead in all Ages on the Spot where their Remains have been interred.* By William Godwin. London, Miller, 1809, 12mo. pp. 116.

A LITTLE more than three years ago we rambled accidentally into Pancras church-yard, when our attention was suddenly attracted by a tomb, in the structure of which, solidity seemed to have been principally studied. On examining the inscription we found it was erected to the memory of the first wife of the author of this ingenious and feeling essay—the celebrated Mary Woolstonecroft. We paused for some time at the spot, and our sensations, as far as we now recollect them, were those of regret for the premature end of the deceased, and of respect for the disposition of the person who had raised this visible token of his regard for her memory, on the spot where her ashes are at rest. We had no knowledge of Mary Woolstonecroft Godwin, and there were many of her opinions in which we could not coincide; but we have read her Letters to Imlay; and we think that she experienced unmerited neglect from that selfish and cold-blooded American. Those persons who are fond of reading letters which come from the heart would do well to read these; and though objections may be made to particular passages, yet they evince on the whole a warmth and tenderness of regard, a devoted and disinterested attachment, which have not been often equalled even in the annals of romance.

When we first took up the present performance, the little incident above mentioned occurred to our recollection; and it struck us that Mr. Godwin was by no means ill qualified to write an Essay on Sepulchres; nor have our expectations been disappointed by the perusal. We have found in it many just and natural sentiments forcibly expressed. Whether the reader approve or disapprove the plan which Mr. Godwin has proposed for perpetuating the memorial of the place where the illustrious dead of all ages have been interred, we are persuaded that there are some passages in the essay itself which will powerfully interest his sympathies.

Who is there among us that can be indifferent to the spot where the ashes of genius and worth repose? When we visit the tombs of any of the great names in ancient or more recent times, how many sensations at once throng into the heart? How many associated ideas are excited in the mind? The life, the fortunes, the sentiments, transactions, and character of the individual, the times in which he lived, the part

which he acted in the drama of existence, are portrayed before us; and for a moment we are carried out of ourselves, and become absorbed in the interests of other persons and other times. Who is there with a mind which has received any portion of culture, who can remain insensate when he treads on the spot beneath which a Shakspeare or a Milton, a Locke or a Newton is laid? If the beholder possess one spark of sensibility it will be elicited, it will take fire; his nerves will experience a glow of sensation which they would not feel in another place. The man of a cold temperament, of a dull mind, and a hard heart, may deride this as ridiculous, or call it affectation. He has no sensibilities suited to the occasion. He is like a deaf man to whom we play one of Handel's odes, or a blind man whom we summon to admire the sun by day, or the moon by night. If the feeling of vivid admiration or regret, which seems to be breathed from the tomb of departed genius or worth, if the enthusiastic glow which is kindled by the proximity of the sepulchre of some distinguished poet, orator, or philosopher be termed visionary—then what is there which is real or agreeable to truth in any of the more impassioned sentiments of the mind or emotions of the heart? Common experience proves the universality of the feeling, and the universality shows it to originate in some principle which is common to the nature of man. The idea of the personality of the deceased will always, with more or less vivacity, adhere to the spot where they have been interred. And the effect will be increased or diminished in proportion as the genius or worth of the individual was more or less resplendent, or his history accompanied with more or less interesting circumstances.

To the deceased person himself it can make no difference whether he be sepulchred in the earth or the ocean; but can it be a matter of indifference to survivors? With the survivors, the idea of personality will still in some degree attach itself to the corpse of the individual, and the spot where it is laid will still excite sentiments of regard, almost as if it were the mansion of some perceptive consciousness. The plan of Mr. Godwin, therefore, as far as it tends to preserve the memory of the place of interment of the illustrious dead, is in unison with the best and most general feelings of our nature; and whether it be executed or not, we think that he deserves ample praise for the manner in which he has recommended it to the attention of the country.

Mr. Godwin's plan is simply to establish a fund for the purpose of erecting some memorial of the illustrious dead on the spot where their remains have been interred. Mr. G. thinks, that where the body had been interred in the open air,

‘a very slight and cheap memorial, a white cross of wood, with a wooden slab at the foot of it, would be sufficient, if means were taken to secure its being renewed as fast as the materials decayed.’

‘Death,’ says Mr. Godwin, ‘the death of a friend, is a terrible thing; and it is rendered more terrible by all its accompaniments. Other good things, health, fortune, even character, if we lose, we ordinarily lose by degrees. But my friend who dies, I lose at once. But now, and he was all that I valued; and now, in a moment, to me, the living inhabitant of the earth, he is nothing.’

‘His form was pleasant to me; his motions were full of mind; his person was a little world, through every region of which thought, and will, and health, and vigour, and spirits cheerfully circulated. This form is all that is now left of him. But, oh, how changed! I would give all that I possess to purchase the art of preserving the wholesome character and rosy hue of this form, that it might be my companion still. But by the law of nature it is subject to changes the most incompatible with this. The dead body of a man is reserved by the system of the universe to be the great example to us of the degradation of our nature, and the humility of our origin. I therefore cast a heap of mould upon the person of my friend, and take the cold earth for its keeper.’

‘But my thoughts will not stop here. Where is my friend? As to the thinking principle which animated him, I can follow it, by the close deductions of reasoning, or by the suggestions of faith, through the vast regions of space, and see “the spirit return to God that gave it.” But this is reasoning and faith; and I am to a considerable degree the creature of sense. It is impossible therefore that I should not follow by sense the last remains of my friend; and finding him no where above the surface of the earth, should not feel an attachment to the spot where his body has been deposited. His heart must be “made of impenetrable stuff,” who does not attribute a certain sacredness to the grave of one he loved, and feel peculiar emotions stirring in his soul as he approaches it.’

All this consideration of *hic jacet*, it must be granted, is very little. But such is the system of the universe, that it is all that we have for it. It is our only reality. The solidity of the rest, the works of my friend, the words, the actions, the conclusions of reasoning and the suggestions of faith, we feel to depend, as far as they are solid to us, upon the operations of our own mind. They stand, and are the sponsors, for my friend; but what the grave encloses is himself.’

‘Where,’ says Mr. Godwin, ‘is Shakspeare? Where is Homer? Can any sensible mind fail to be struck with the deepest regret, when he considers that they are vanished from the face of the earth, and that their place is too probably filled up by some sleepy and lethargic animal, “dressed in a brief authority,”

pampering his appetites, vapouring his hour, and encumbering the soil which his predecessor adorned? While we regret then in this case the inexorable law of our nature, let us seize on what we can. Let us mark the spot, whenever it can be ascertained, hallowed by the reception of all that was mortal of these glorious beings; let us erect a shrine to their memory; let us visit their tombs; let us indulge all the reality we can now have, of a sort of conference with these men, by repairing to the scene which, as far as they are at all on earth, *they still inhabit!* We are in no danger, in the present temper of European mind, of falling into idolatry towards them: but obdurate must be the mind of him who will bring away no good feelings and no generous sentiments from such a visit.

Men are apt to grow, in the apolojical phrase, too "worldly:" the propensity of our nature, or rather the operation of our state, is to plunge us, the lower orders of the community, in the concerns of the day, and their masters, in the cares of wealth and gain. It is good for us sometimes to be "in the mount." Those things are to be cherished which tend to elevate us above our ordinary sphere, and to abstract us from our common and every-day concerns. The affectionate recollection and admiration of the dead will act gently upon our spirits, and fill us with a composed seriousness, favourable to the best and most honourable contemplations.

One of the accidents which led Mr. Godwin into the train of thinking which gave birth to the present volume, was a visit to Westminster Abbey.

In what is called the Open Part of the Abbey are to be found the tombs of many of our great literary characters, mixed with those of others who had a very slight claim to such a distinction. In the Enclosed Part the spectator is much more struck with the capriciousness of the muse of monumental fame. Except the kings down to those of the house of Stuart, he looks in vain for the tombs of almost all the great men that have adorned our annals. Instead of Simon Montfort, and Stephen Langton, and Wickliffe, and the Montacutes, and the Nevilles, and cardinal Wolsey, and Cranmer, and Sir Philip Sidney, and Lord Chancellor Bacon, and multitudes of others that offer themselves to the memory, we find Sir John Pickering, and Sir James Puckeridge, and Sir Bernard Brocas, who lost his head in the cause of Richard II. and Colonel Popham, and Thomas Thynne, who is immortalized for having been shot in his coach, and Mrs. Nightingale. There is good reason for the absence of most, if not all, of the worthies above mentioned. I am no friend to cenotaphs. Nor would I be over nice in censorship over the illustrious dead; whoever has been truly distinguished for talent or action I should hold worthy of a place; the tomb of Cromwell would teach me many instructive lessons; nor should I object to the monumental record of Judge Tresilian, or Titus Oates. - It is fit that men, the

scourges of their species, or who have memorably dishonoured the figure of man, should be marked with a brand as imperishable as the pure immortality that attends on our genuine benefactors. Nor do I know that it is worth while, by act of parliament or otherwise, to exclude those persons, who owe their monuments to the mere accident of a surviving relative having a few hundred pounds, which he chose to appropriate in this way. All has its moral. Their tombs are infected with the perishable quality of their histories.'

One of the great recommendations of this plan of Mr. Godwin certainly is that it is congenial with those feelings which seem the common appendage of humanity in all states and in every clime. Even savages love to perpetuate the place of interment of their illustrious dead, of those who have been the defenders and benefactors of the tribe. A similar desire seems to be rather increased than diminished by the more cultivated sensibilities of civilized man. Another recommendation is, that it is favourable to virtue and to the growth and expansion of those qualities, which are at once the ornament of the individual and the blessing of the species. The desire of posthumous regard, however much it may be derided by the moody satirist, as one of the delusions of vanity, may be made to operate as a powerful incentive to great and noble deeds. Diodorus Siculus, lib. 1, § lxxii. relates that the Egyptians were wont to institute a judicial inquiry into the actions of their kings after their death; and that, if those actions were condemned by the general suffrage, they were deemed unworthy of the splendid funeral honours which they otherwise experienced. This dread of posthumous disgrace often exerted a wholesome influence on the lives of their successors. The consciousness that, if a man attain to a certain degree of intellectual eminence, his tomb would be for ever preserved by the grateful recollection of posterity, would impell to the attainment with no inconsiderable force. But who is to determine whether the deceased were worthy of this lasting memorial? Might not a jury of literati or artists, or persons properly qualified to appreciate the merits of the deceased in his particular department, be appointed to sit in judgment on his peculiar excellences or defects, within a certain limited time after his death, when the verdict was neither likely to be biassed by friendship nor by enmity? That state must be esteemed wise which adopts the easiest and cheapest modes of producing mental or moral excellence. Now among these modes we may certainly reckon titular distinctions, or such marks of honourable reminiscence as the present plan suggests. The passion for po-

pular regard, even for posthumous regard, is very general and very readily excited, and a wise government will endeavour to turn the strongest passions of its subjects to the best account. The plan of Mr. Godwin addresses itself very forcibly to the desire of leaving a good name behind us, and of being applauded even when the ear is deaf to praise. This is apt to become a sort of enthusiastic longing, even in the most generous minds. The scheme itself is very simple and very easily accomplished. It requires no expensive decorations, no sumptuous monument of marble or of brass. All that is requisite is some thing that may be sufficient to mark the place of interment, the name and particular excellence of the deceased, which may be formed of very perishable materials as long as care is taken that they are renewed as often as they decay. Mr. Godwin proposes nothing more than 'a white cross of wood, with a wooden slab at the foot of it,' to be erected where the ashes of genius or worth are laid in any part of the British isles. An oaken crown or a branch of palm was sufficient to excite the virtuous emulation, and even to satisfy the thirst for renown, in the ardent and disinterested bosoms of former times; nor do we fear but what this simple token of national gratitude, of 'a white cross of wood, with a wooden slab at the foot of it,' would, if it were once consecrated by public opinion, as the meed of high moral or intellectual endowments, have a similar effect in giving a patriotic and philanthropic impulse to the pursuits of men; and of throwing the enthusiasm of generous minds into a current most favourable to the public good.

ART. IV.—*Anecdotes of Painters who have resided or been born in England; with critical Remarks on their Productions. By Edward Edwards, deceased, late Teacher of Perspective, and Associate in the Royal Academy: intended as a Continuation to the Anecdotes of Painting by the late Horace, Earl of Orford. Leigh and Sotheby. 1808. 4to. Price 1l. 1s.*

IT has long been a subject of complaint that the biographers of artists have given the world very little information respecting their professional progress, the nature of their studies, or the peculiarities of their style. Whilst they have been profuse in their recitals of the honours conferred upon them by princes, and have stupified us with repetitions of their foolish or witty sayings, with accounts of their riches or poverty, of their temperance or excesses, a few lines are generally thought sufficient for making us acquainted with those

circumstances which alone gave them a claim to the attention of posterity.

The life of the author occupies the first pages of this work, and in that character we admit him to the privilege which he has so injudiciously bestowed on men whose names ought never to have appeared in print, except in the general directory.

Mr. Edwards could not boast of exalted talents in his profession, and the want of genius was ill supplied by the advantage of an easy intercourse with the first artists of his day, a strong and undeviating love for his art, and an industry which could bend to the most insipid of graphical employments. He formed a striking exception to the opinion entertained by one of the most ingenious and well-informed of his brethren, that good natural sense and an attachment to the profession, united with great opportunities, and uniform application, must in the end, independent of that disputed quality called *genius*, raise an artist to a high rank among his contemporaries.

The friendly pen which affords the public an account of the professional life of Mr. Edwards gives also a pleasing relation of his domestic virtues. A reviewer, perhaps, has little concern with the private life of a writer, but, whilst we freely expose the defects of the *author*, we may justly claim of the public their respect for the *man*, who, so confined in his circumstances as scarcely to be above poverty himself, out of his scanty earnings cheerfully supported an aged mother and a sister.

The apology which Mr. Edwards thinks it proper to make in the preface 'for the want of portraits of the artists whose memoirs are given, especially as Mr. Walpole has bestowed a considerable number throughout his anecdotes,' at least of *such* portraits, is, in our opinion, unnecessary. On the contrary, we return him thanks for having spared 'our aching sight' the view of such distorted countenances as frequently glare upon us in the quarto edition of Lord Orford's work; and are persuaded that his good sense would have led him to reject with disdain even the gratuitous offer of such plates as disgrace the book of his predecessor, and afford a humiliating proof of the debased condition of the public taste, which gave its sanction to such embellishments. If we were unacquainted with the many delights attending the publication of *quartos*, we should wonder why the author did not print his work in conformity with the more humble and more portable edition, which has also the *advantage* of being unaccompanied with plates.

The introduction contains a history of the rise and progress of the arts in England, from the middle of the reign of George the Second, and of the different societies which contributed to their advancement and support. This is a judicious and necessary appendage to the work; but to many readers it will be tiresome to trace the progress of the art, mixed as it is with the dissensions of its professors: such labour, however, will be repaid by its usefulness in rendering intelligible some allusions in their memoirs, which would otherwise be obscure. When we remark that it contains many instances of the illiberality and selfishness, both of prosperous and of disappointed artists, we do not mean to insinuate that competition in the arts is attended with greater animosity than in literature; but as rivalry in painting is less publicly announced, insinuation supplies the place of invective, and the overthrow of a successful opponent is sometimes attempted by devices the most unmanly and dishonourable.*

The author, although a party in the schisms and contentions which he recounts, appears to have performed his task with very little prejudice, and although some facts may be more strongly and others more feebly coloured than nature, we feel no inclination to accuse him of unjustifiable partiality.

Mr. Walpole having omitted the names of some artists, not less worthy of insertion than many whose lives he has related, and having given but an imperfect account of others, Mr. Edwards commences his anecdotes with such notices as may supply the deficiencies of his predecessor.

The first pause in our progress through this work was occasioned by a remark in the article 'Whood,' which is given with too axiom-like an authority to be allowed a quiet passage through our court. Speaking of the portrait of a young lady, the author observes, 'it is unaffectedly treated, and represents

* A statement has recently come to our knowledge, which, if well founded, threatens to deprive the metropolis of one of its most elegant exhibitions. Small parties of the less successful members of a very respectable society of artists have been observed to follow visitors to whom they were unknown, from picture to picture, round their exhibition rooms, and on finding the attention of any one fixed on the work of a popular master, to make remarks to its disadvantage, pointing out aloud to each other its supposed defects, and contrasting them with the opposite merits of some neighbouring production of one of their own party: thus prejudicing the minds of such as are ignorant of their motives, and have not courage to think for themselves, and eventually injuring the sale of many works of real merit.

This base alliance, we have heard, is known to those who were the objects of it, and except measures be adopted to prevent its recurrence, some of the most respectable names will be withdrawn from the society.

We give this note in order to shew that jealousy and illiberality among artists are not vices only of former times, but most especially, by means of his exposure, to put a stop to so dishonourable a practice. R.

the dress of the age in which it was executed ; a circumstance that will never degrade the best portrait, and may give some value to the worst.' We admit that after the lapse of a century or two, a bad portrait in the dress of its time will have a greater claim to attention, than a moderately good one of the same date, in a fancy dress ; but then, we admire not the *picture*, but the *antique*, and we value that only in proportion to the scarcity of such faithful representations of the costume of that particular era. When we call to mind the numberless beautiful forms and countenances which have been 'degraded' and dishonoured by the abominable inventions of coifs, ruffs, toupees, long stays, farthingales, and all the fantastical disfigurements which have in turns prevailed since the introduction of painting into England, we cannot but reprobate the doctrine that a fine portrait loses nothing of its value from a dress which as completely as possible disguises or conceals every beauty of the original. It is saying but little in favour of this attachment to the fashion of the day, to refer us to the lovely faces which so often smile upon us from a canvass loaded even with the preposterous dresses of the reign of Elizabeth ; and to that charming symmetry of form, which neither the constraint of unnatural ligatures, nor the protuberance of hoops and stuffings, have been able entirely to obscure.

How often, too, is a striking masculine countenance converted into an ordinary one, by the addition of an enormous wig, and a manly figure changed into no figure at all, by an unwieldy case of trunk hose ! Most of Kneller's male portraits are illustrations of the levelling power of a periwig, for they are so like each other, that any two of the same age must be mistaken for twins. Among many others we have at this moment particularly in our eye a painting of D. Mytens's, mentioned with deserved praise in the former volumes of these anecdotes ; it is a portrait of the first Lord Holland, excellent in most respects, but so deformed by his dress, that at first sight one cannot help fancying him in masquerade.

Our observations on this subject have been more extended than is usual with us, but it has not been half exhausted, and were we not apprehensive of being reminded that we have forgotten our office, we should produce the greatest authorities to establish the *converse* of what we have already proved, namely, that a judicious departure from an ungraceful costume, ought to be the aim of every portrait painter who wishes to rise above the herd of mechanical copyists.

Those who admire the sort of wit so frequently to be met with in Mr. Walpole's anecdotes, will be disappointed in the work professing to be their continuation ; and those who think

him, as Warburton did, 'an insufferable coxcomb,' will bless their stars on finding that Mr. Edwards does not affect to see things in an uncommon light, nor, when he ought to be telling a plain matter of fact, twist it awry in order to introduce it with more point and effect: his digressions are at least as well chosen, and excite as much general interest, as those of his predecessor. One of them contains the following account of the origin of the beef-steak club, which we believe is not generally known.

'Mr. Lambert was for many years principal scene-painter to the theatre at Covent-garden. Being a person of great respectability in character and profession, he was often visited, while at work in the theatre, by persons of the first consideration, both in rank and talents. As it frequently happened that he was too much hurried to leave his engagements for his regular dinner, he contented himself with a beef-steak broiled upon the fire in the painting-room. In this hasty meal he was sometimes joined by his visitors, who were pleased to participate in the humble repast of the artist. The savour of the dish, and the conviviality of the accidental meeting, inspired the party with a resolution to establish a club, which was accordingly done under the title of The Beef-Steak Club, and the party assembled in the painting-room. The members were afterwards accommodated with a room in the play-house, where the meetings were held for many years,' &c.
—p. 20,

Though we do not, upon the whole, consider Mr. Edwards as inferior in judgment to Mr. Walpole, we are inclined to the opinion of the last mentioned author regarding the merits of Hayman. The writer of the present work labours to give him a higher rank than posterity has thought fit to assign him, and tells us that 'he acquired a very considerable degree of power in his art;' while, conformably with our own observations on his pictures and on engravings from them, his former biographer asserts that he did not in 'any light attain excellence.'

Of our two countrymen, the Wrights, one of Liverpool and the other of Derby, every one at all acquainted with the arts has some knowledge; though the native of Derby has, by his more popular style, almost swallowed up the name of the other artist; and were it not for the most beautiful engraving of Woollet (called the fishery) from a picture of the Liverpool artist, he would fall into undeserved obscurity. Mr. Edwards says,

'that this print was copied in France, of the exact size, and with such accuracy, that it is scarcely to be distinguished from the original. There is also a smaller copy, about twelve inches

long, well executed, in which the vanity of the Frenchman is glaringly conspicuous, the name of Vernet being substituted for that of Mr. Wright.*

Now, we cannot imagine how the substituting the name of their best marine painter for that of an English artist but little known, can be considered a proof of the vanity of the French ; but it was certainly flattering to our painter, though the deceit was evidently practised with no other view than that of increasing the popularity of the engraving.

It is singular that the name of Wright is not to be met with in Fuseli's edition of Pilkington's Dictionary of Painters. The circumstance of a picture of R. Wright's being the subject of one of Woollet's finest engravings, is of itself authority sufficient for introducing his name among those of his brother artists. Any one must acknowledge, on seeing the print, that the engraver's extraordinary talents were not misemployed on his subject. The other Wright (Joseph) was an associate of the R. A. and though Mr. Fuseli be entitled to smile at his candle-light tricks, it would not have been too much condescension to the prejudices of the day briefly to have acknowledged the existence of an artist whose glowing and glittering works have excited more admiration among young ladies and city connoisseurs, than the more chaste and classical beauties of Reynolds and Wilson.

Every body has heard of the enmity which existed between the two excellent artists whom we have just named, and of that proof which Sir Joshua is supposed to have given of it by his animadversions on Wilson's best picture, contained in his fourteenth discourse. Mr. Edwards takes up the gauntlet for Wilson, and defends his Niobe from the aspersions of the president, upon the whole, with success. But our gravity was completely overcome by his justification of the clouds on which the Apollo is kneeling. Sir Joshua Reynolds remarks with dictatorial solemnity, that these clouds 'have not the appearance of being able to support him ; they have neither the substance nor the form fit for the receptacle of the human figure,' &c. , Mr. Edwards answers to this, with equal seriousness, that 'the appearance of the cloud is fully equal to the weight which it is supposed to sustain ; and indeed the figure appears to be floating on that species of cloud which is OFTEN SEEN* rolling along in a thunder-storm near the surface of the earth,' &c. It is difficult to say which is most laughable, the weak petulance of the objector, or the grave and precise defence of the apologist, who, to make the appear-

* Qu. With a man riding upon it. R.

ance of the figure as *natural* as possible, takes a small liberty with truth, and informs us that such a cloud is often seen rolling along near the surface of the earth. Let

————— ‘both divide the crown.’

But, for the sake of posterity, one of these philosophers should have drawn up a scale of proportions to ascertain the exact relative dimensions of clouds, and the figures they have to support, that future artists, by means of a rule and compasses, might avoid all such sins against the laws of nature and of gravity. Notwithstanding the laugh which we have indulged against the zealous biographer, we think that he has given a very satisfactory account of our most excellent landscape-painter; but he has said too little in calling him ‘one of the first landscape-painters in Europe;’ for with all his defects, his *best landscapes* were the *best landscapes* of his time.

In the article ‘Gainsborough’ there is a quotation from Sir J. Reynolds which does not convey the whole of the author’s meaning. Alluding to Gainsborough’s practice of forming little landscapes on his table by means of stones, dried herbs, sticks, looking-glass, &c. he remarks that ‘such methods may be nothing more than mischievous trifling, or they may be aids according to the general talent of him who uses it.’

As a painter without talents is never without vanity, every one will think himself authorized by this remark to seize upon, and press into the service of his invention, twigs, weeds, stones, moss, looking-glass, and dried herbs. The writer soon after makes a condition attended with a *caveat*. ‘I think upon the whole, unless we constantly refer to real nature, that practice may be more likely to do harm than good.’ This quotation ought to have been adopted by Mr. Edwards as a continuation of Sir Joshua’s remark; and he ought not, in that which he has given, to have subjected his author to the imputation of writing bad English, by joining together the parts of two sentences, which in the original are perfectly distinct.

In respect to the above mentioned practice, we wonder that it escaped the notice of Sir J. Reynolds, that the representation of water by means of glass must have led to the most erroneous conclusions; for their respective powers of reflection are governed by laws absolutely opposite. At that angle where the reflection from glass is the strongest, that from water is the most faint; and *vice versâ*. So great is this disparity, that at an angle of ninety degrees, when the reflection from looking-glass is the greatest possible, the reflec-

tion from water is but one fortieth part as powerful as it is from the smallest possible angle; and from this smallest angle silvered glass reflects the least.*

The Life of Gainsborough is a very amusing and we believe a very faithful account of that eccentric painter. Those of Reynolds and Barry are already before the public more at large; and also too long an account of Moreland, to the last mentioned of whom, whose fame was much above his desert, Mr. Edwards has not devoted quite two pages.

We will finish our remarks on particular lives, by an anecdote from the account of Hodges. It is in the recollection of many of our readers that this artist once exhibited two pictures, one shewing 'the Effects of Peace,' and the other 'the Consequences of War.'

The Duke of York

Upon seeing these pictures, very pertinently observed, that he thought no artist should employ himself on works of that kind, the effects of which might tend to impress the mind of the inferior classes of society with sentiments not suited to the public tranquillity; that the effects of war were at all times to be deplored, and therefore 'people ought not to be kept in ignorance of what they have to suffer from it; no, that would be treating them like rational creatures) and therefore need not be exemplified in a way which could only serve to increase public clamour without redressing the evil.'

It is public opinion which must 'redress the evil;' and whilst the miseries of war are carefully kept out of our sight by the promoters of it, we are indebted to such faithful representations as may remind us of the sufferings of our fellow-creatures and countrymen; and keep in action that humane and just abhorrence of war, which the Almighty has placed in the hearts of all good men.

We have derived much satisfaction from the perusal of Mr. Edwards's book, and esteem it by no means inferior to the work of which it professes to be a continuation. The language is plain and perspicuous, and in general correct. But the reader must not expect that depth of thought and force of language which distinguish the late additions to Pilkington's Dictionary; and which make us regret that Mr. Fuseli has so little time to spare for the prosecution of similar and greater labours.

* Plain unsilvered glass, laid over those hollows which are to represent water, would answer the purpose very well; as, like water, it reflects the greatest number of rays at the smallest angle, and the least number at the greatest angle. R.

Whoever possesses 'Walpole's Anecdotes,' will find Mr. Edwards's continuation a very useful book ; and we shall be glad to hear that its demand will be such as to cause a republication of it, in a form which may render it more easily attainable ' by the generality of those to whom the work may be useful.*

ART. V.—*Voyages and Travels to India, Ceylon, the Red Sea, Abyssinia, and Egypt, in the Years 1802, 1803, 1804, 1805, and 1806.* By George, Viscount Valentia. In three Volumes. (Concluded from vol. xviii. p. 383.)

MR. SALT and his party left Dixan, August 14, 1805, and proceeded on their way to Antalow. They passed the plain of Zarai, which reminded Mr. Salt of the vale of Evesham in Worcestershire. 'The whole was in a high state of cultivation, and disposed in ridges for the convenience of irrigating the land.' They halted at a village called Bakauko for the night, where they were very poorly housed, but hospitably entertained by the inhabitants with goat's-flesh, milk, and honey. They stopped the next night at the village of Asceriah, where they experienced a very cold reception, and seemed likely to have no other nocturnal shelter than a tree, when an old man invited them to his house, where they found more conveniences than they had seen before. From Asceriah they travelled nearly north-west, on account of the impassable mountains to the south, when they turned over a rising ground, till they came to 'Abha, the residence of the Baharnegash Subhart.' Baharnegash is a title which is given to every head man in a village. Here they found an increase of formality in the modes of salutation. 'No person is permitted to go into the presence of the Baharnegash without uncovering to the waist; nor is he addressed by any one except in a whisper, with the mouth covered and applied close to his ear. This Baharnegash was very liberal of his hydromel, and some of the party drank two brulhes or pints. In the next day's journey (Aug. 17), they reached the ruinous village of Recaito. Hence, moving to the eastward, and afterwards proceeding due south, they ascended a lofty mountain, the whole of which was covered with acacias, mingled with a variety of sweet scented plants, shrubs, and flowers. They passed the night at the village of

Shihah, where a tolerably good house had been prepared for their reception. Here they were roused about two o'clock in the morning by a false alarm. An enemy was said to be at hand. But the noise which excited their apprehensions, and which had been mistaken for a drum, was only that of an old woman grinding her corn, an operation which, Mr. Salt says, both in Arabia and India, is always performed in the night. On August 19, our travellers

'crossed a plain, through which ran a brook shaded with shrubs, and bordered with many kinds of plants of exquisite beauty; afterwards descending a rugged steep, we entered a valley of rich pasture land, the grass of which was so plentifully mixed with white and red clover, yellow crowfoot, and dandelion, that it had the exact appearance of an English meadow in spring.'

They passed this night at a village called Calaut, where they experienced the hospitality of a mussulmaun. They remained at this place during the next day, when a chieftain, called Tigra Moka Welleta Samuel

'came down from his hill with a present of a sheep and milk, and also engaged to supply us with people at an early hour on the following morning. He made an excuse for appearing in a squalid dress, by informing me that he was in mourning for his brother. His shirt was blackened with dirt, and was to be worn eighty days.'

On the following day (August 21), the road which our travellers took wound in a direction from south-east to south-west, over rocky hills and cultivated vales. About three o'clock they arrived at Genater, the capital of the district of Agowma.

'It is a village consisting chiefly of conical huts, overlooked by a high rock, steep on every side, and on the top of which is an area about one hundred feet in diameter, occupied partially by a citadel. Here we were met by Subagadis, the elder of the four sons of Shum Woldo. He uncovered himself with great humility on approaching, and saluted us by kissing our hands; he then led us into his state room, which was not unlike a hall in some of our old English mansions, being lofty, and supported by round posts in the centre. Here he treated us with an excellent fowl-curry, wheaten loaves cooked in steam, and plenty of maize; he also presented me with three bullocks, four pots and two skins of honey, as he expressed it by the Ras's order. All this time his brother Aggoos had been standing behind him, not being allowed, as it should seem, to sit in his presence. We spent this day very pleasantly, being treated with great hospitality by the master of the mansion, who was in his manners by

far the most polished Abyssinian we had yet seen. He had a mild expression in his countenance, his features were regular, his hair was short and curly, but not woolly, and his limbs, though small, were well formed.

The next morning Mr. Salt and his friends were entertained

‘by the sight of an Abyssinian banquet, at which, although new guests were continually relieving those who were satisfied, we counted ninety-five persons feeding at the same time in the hall. It might frighten many a man to go into the midst of such a throng cutting away at the raw meat with their long drawn knives, and handing it about in large pieces, from the higher to those of inferior rank. Sometimes, if it chanced to be a coarse piece, it was observed to go through six or seven gradations. At the farther end of the hall sat Subagadis and his wife, with her female attendants, behind a half-drawn curtain. On our entering the hall we were invited to take a seat among them, with which we willingly complied. The lady, whom we could now more particularly attend to, was young and pretty, and both gentle and agreeable in her manners; she asked me for a pair of ear-rings (which I had before been erroneously given to understand the Abyssinian ladies did not wear); I sent accordingly for a pair of some that I had procured at Mocha, and presented them to her.’

On the night of the 22d they halted at a village, where they were presented by the chief ‘with a bullock and two sheep, a part of one of which was made into a country curry, with bread and maize for our supper.’ Our travellers proceeded but a short distance on the 23d, when they stopped at the village of Amba Manut, where a good house was prepared for their reception. After travelling about five miles on the 24th, Mr. Salt and his party experienced a very hospitable entertainment at the residence of Ayto Guebra.

‘Maize, curry, and immense piles of bread being laid before us, we were given to understand that to eat and drink heartily was the best compliment we could pay them; and indeed they plied us so fast with the maize, and that of so good and strong a quality, that I found it absolutely necessary to rise and depart in a hurry, lest all our servants, to whom they had been as liberal as ourselves, should be incapable of proceeding.’

After this they rode some miles farther the same day to the mansion of Debib, chief of Negashé, who prepared for them another plentiful feast. The next day (August 25) our travellers visited a curious church or convent cut out of the solid rock, called Abuhassubha. It ‘is situated on one side of a

rock which commands a view of a large and beautiful plain, thinly set with daroo and wild date trees. 'The priests of this temple were all neatly dressed in white with light turbans or rather wrappers round their heads.' Our travellers reached Derhah on the 26th of August. They found this town surrounded by a wall and wide fosse, and most of the houses built of stone. From Derhah they travelled about ten miles over quarries, plains, and high rocky hills.

'The soil of the plains was of a black colour, extremely rich, and full twelve feet deep, as we ascertained by the broken banks of a stream which runs meandering through it; the hills also would admit of cultivation, if the large stones with which they are encumbered were removed; but this the inhabitants are too idle or ignorant to undertake, even on the flat land; so that it is with the greatest difficulty that they are able to plough it. After descending a steep pass, from which we had a full view of the hill of Antalow, we arrived at the village of Chelicut, where we were accommodated in a house belonging to the Ras, built on a beautiful spot close to the borders of a stream. We were at this place treated with more than usual ceremony and respect, and were informed that the Ras had ordered the greatest attention to be paid to our wishes. In the afternoon we were taken out to visit the church, attended by a multitude of priests, all handsomely clothed in white. On entering the first gate-way, they requested us to take off our shoes and hats, with which we immediately complied.'

'From the church we were taken to the store-room, to view the rich vestments and furniture of the officiating priests, which were of great beauty. Among other articles were eleven mitres of pure silver inlaid with gold, two dresses of black velvet richly studded with silver, a large silver drum hooped with gold, besides a rich Venetian cloth very handsomely embroidered. The priests seemed to have much pleasure in shewing us their wealth, and afterwards conducted us to the Ras's garden, which, though in a very wild state and overgrown with grass, was enriched with many valuable fruit trees, as oranges, citrons, pomegranates, and bananas, most of which, from their names, being evidently derived from Arabic, I supposed to have been originally brought from Arabia.'

From Chelicut Mr. Salt pursued his journey over numerous hills, which skirt the base of a lofty mountain between that place and Antalow. As our travellers approached Antalow, they had to pass to the Ras's residence through an assemblage of at least three thousand of the inhabitants.

'They pressed so hard to get near us as we were going through the first gate, over which were sitting some of the officers of state, that it was with difficulty we could force a passage. We

were not allowed to dismount from our mules till we had got into the entrance of the great hall, at the farther end of which was seated the Ras, on a couch, with two large pillows upon it covered with rich satin. On each side of him, seated on the floor, which was carpeted, were all his principal chiefs, and among others our friend Baharnegash Yasous. On being ushered with much bustle into his presence, according to the custom of the country, we bowed and then kissed the back of his hand, and he in return kissed ours; he then pointed to a vacant couch on his right, covered with a beautiful skin, on which we were immediately seated. After this the usual compliments passed, the Ras on his part expressing his pleasure at seeing us, and we on our part making a proper return, with additional compliments from Lord Valentia at Mocha. We were then given to understand that nothing more was to be said at this visit. In a few minutes after Captain Rudland was taken away to inspect the apartments allotted us, and on his return we withdrew, attended by a minister of the Ras, through whom we were to communicate all our wishes.

Mr. Salt says that the Ras is remarkably small in person; and delicately formed, of seventy-two years of age, with an intelligent countenance and considerable dignity in his deportment. The Ras said that he seldom staid at home in the night, but took his pleasure in fishing and hunting. Our travellers had a specimen of his nocturnal vigilance; at twelve he sent them some clouted cream, and at four Mr. Salt was called to receive the compliments of the morning. About ten in the morning 'we were invited,' says Mr. S.

'to breakfast with the Ras, and were received with the same distinction as yesterday, being seated on a sofa, while his minister was placed close by on the carpet. We were very plentifully fed by the Ras himself with eggs, fowl in curry, and balls of a mixed composition of wild celery, curds and ghee, after which we were offered brinde; but on our expressing a wish to have it dressed, the meat was afterwards brought grilled, and cut into small pieces by one of the attendants, and handed to our mouths by the Ras, much in the same way as boys in England feed young magpies. It is scarcely possible to describe the scene that was going on in the mean time in the hall, where the people were squabbling and almost fighting, with their drawn knives, for the raw meat that was handed about, and the teff bread that lay heaped up around the table; there were, however, some masters of the ceremony who carried long white sticks, with which they frequently chastised those who were too hasty in seizing their portion.'

About six o'clock in the morning of August 30, 'I was sent for,' says Mr. Salt,

‘and found the Ras alone in the hall. I then delivered to him, in the name of Lord Valentia, the presents sent by his lordship, which consisted of two entire pieces of broad-cloth, one blue and the other red; a handsome watch, a telescope, some pieces of kincaub and satin, a dress of gold tissue, a gold ring and broach, and several pieces of muslin. These presents gave great satisfaction, more particularly those articles which were new to him, namely, the watch, telescope, and trinkets; and the kincaub and gold dress he repeatedly ordered to be opened out before him. On stating, in the name of his lordship, the impossibility of procuring at Mocha such presents as he would have wished to send, he stopped me at once, by expressing his entire satisfaction with what he had received; and assured me, that his only regret arose from the impossibility of communicating in our own language the friendship he felt for us, who, strangers as we were, had come so far from our parents, our friends, and our country, to visit him, while those who were near him, and ought to be friends, thought only of making war upon him.’

Mr. Salt then mentioned that the motive of Lord Valentia in sending him to Antalow, was to open a commercial intercourse between the English and the Abyssinians, of which Mr. Salt forcibly depicted the probable advantages to the dominions of the Ras. Some conversation then ensued about the most convenient port for the delivery of the cargoes. The Ras mentioned that there was a place on the coast belonging to himself called Buré, not more than four days journey from Antalow, well supplied with water and cattle; the inhabitants of which had often solicited permission to open a trade with the ships which were constantly passing within sight of them. He said that the road between Buré and Antalow was very practicable for kafilas, excepting one day's journey, in which no water was to be procured. At the conclusion of this interview, Mr. Salt requested a copy, in Arabic, of the history of Abyssinia, from the reign of Joas to the present time; when the Ras said that the chronicles were kept at Axum, and that he would take care that Mr. Salt should not be disappointed.

Antalow consists of upwards of one thousand houses with conical thatched roofs, erected upon an uneven rising ground in the valley below. The country around is very uninteresting, and almost totally devoid of trees. In the evening of September 1, our travellers went into the hall, and

‘found the Ras at chess, in the midst of his chiefs. The chessmen, which are coarsely made of ivory, are very large and clumsy; when they have occasion to take any of their adversary's pieces, they strike it with great force and eagerness from its place. I observed that their game differs much from ours. Bi-

shops jump over the heads of knights, and are only allowed to move three squares. The pawns move only one step forward at starting, and get no rank by reaching the end of the board; they play with much noise, every person around, even the slaves, having a voice in the game, and seizing the pieces at pleasure, to shew any advisable move. We observed, however, that they always managed with great ingenuity to let the Ras win every game.

On the 9th of September, Mr. Salt set out for Axum, leaving Captain Rudland and Mr. Carter at Antalow. Mr. Salt was accompanied by Pearce and Andrew mounted on mules, and by Ibrahim, as an interpreter, on foot. After traversing a hilly country they arrived at the town of Muccullah. The soil in the neighbourhood consists of a rich black loam, and was in a high state of cultivation. Here Mr. Salt found the Ras, who had set off from Antalow at an early hour in the morning. Mr. Salt passed the night at Muccullah. On the next day, after visiting the church, and observing the devout antics of the Abyssinian priests, he proceeded to the house of the Ras, who placed him by his side on the couch, and fed him with his own hands.

‘There were four changes of guests at table, and three large jars of maize were emptied, each of which contained at least half a hogshead. I was prevailed on by the Ras to eat a small portion of briude, and am satisfied that it is merely prejudice that deters us from this food.’

On the 11th of September, Mr. Salt pursued his journey over the plain of Jambelos, extending about eight miles in length, and from two to four in breadth, which appeared to be in a high state of culture, and to contain at least forty inhabited villages, besides several in ruins. At night Mr. Salt stopped at the village of Haremko. He departed at an early hour the next morning, and arrived as night was setting in at the village of Gullybudda, where he was very hospitably entertained by the chief, who was in high spirits, very jovial, and wished Mr. Salt to stay in the country, promising to give him his daughter in marriage.

‘The next morning we travelled,’ says Mr. Salt, ‘about three miles N. N. W. through a picturesque and tolerably well wooded country; but the trees were of a small size, and scarcely timber. Birds of many different kinds were singing among the branches of all the lower trees, the extremities of which were hung with numerous nests.’

On the 14th of September, part of the road which our travellers pursued round rugged hills covered with brushwood,

and along the edges of steep precipices; a fall from which into the plain below would have been certain death. In this day's journey Mr. Salt met a poor woman, who requested him to give her some physic for a child which she had at her back, and which, according to her report, was *afflicted with an evil spirit*. Before sun-set Mr. Salt came in sight of the town of Adowa, enveloped in smoke.

'The market was just over, and the people, who were returning to their respective villages, were all curious enough to see the strangers, but they uniformly behaved with much respect and civility.'

The next morning Mr. Salt proceeded to examine the curiosities of the town and neighbourhood. In their way to inspect the church of St. Mariam, they were attended by a crowd of the inhabitants, who pressed forward to get a sight of them, 'shouting and laughing, and the women making a clapping noise peculiar to themselves, all expressive of their pleasure and astonishment.'

When Mr. Salt came out of the church of St. Michael which he visited, and which is the most respectable in appearance of any at Adowa, a woman fell at his feet, and implored him to heal her son, who was deaf and dumb. 'It was not without difficulty,' says Mr. Salt, 'that I was able to get rid of her importunity.'

On approaching Axum, Mr. Salt passed the ruins of a great number of fallen obelisks, some of which are plain, and others carefully sculptured. He was soon after gratified by the sight of an obelisk which is still erect.

'It is,' says Mr. Salt, 'undoubtedly the one mentioned by Poncet, and afterwards described and drawn by Bruce. It is about eighty feet high, and formed out of a single block of granite, curiously carved, and in excellent proportion. My attention was, for a long time, rivetted on this beautiful and extraordinary monument, of which however the elevation, published by the traveller last mentioned, can furnish no idea. It is difficult to conceive the method by which such a solid mass of granite was raised; and the astonishment excited by the magnitude of the work was more particularly striking after passing through a country now reduced to so rude a state as Abyssinia. A little way below this only obelisk that has withstood the effects of time, and which appears so perfect, that it might be supposed to have been lately erected, we came opposite to the church, which Bruce has most unjustly depreciated, since, when compared with all others in Tigré, it has no rival (except Chelicut) with respect to size, richness, or sanctity.'

'In the evening I had a visit from the chief priest and others,

CRIT. REV. Vol. 19, January, 1810.

who came with their books to try me in the Scripture. My knowledge, though not very great, was fortunately fully equal to enable me to answer or evade all their questions, so that I came off with great credit, and the high priest kissed my hand in rapture, at my intimate acquaintance with the sacred book.'

About half a mile in a north-east direction from the church, Mr. Salt had the satisfaction of viewing an upright stone, with an inscription in Greek characters, which he very carefully copied, and which himself and his friends have been at considerable pains to elucidate. The date of the inscription is supposed to be 330, and it is principally curious as tending to prove the prevalence of the Greek language in the country at that period, and the adoption of the gods of Greece. Mr. Salt found the obelisk, which we have mentioned above, to be extremely different from the sketch exhibited by Bruce. The ornaments which Bruce calls triglyphs, metopes, and guttae are, as Mr. Salt says, most regularly, instead of being irregularly disposed.

'The broad sides of it front north and south, of which only the south is sculptured. It is inferior in size to one that has fallen down, which also differs from this in the form of its ornaments, and in its having been carved on both sides, or else on the opposite side, to the corresponding one of that which is now standing.' "From my account of Axum," says Mr. Salt, "it will appear that Bruce's description of the 'mountain of red marble,' of the 'wall cut out of the same five feet high,' with its 'one hundred and thirty-three pedestals, on which stood colossal statues of the dog-star, two of which only were remaining,' and of the road cut between the wall and the mountain, are statements contrary to the existing facts, or, at least, so extremely exaggerated as to cast strong doubts upon his authority."

The inhabitants of Axum are said to exhibit less marks of civility and subordination than those of the other places through which Mr. Salt passed. The mode of apprehending offenders is very curious.

'When any person is injured, his first attempt is to get hold of his adversary's apparel, which, having fastened in a hand knot to his own, nothing can force him to quit till he gets into the presence of his superiors, to whose decision he means to appeal: and it is singular that those who may have stolen double the value of their garment, will not consent to part with it in order to escape, from the disgrace attached to such a proceeding.'

On his return to Antalow, Mr. Salt, while at Adowa, received a polite invitation from Ozoro Tishai. In the evening he waited on this Abyssinian princess, who was expecting him with a large party of her friends and attendants. She

was seated in a recess on a couch, with the lower part of her face covered. She gave Mr. Salt a most gracious reception. 'What was wanting in conversation was made up by laughing, joking, and drinking; for the lady most urgently plied us all with maize, taking at the same time an equal portion herself.' This lady told Mr. Salt that she had heard of Bruce, 'but had never seen him; that he was a great favourite both of Ozoro Esther and of the Iteghé.'

(On one of the following days Mr. Salt met on his route an old priest named Allulä Lucas, who said that he had formerly been

'well acquainted with Yagoube (Bruce) at Gondar. On my questioning him, he said that Bruce lived at Koscam, and made two attempts, the first of which failed, to visit the Nile. It was supposed that he went to stop the course of that river; and as they believed he could make gold and turn any waters, they thought him capable of accomplishing this project.'

He said that Mr. Bruce was not well acquainted either with the language of Amhara or of Tigré;—that he was

'a great favourite of Tecla Haimanout, with whom, however, he had once quarrelled, on account of the Sultan's taking off his hat or his turban, which he indignantly resented.'

Mr. Salt returned to Antalow on the 23d of September, and found all his friends safe and happy to see him again. Captain Rudland was absent from Antalow with the Ras for about fifteen days, during Mr. Salt's excursion to Axum. The journal which Captain Rudland kept in this interval is inserted in this part of the work, and is an amusing portion of the performance. Capt. Rudland was, during the whole time, treated with cordial kindness by the Ras, whose character appears in a very amiable light. Captain R. usually formed one of the Ras's fishing and hunting parties, of both which diversions he was very fond. The mode of hunting which is followed by the Ras is very different from that which is practised in this country. The Ras has about fifty dogs, of an inferior sort, not unlike the English lurcher, and at least five hundred men.

'These are disposed among the thickets of acacia, with which the small hills around are covered, in order to rouse the deer, hares, grouse, partridges, and guinea fowl. As soon as one of these is put up (for the birds fly only to a very short distance), it is instantly pursued by the dogs and men who happen to be nearest. Upon this an universal shout and yell is set up, which so frightens the poor animal, that, together with the keenness of the dogs, it seldom happens that it escapes.'

On this day, as Captain Rudland entered the first gate to the hall of the Ras's residence at Muccullah,

'the knife was flourishing over the cow's throat; for, if the animal can be killed in the presence of the Ras, it is not only considered as the more respectful, but the brinde is the more delicious. In the present instance, the skin was only partly taken off, and a favourite slice of the flesh was brought immediately to table, the muscles of which continued to quiver till the whole was devoured.'

While Captain Rudland was at Muccullah, he was present at the funeral of the wife of one of the principal inhabitants. He observed no demonstrations of grief in any of the attendants but the women, who scratched their temples, foreheads, and noses, till 'they were as raw as brinde.' Captain R. had the pleasure of beholding the Muccullah princess Ozoro Endett,

'and three other ladies belonging to the chief men of the place; they appeared by no means alarmed at my presence, but rather otherwise, for they invited me to sit down, with which I accordingly complied. The Ozoro was covered with trinkets and chains of gold and silver; even her shoes, in the hands of her slave girls, were of silver studded with gold. These ladies were very free in examining my dress and skin; but nothing seemed to excite their surprise so much as my hair, which, until they touched it, they would not believe to be natural.'

This princess is said by Captain R. to be an excellent agriculturist. We are told that she always gets three crops in a year, and that she has trenches cut from the river to irrigate her fields, whenever it is requisite.

Mr. Salt gives the following account of a grand feast which took place in the great hall of the Ras's mansion after his return to Antalow.

'A long table was placed in the middle of the hall, at the upper end of which, in a recess, the floor of which was raised about half a foot above the level of the room, was a couch, with two large pillows covered with striped satin, and behind this stood a lower couch covered with a handsome skin. The Ras led the way, leaning on two of his principal chiefs, and took his seat on the higher couch, inviting us, at the same time, to occupy the couch behind. The chiefs in the mean time ranged themselves on their haunches (for there were no benches) on each side of the table, and behind the Ras, crowding in two or three ranks towards the upper end of the room. The sides of the table were covered to the height of a foot by piles of trest bread in the form of round thin pancakes, about two feet and a half diameter; and

down the middle of the table was ranged a single row of dishes, consisting of a hot curry made of fowl, mutton, ghee, and curds. A quantity of fine wheaten bread in large rolls was prepared for the use of the Ras; these he broke, and first distributed to us, and afterwards to some of the chiefs by whom he was surrounded. This ceremony served as a signal to begin the feast; upon which several female slaves, placed at different parts of the table, (having previously washed their hands in the presence of the Ras) dipped the teft bread into the curries and other dishes, and distributed it among the guests. A man, whose particular business it was, performed the same office for the Ras, who immediately handed a portion to us, and then to some of the chiefs, who, on receiving it, got up and bowed: balls also of curds, greens, and teft bread mixed together were handed about. During this time the cattle were killing on the outside of the hall. This is done by laying the beast down on the ground, and with a jambea knife nearly separating the head from the body, pronouncing at the same time "Bis m' Allah Guebra Menfus Kedus," a style of invocation that seems to be borrowed from the followers of Mahommed. The skin is then stripped with all possible expedition from one side of the animal, and the entrails, lights, liver, and tripes are taken out, which latter the attendants voraciously devour as their perquisite, sometimes even without paying much regard to the trouble of cleaning them. The flesh of the animal, of which the rump and heart are considered as prime delicacies, is cut into large pièces, and while the fibres are yet quivering, is brought in to the guests, who, by this time, have consumed as much as they please of the curries and other dishes. The brinde, as the raw flesh is called, was in irregular pieces, but commonly adhering to a bone, by which the attendants carried it; it was then handed round to the chiefs, who, with their crooked knives, cut off a large steak, which they afterwards dissected very dexterously into strips, about half an inch in diameter, holding it at the same time between the two fore-fingers of the left hand. Having thus prepared their meat, they took it up with the left hand and put it into their mouths; such at least was the usual practice with the Ras and all the chiefs whom we had an opportunity of observing, on this and many other occasions. I mention these seemingly trifling particulars, to shew that Bruce is mistaken when he asserts, that "no man in Abyssinia, of any fashion whatever, feeds himself, or touches his own meat;" indeed so far from this delicacy being observed, it is extremely common for the highest chiefs to help their neighbours round, and not unfrequently even their women, as we afterwards particularly observed at the table of Gusmati Ischias, who was one of the first fashion at Gondar when Bruce was there. If the piece happened not to please the person who cut it off, he handed it to a dependant behind him, from whom it sometimes passed to a seventh hand, if not approved. While the brinde was serving up, of which the quantity consumed is scarcely credible, the maize was distributed about very plentifully in brulhies, or Vene-

tian glasses, horns being used only for booza. The first party being satisfied, retired from table, and was succeeded by another of inferior rank, by which the remains of the brinde were consumed. After these came a third, a fourth, and even a fifth party, who were obliged to content themselves with the coarse *taht* or single horn of booza, and were driven away by the conclusion of the ceremonies, before they had taken their fill. The conclusion of the feast, the Ras sent off from the table large quantities of teft bread, for the followers of those chiefs and nobles. The whole ended with a violent scramble for the *taht* cakes, during which it seemed to be a point of etiquette to make as much uproar and confusion as possible. During the feast there were a few boys permitted to remain, by favour, under the table, to pick up what fell from the guests; but if any one be discovered there who has not permission, he is beaten severely by blows given with the elbow. There were also one or two men with small crosses in their hands, which they held out, intimating thereby that they were at that time obliged to fast.

Before our travellers left Antalow, they had a visit from the keeper of the Ras's cows, 'who was daily in the habits of bringing them milk, in return for some physic that Captain Rudland gave him, to drive out, as he expressed it, "*a devil in his inside*," which most fortunately succeeded.' We have quoted this and one or two similar passages, to shew the strong tendency which there is in the eastern idiom of thought and expression, to ascribe physical maladies to supernatural causes, and particularly to the agency of demons. This tendency is always stronger in proportion as the people are more ignorant and barbarous. Like the belief in apparitions and other delusions, it can be completely effaced only by the general diffusion of knowledge and philosophy.

A great deal of attention is said to be paid to ceremony at Antalow.

'No one in public addresses the Ras without rising from the ground, and uncovering to the waist; but after the first address they are often permitted to speak sitting. This does not hold good, however, in their private parties, where they all huddled together on the ground in a most happy equality. Equals salute each other by kissing when they meet, and repeat their compliments over and over again, like their neighbours the Arabs. With all their freedom they are scrupulous observers of the laws of good breeding established among themselves, and are particularly attentive to their friends, especially at meals, where they make it a point to feed each other.'—'In the decision of causes, which ever party may be in the wrong, it generally turns to the advantage of the Ras, who decides the matter. The parties begin by denying each other's statement; one then proceeds to say, that if he is found in the wrong, he will forfeit to the judge, a

quantity of salt, a mule, slaves, or gold, or whatever the other may be willing to stake upon his veracity. The other having agreed to a fixed penalty, the cause is put off until further evidence is brought, when the party in the wrong is convicted, and punished only by the loss of what he had voluntarily pledged himself to risk; they then kiss the ground and retire.

Landed property is said to descend, by inheritance, from father to son; but all the children have a claim to a maintenance. The Ras never thinks of removing any chief while the accustomed tribute is paid. The great men take as many wives as they please, 'Shum Woldo had forty wives, and left behind him upwards of one hundred children.' The presence of the priest is not necessary to the ratification of the nuptial engagement. Married women are not allowed such an unrestrained intercourse with the other sex as has been affirmed. Mr. Salt says, that a brinde feast is not followed by such gross and disgusting scenes as Mr. Bruce has depicted; and that the practice of cutting steaks of flesh from the living animal is unknown in Abyssinia. The higher orders are

'extremely regular in attending to the established fast-days, which take up one-third of the year; but this does not hold good with the lower class, who devour rather than eat whatever they can get at all times. They are charitable in assisting the distressed, and our servants often saved bread to give to beggars, which, at the time that we returned from Adowa, were very numerous, sitting by the highway.'

The royal family are no longer confined, as formerly, to the mountains of Wechné or Way-gne, but are placed under the chiefs of the different provinces. The Abyssinians have no manufactures of importance. Though many parts of the country produce the cotton plant, yet the inhabitants are not acquainted with the art of separating the cotton from the seed; and they import from India what is necessary for their dress.

On the 10th of October our travellers had a farewell interview with the good and kind-hearted Ras.

'I took,' says Mr. Salt, 'this last opportunity of again recommending Pearce to his protection, as his own guest, and our countryman. This he most feelingly promised. Our parting was an unpleasant moment to us all; the Ras himself was much affected, and could not speak at the time he took us by the hands.'

At the house of Basha Abdallah, on their return, our travellers found an old man who went with Bruce to Gondar, and several other persons who were well acquainted with the

transactions of the last thirty-five years. These persons agreed in saying that

‘ Bruce passed four months at Adowa; that he did not speak the language of Tigré; but afterwards made himself in part acquainted with the Amharic; that he was two years at Gondar, and visited the source of the Nile, and was robbed of his books and instruments: that two of the battles of Serbraxos were fought some time (two years) before he came into the country, and that a third engagement took place afterwards at the same spot, at which, however, Bruce was not present, as he never went out to war, and at the particular time alluded to was actually at Gondar; that the king gave him a house, but no land, command, or employ, during his stay in the country; that he was a good horseman, and used to shoot from his saddle; that he had two interpreters, Michael and Georges, of whom one spoke Greek, and the other wrote Arabic; and that when he was at Adowa, he resided in the house of Yannes, who sent fifteen mules for him from Dixan.’

At the village of Gundufitch an old gentleman, who was well acquainted with Gondar, told Mr. Salt that

‘ Bruce was a great favourite with the king, who gave him an excellent house to live in, and provided him with food, but that he never gave him any land nor command; that he, was much with the Itgehé and Ozoro Esther, and but little with the Ras; that he never went out to war during his stay in the country, but kept much in the house, and was very curious after plants, stones, &c.’

Mr. Salt details other similar communications respecting Bruce, which tend to discredit some of the transactions in which he represents himself to have had a share.

At Barraddo our travellers were put into a shed, part of which was occupied by a family of the Hazorta tribe, which was come to assist in getting in the harvest.

‘ In the evening,’ says Mr. Salt, ‘ I had an opportunity of observing the manner of living among these people, and of gaining additional information concerning them. Their evening’s meal consisted solely of coarse cakes of bread, which were made from the grain collected that day in the field. The old woman first sifted away a portion of the husks; the grain was then ground by her and a young girl, and afterwards mixed up into a thick batter, which was spread out with the hand on a broken dish, placed over a brisk fire; the old woman and the girl in the mean time being busily engaged in watching its progress. An old man, who seemed to be the head of the family, was sitting at his ease smoking a country hookah; a boy about sixteen was lolling on a seat in a recess, at the farther end of the room,

and two children, a cow, and a few goats, formed so excellent a group, that I could not resist the pleasure of drawing it. The family had scarcely patience enough to wait till the first cake was baked; and no sooner was it taken from the fire than it was most eagerly devoured, and that nothing might be lost, the old woman picked out of the ashes every crumb that had dropped. They seemed, however, to be perfectly happy over this frugal repast, which was concluded with a hearty draught of water.

As our travellers approached Arkeko, they were under no small anxiety lest the report which they had heard on the road of the absence of the ship, should prove true;

‘in which case,’ says Mr. Salt, ‘from our former experience of the hostile disposition of the dola, we anticipated no small trouble and personal hazard. In order to keep up the spirits of our attendants, I had ventured to express myself perfectly certain that the ship would make her appearance as soon as we reached the coast; and by a most fortunate coincidence, as the day broke, we were gratified by the sight of a vessel in the offing, which we were soon convinced was no other than the Panther. The effect which this had on the whole party is scarcely to be conceived; the old Baharnegash, in particular, kissed my hand with profound respect, saying, “You know every thing.”’

Our travellers departed from Massowah on the 14th of November, 1805, and narrowly escaped shipwreck on the 19th. The wind most providentially changed one point, or their destruction would have been inevitable. On the 25th they anchored in Arkeko bay, but were prevented from receiving any succour or supplies, owing to the capricious hostility of the natives. On the 9th of December they fortunately reached the harbour of Jidda. Here Lord V. details his reception by the Vizier, with his usual fondness for ceremonial particulars, which occupy too large a portion of the work. For instance, his lordship tells us that, at the Vizier’s levee, he had ‘*an old fashioned large elbow chair placed for him, opposite to the centre of the window, and that it was covered with very rich cushions, while plain English chairs were placed for the other gentlemen.*’

Lord Valentia and his friends at first found many impediments thrown in the way of procuring the requisite stores, &c. for the ship, but these various obstructions were gradually removed by presents to the Vizier and his subordinate agents. Lord V. however, did not succeed in obtaining two large pigs which he had seen at the Vizier’s gate, and which his lordship deemed very unfit inhabitants for so holy a place; but he was told by the Mussulmauns that the *smell of the swine did their horses good.*

• The houses at Jidda are far superior to those at Mocha. They are built of large blocks of very fine madrapore. The doorways are handsomely arched and covered with fret-work ornaments carved in the stone, not put on in plaster: the zig-zag so prevalent in the Saxon arch was the most common. The windows are numerous and large. I could not but be struck with the resemblance which exists between these arches and those in our cathedrals; some were pointed like the Gothic, including three semicircular windows; others, particularly those which were over the doors, were flat like the Saxon, and retired one within another, till the inner one was sufficiently small to receive the door, which is never large. Jidda is a new town; but these excellent houses are probably formed after the model of the more ancient habitations of Mecca. If so, the architecture we call Gothic existed in Arabia long before it was known in Europe.

On December 25 our travellers paid their compliments to the Vizier. They were conducted to a large open court, at one end of which was an apartment carpeted and elevated.

‘Close to the elevated apartment on the right entrance,’ says his lordship with no small complacency, ‘was the *seat of honour*, large enough to hold two. It had a covering of wood, and was ornamented with beautiful silk carpeting and cushions. I WAS SEATED HERE.’

Lord Valentia and his friends quitted the harbour of Jidda on the second of January, 1806. On the 26th they reached the anchoring ground of Suez. Lord V. informed the dola that it was his wish to depart for Cairo as soon as possible, and he begged his permission to hire camels for the journey, and to make an arrangement with the Arabs for his protection. Lord Valentia crossed the desert from Suez with a kafila, under the protection of Shech Chedid. Before their departure, his lordship says of this Arabian chief, that he drank abundance of brandy; but not satisfied with that, he afterwards added to it a few glasses of gin.

‘I one day,’ says his lordship, ‘sent a dram to the door for his chief follower; he saw it, and said laughing, “Aye, I know he drinks, but he must not do it before me.” This was a mark of respect due from an inferior to a superior, not to violate the law in his presence.’ — Chedid ‘frequently spoke of his family; told us, laughing, he had four wives, who beat him, and that he wished we would give him something to make him strong. He had one son and two daughters. I told him I would visit him. He said nothing would make him so happy; that he would give me plenty to eat, a horse to ride, and a tent to sleep in, but that he had nothing to drink but water. He said he was called the English Shech—that he loved the English, and only wished

that they had the country, instead of the Turks, who were all rascals. The Mamelukes were bad enough, but not so bad as they. He urged me frequently to tell him why we had not kept it, and when we meant to return. He assured me that all the Arab tribes were most anxious for us, but that they would be glad even to have the French, in preference to their present masters. An assertion which I firmly believe, for the common people were in a much better situation under the French government; for the impositions were then less, and grain cheaper, as all import was stopped by the activity of the British cruizers.

Lord V. travelled from Suez in a takterouane, or species of palanquin, which is slung between two camels. The other gentlemen went in mohaffas, or a kind of little couches, two of which were slung sideways on the opposite sides of a camel, with an awning to keep off the sun. Both the takterouane and the mohaffas are represented as uneasy modes of travelling. Lord V. collected during the journey

several beautiful specimens of Egyptian pebble, with which the whole road was covered, to the great annoyance of the camels. The only vegetable productions which I saw, were a few stunted mimosas, an artemisia, which is probably the absinthium of Bruce, an echium with a purple blossom, and an elegant but leafless spartium, with a purple and white blossom.

On the 15th of February the kafila reached the highest ground between Suez and Cairo, when they had a view of the fertile plain of Egypt, dark with verdure, and permeated by the Nile. On the 16th Lord V. arrived at Cairo, and took up his residence in the British factory.

We shall be very brief in our notice of the remainder of his lordship's travels. Among the French who escorted him to the pyramids was one, who assured him that when Buonaparte visited the same spot, he had ordered a man to be let down with a cord into the well in this mysterious fabric; but, after he had descended to some depth, it was impossible to get him out, owing probably to some curve in the structure, or some fortuitous obstruction. Lord V. passed down the Nile to Rosetta, through a country which was, in general, highly cultivated and crowded with villages, but which afforded no variety of scene. In some conversation which Lord V. had here with M. Rosetti, this latter gentleman, who was consul to the emperors of Russia and Austria, and had long been resident in Egypt, informed his lordship that he knew Bruce well while in that country, and that he had begun to read his book, but had never finished it, from his

many mistatements respecting Ali Bey, all the adventures with whom were, to his knowledge, romances. "You may know,"

said he, "that Bruce never saw Ali Bey, by the description he gives of the diamonds in his turban; every one will inform you that no Mameluke ever wore any jewels there; it is contrary to their custom."

As Lord V. was about to land at Alexandria, he must have been highly gratified, for he tells us, that 'the fort of Pharos began a salute of eleven guns, a *compliment which is only paid to pachas of three tails.*' The governor of Alexandria paid his lordship the compliment of 'turning out the guard, and *meeting him himself at the door.*' When his lordship left Alexandria to go to Damietta, he tells us that 'guards are not usually placed at the gates, but *they were there, that they might turn out and salute me.*' At Damietta the governor gave his lordship '*the seat of honour, and paid the usual compliments.*'

'Damietta, which formerly was the paradise of Egypt, where the gardens abounded with groves of oranges and every fruit, where the finest rice was raised in the greatest profusion, is now totally changed, in consequence of the strength of the stream of the Nile having taken to the canal of Menouf, instead of passing to Damietta. The gardens have vanished, the rice fields are sown with wheat, and the inhabitants want even fresh water.'

On his return from Damietta, his lordship visited the ruins of Timai, but discovered no ancient remains of any consequence. He next inspected the ruins of Bahbeit, which D'Anville considers as the Isidis Oppidum of Pliny. These ruins consist of vast blocks of granite piled upon each other, and beautifully sculptured on one of the sides. Lord V. however says, that though the features in the basso-relievos are beautiful, the figures are out of all proportion, and display a total ignorance of anatomy.

Lord V. after making a short stay at Malta, and touching at Gibraltar, landed at Portsmouth on the 26th of October, after having been absent from England four years and four months.

We have now attended our noble traveller from the beginning to the end of his extensive travels, of which we have exhibited as copious an account as our limits would permit. We have made numerous extracts as we proceeded in the analysis of the work, from which the reader may form his own judgment on the execution. Lord Valentia has certainly added to the number of our *amusing* books. That performance must possess some merit where, in three quartos, the attention does not often flag during the perusal. The subject indeed, itself, which relates chiefly to countries which are, comparatively, but little known, must carry with it numerous

incitements to curiosity, whatever may be the merits of the book considered as a literary composition. Hence, perhaps, these three ample volumes may be read from the beginning to the end without much lassitude or *ennui*. Lord Valentia does not interrupt his narrative with abstract discussions, nor any profound reflections. He does not accordingly often set us a thinking; nor do we believe that he is himself famed for any very great stretch of the reflective faculty. Some travellers make their pages sicken with sentiment, but we have no reason to complain of any mixture of this ingredient in the present composition. Descriptive portraitures of the works of nature and of art are indeed often rendered more vivid and interesting, by the delicate touches of the moralist: these touches rarely if ever occur in the narrative of his lordship. We have noticed, with some slight marks of censure, though, we trust, without any illiberal severity of animadversion, the proneness of the noble author to detail various ceremonial minutiae, the experience of which might have been gratifying to his vanity at the time, but which, instead of interesting the reader, must rather tend to provoke his ridicule, or excite his disgust. In some parts of his work we discover a strong propensity to deprectate the labours of Bruce; and the author apparently feels rather more complacency, than the love of truth alone would excite, when he can correct the errors, contradict the statements, or expose the exaggerations of the Scottish traveller. We do not say that the accuracy of his lordship is not superior to that of Mr. Bruce; but we do not think that Mr. Bruce should be blamed for those errors, or misrepresentations, which were not the consequence of wilful falsehood, but of imperfect information. The question of accuracy in various particulars between Mr. Bruce and his lordship, or between Mr. Salt and Mr. Bruce, must be determined by some future traveller, who is indifferent to either. But we certainly do not approve any attempt in his lordship to establish his own credit by shaking the credibility of Mr. Bruce. His lordship's merit as a traveller is sufficiently great without being augmented by invidious comparisons. We shall not attempt to appretiate the different merits of Lord V. and Mr. Bruce, and if we did, we do not, at first sight, think that our estimate would be very unfavourable to his lordship, if we threw the talents of Mr. Salt into his lordship's scale. That part of the work which is composed from the journal of Mr. Salt possesses singular interest. Mr. Salt appears to be a modest, judicious, and enlightened man. His merit is of that unassuming kind, which constitutes the proof of its own reality. His narrative is never encumbered by superfluous, nor rendered insipid by frivolous details. He tells all that ought to be

told and no more ; and he is an observer who keeps himself in the back ground, while he places others in the front. His taste is particularly seen, not merely in the sketches of his pencil, but in the topographical details of his pen. His well assorted selections of imagery enable us to see the ground that he passed, and he is one of the few *landscape-painters in words* whose descriptions do not render the object confused and indistinct. Let the reader carefully peruse the account which Mr. Salt has given of his journey from Massowah to Antalow, from Antalow to Axum, &c. and he will have very distinct ideas of the surface of country over which he passed, and of the prominent features of the surrounding view. Lord Valentia showed great discernment in the choice of his secretary, and he deserves ample praise for sending him into Abyssinia. We cannot but think that on this occasion the noble viscount deserves no small portion of the laurel which has been earned by Mr. Salt. His lordship seems to think that great commercial benefit will arise to this country from opening an intercourse with Abyssinia ; but, supposing this benefit to be less than he imagines, it still must be regarded as considerable, from the facilities which it will afford to increase our acquaintance with the interior of Africa, and to unveil the mysterious shade which still envelops that portion of the habitable globe. The command of the Red Sea, which his lordship also seems anxious to recommend to the notice of the British government, would enable us to frustrate, in some degree, the designs of Buonaparte on our possessions in the east. A small naval force constantly kept up in that quarter would give us great influence in the political destiny of the countries which border on the eastern and the western shore of that sea. Nor is this a point of small moment in the present convulsed state of the political world. The Wahabee, who have now become a predominant party in Arabia, and who, by their reformed code, have carried the religion of Mahommed nearer to a scheme of pure theism, are likely totally to subvert the fabric of Mahomedanism in that part of the world ; and as the spirit of conquest seems to mingle with their religious zeal, it is difficult to calculate the consequences which may ensue. If these Wahabee should become firmly attached to the French interest, they will be an ally of no small moment in determining the period of our Indian sway. At present it appears to be in the power of this country to conciliate this enterprising sect to the British interest. The Wahabee are said to have made repeated offers of amity and commerce to the Bombay government ; but they have not yet experienced the attention which they deserve.

One of the merits of Lord Valentia, which it yet remains

for us to mention, is his perseverance in exploring the western coast of the Red Sea ; and his chart will certainly diminish the dangers of future navigators in that intricate and perilous navigation. His lordship's voyages and travels, therefore, must be regarded as making some additions, not only to our knowledge of the manners of the east, but to our stock of nautical information. It is not our business to pry into the motives which might induce his lordship to undertake these long and distant peregrinations ; our only concern is with the mode and merit of the execution. Few persons in his lordship's situation, with every object of luxury and comfort around them, would have engaged in such an enterprize, and we do not believe that many would have borne the difficulties and vexations attending it with more constancy and perseverance. It gives us great pleasure to praise his lordship, where praise is due ; and if we have not been so profuse in our encomiums as some of our contemporaries, we trust that we have in no instance indulged in wanton censure nor malevolent asperity. Our review has been principally designed, not as an essay on his lordship's work, but as such an account of the book itself as may give a sufficient idea of its contents to those who have not the opportunity of perusing, or the means of purchasing, such an expensive publication.

ART. VI.—*An Exposition of the most interesting Circumstances attending the second Siege and Capitulation of Zaragoza. By Don Pedro Maria Ric, Regent of the Royal Audience of Arragon. Translated from the Spanish, by William Buy, Esq. late his Majesty's Agent for Packets at Corunna; with an Appendix, containing the French Account.* London. Ridgeway, 1809. pp. 48.

WE gave an account of Dr. Vaughan's excellent narrative of the first siege of Zaragoza, in the C. R. for February last, p. 201. The present description of the second siege is translated from the 'Semanario Patriotico' which is published at Seville. Dr. Vaughan's interesting history of the first siege had raised our expectations of the many singular and animating details of courage and of patriotism which this 'exposition' of Don Pedro Maria Ric would disclose. But we have seldom been more miserably disappointed ; for instead of finding in this '*exposition of the most interesting circumstances attending the second siege and capitulation of Zaragoza*' a regular statement of the memorable exploits during the siege,

only a few dispersed particulars of the capitulation are related; and those without perspicuity or animation. The French account of the siege, though it does not enumerate the particular instances of gallantry which were displayed by the Spaniards, yet excites a strong idea of the enthusiastic and desperate resistance which they made, by the account of the unusual methods to which the enemy were obliged to have recourse, in order to capture the city. We cannot, much as we wish, form any thing like a consistent and lucid narrative from this '*exposition*' of Don Pedro Maria Ric. The following is the best account which his confused and desultory details will allow us to communicate.

The French began the bombardment of the city on the 10th of January, and continued it for more than forty days, till a contagious fever broke out in the city, occasioned by the heaps of dead. The captain-general, Palafox, was himself seized with the distemper; when he transferred his authority to a commission or junta, which he formed on the night of the 18th and 19th of February. Of this junta Palafox appointed Don Pedro Maria Ric the president. At this time the fall of the place had become inevitable; as the enemy occupied various points within the city, and the Spaniards are said by the author to have had only two thousand eight hundred and twenty-two men fit for service. The majority of the junta, which was composed of thirty-four members, agreed that all further resistance would be vain. A flag of truce was sent to the French general, Marshal Lannes, who ordered the junta to wait upon him within two hours.

'The marshal,' says Don Pedro Maria Ric, 'was surrounded by general officers and various persons of inferior rank: he received the junta with extraordinary gravity, and after the usual formalities on both sides, took some turns about the room, treating it with the greatest indifference and even contempt.'

After the marshal had given sufficient vent to his anger and invective, he said, 'the women and children should be respected, and that the negotiation was concluded.' Don Pedro Maria Ric replied, that it was not yet begun. The marshal called his secretary, and dictated the preamble of a capitulation. Don Pedro proposed that the garrison should march out with the honours of war. Lannes would not consent to any alteration in the words which he had dictated, but

'promised on his word of honour that the garrison should not only march out with military honours, but that the officers should retain their baggage, and the soldiers their knapsacks.'

Don Pedro proposed some other articles, and amongst the rest, that

‘liberty should be guaranteed to General Don Joseph Palafox, to go wherever he pleased with all his staff; the marshal replied that a particular individual never was the subject of capitulation, but that he pledged his word of honour General Palafox should go wherever he wished, to Mallen, to Toledo;—and on my saying these places would not suit him, on account of being occupied by French troops, whose presence could not be agreeable, and moreover that I had understood he thought of proceeding to Majorca; Lannes gave his word of honour that he should go to whatever place was convenient to him. On the same security he offered to give a passport for myself and as many as wished to leave Zaragoza, in order to avoid the contagion, adding, that the article I proposed on this head was unnecessary, as he was desirous of terminating the capitulation, and that all who wished it might go out.

Whilst two copies of the capitulation were drawing up, Lannes produced a topographical plan of Zaragoza, pointing out the part which would have been blown up that night, for which purpose 44,000lbs. of powder were already lodged; this was to be followed by a bombardment from thirty mortars and seventy pieces of cannon, which at that time they were mounting in the suburb; (it was in fact known that a number of batteries and embrasures had been constructed in that quarter.) Immediately he changed his discourse, and descanted on the benefits lavished by the emperor and his brother Joseph, whose speech, in reply to that of the auxiliary Bishop of Madrid, he read. Nothing could be said against the account he gave of their conquests and victories, because the siege having been so rigorous, nothing was known of what occurred out of Zaragoza. He then held out a parcel of papers, which appeared to be French journals, but not one of the junta took, or even noticed them. Duplicates of the capitulation being signed, I withdrew with my companions, carrying a copy to lay before the other members of the junta, who accepted, ratified, and signed it, assured of the wish of the city. The junta resolved that I should try if the French general would grant some additions they considered necessary, which were, a statement in the capitulation of the honours of war, which on his word he had promised to the garrison; since otherwise they would not be mentioned in the gazettes, where the written capitulation only appears; it was also required that the peasants, who had been compelled to take arms in order to form temporary corps, should not be prisoners of war, since they ought not to be considered as regular soldiers, and besides would be a severe loss to manufactures and agriculture; lastly, on the petition of the clergy, an additional article was solicited, stipulating the punctual payment of their revenues from the funds assigned by the government, which to the junta appeared very proper, as without it the clergy would be reduced to indigence, as in

fact they have been, not receiving any dues except those arising from funerals. But hardly had I begun my proposals, in terms which neither could nor ought to have offended any one, when Marshal Lannes flew into a violent rage, and snatching the paper from me, threw it behind him into the fire, of which action it appears one of his generals was ashamed, since he stooped to rescue it from the flames.

Before the surrender took place, several French officers and soldiers, unarmed, entered in search of wine, and to walk about the city, and were received in a manner answerable to the capitulation, in the expectation that they would on their part observe it as they ought; but so far from that, they began that night the most atrocious pillage imaginable, continuing it with such effrontery that the day following they robbed publicly and without the least reserve; their licentiousness went still further, since the governor whom they had placed in Zaragoza having ordered the metropolitan chapter, prelates, curates, &c. to go and compliment the marshal, which was faithfully performed, the curate of San Lorenzo was robbed of his gown in the Plaza del Carmen, a friar of his hood, and another priest of his cap, tearing from him even his shoes.

The French, with their usual moderation, demanded of the impoverished sufferers of this gallant city 50,000 pair of shoes, 8,000 pair of boots, 1,200 new shirts, and a large quantity of medicines, with every requisite for an hospital. It was intimated that the principal officers of the army expected a present, and that the sum or value of about eighty thousand dollars would be very acceptable to the general in chief. The jewels of our lady of Pilar were accordingly laid under contribution, and it is said that the whole became the property of the marshal, from whom, however, they have since been wrested by the avenging hand of death, on the banks of the Danube. Lannes kept his word of honour, with respect to suffering Palafox to retire whither he pleased, by sending him a prisoner into France!!!—This is a very meagre performance, and very unworthy of the celebrated event which it professes to describe.

ART. VII.—*Reflections upon the Tendency of a Publication entitled Hints to the Public and the Legislature on the Nature and Effect of Evangelical Preaching, by a Barrister. By the Rev. John Hume Spry, M.A. Minister of Christ's Church, Bath. 8vo. Rivington, 1809.*

THIS writer claims to be an orthodox divine, and on this claim he seems to value himself not a little. We are very

sorry to be able to give no very high commendation to the ingredients which go to constitute this character in the present times. The barrister prophecies; and as we fear without sufficient warranty, the eventual overthrow of the establishment by that sect which has taken to itself the denomination of *Evangelical*: and he points out, as this writer is himself obliged to allow in the most forcible and convincing manner, the fatal consequences which must inevitably attend the propagation of their unscriptural and *anti-moral* doctrines. The author of the Hints, says he,

‘ it will be readily allowed, has exposed the absurdity and the danger of the Calvinistic mode of expounding Scripture, with a strength of argument, and a felicity of illustration, which cannot fail to carry conviction with it. He has also succeeded in awakening in every reflecting mind sensations of disgust and alarm; disgust at the palpable misrepresentations which characterise the preaching of the Calvinists, and alarm at the powerful influence they are rapidly acquiring over the principles and conduct of the mass of the community.’

Doctor Hawker is given up, by this his brother minister, as richly deserving the very sound and severe castigation which he has received.

‘ The barrister,’ says the Rev. Mr. Spry, ‘ begins by very ably exposing the *immoral tendency of evangelical preaching*, holding up to merited reprobation the following extract from a work of Dr. Hawker’s:—“ I shall not declaim on the moral excellence of human nature, while our church prayers with one voice continually declare that we have no health, no excellence in us: neither shall I recommend human strength to exert itself in acts of moral virtue towards their own salvation.”—The dangerous consequence,’ he adds, ‘ of such language, when addressed to the lower orders, is ably commented upon; and it cannot be too strongly reprobated; for the doctrine, as it is generally understood by them, is notoriously false, and it leads directly to that evil against which, as a christian minister, Dr. Hawker is bound to contend.”’

‘ But in putting down false doctrine,’ continues this writer; ‘ we must be careful to preserve the true; for if while we pull up the tares we root out the wheat also, the evil resulting from our labours will be greater than the good.’

He then proceeds to quote a passage from the Hints, which, together with the comment, we shall lay before the reader.

“ Taking the gospel for their guide, they were taught that this present world was a state of trial—that every man had certain talents committed to him, some ten, some five, some one. That to whom much was given, from him much would be

required; and that all were accountable hereafter for the abuse of the talents or means of improvement respectively received.— And the preacher of *that* gospel, when in those days he assembled his congregation together, exhorted them to an earnest and un-failing attention to this their future responsibility; he urged them never to degrade that nature which God had dignified with the noble gift of reason, but so to act as not to shew themselves unworthy of that invaluable privilege, but apply it to the noble purposes for which it was bestowed." *Hints, part 1, p. 7.*

Upon this passage Mr. Spry makes the following comment:

'The preacher who, when enforcing the necessity of moral goodness, under the sanction of a future responsibility, should make use of such language as this, would, I conceive, be understood to teach, that if man apply his natural reason to the purpose for which it was bestowed, he will want no other aid to enable him to perform his duty as a christian. *But surely this is going from one extreme to the other; and by instructing man to rely upon the unassisted strength of human nature, it as effectually misleads him, as does that doctrine which dissuades him from all exertion, by a misrepresentation of human weakness.*'

We really must acknowledge ourselves unable to comprehend this mode of animadversion. The barrister says nothing of *natural reason*, nor does he make any mention of *the unassisted strength of human nature.* These are phrases introduced to perplex a proposition which to our understanding is most clear, that all men are responsible hereafter for the talents which *their Creator has respectively entrusted to their improvement*, and that a being whom God has dignified with the noble gift of reason ought never so to act as to shew himself unworthy of so inestimable a privilege. We cannot but confess ourselves greatly surprised to find a minister of the establishment, and one too who appears to pride himself upon his orthodoxy, representing this as going to *an extreme*, by which we may be *fatally misled.* We shall presently be at a loss to know what real christianity is, or where it is to be found.

Notwithstanding Mr. Spry joins so heartily in the reprobation bestowed on Dr. Hawker, we have not discovered any thing in the present pamphlet which would induce us to pronounce him to be much wiser, or that would lead us to judge in any respect more favourably either of his sentiments or his reasoning. The same absence of every thing that is conclusive in argument; the same substitution of sound for sense; the same indistinctness, evasion, and perplexity which characterise the theological productions of the evangelical doctor, may be found in the 'Reflections' of this orthodox *Master of Arts.*

ART. VIII.—*Philosophical Transactions for 1809, Part I.*

I. The Cromian Lecture. On the Functions of the Heart and Arteries. By Thomas Young, M. D. For. Sec. R. S.

THE machinery of an animal body is so complicated, that it almost eludes the attempt to subject its moving powers to precise calculations; and we have no doubt that, in truth, experiment would shew a great difference to exist in the powers of every individual of the same species. Whilst, therefore, we do not discommend Dr. Young for undertaking so arduous a task as forms the subject of this lecture, we are inclined to adopt his conclusions with reserve, and not to think very highly of their practical utility.

Dr. Young, to determine the dimensions of the arterial system, adopts the measurements of Keil and others, which assume the diameter of the aorta to be $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch; each arterial trunk to be divided into two branches, the diameter of which is $\frac{1}{128}$ of the trunk, and their joint areas to that of the trunk as 1,2586:1. This division must be continued twenty-nine times; the length of the first segment being assumed to be nine inches, and the last only $\frac{1}{30}$ of an inch.

If the length of the intermediate segments be a series of mean proportionals, each of them must be about one-sixth part shorter than the preceding, the mean length of the whole forty-six inches, the capacity to that of the first segment as 72.71. to 1, and consequently the weight of the blood contained in the arterial system about 0.7 pounds.

The heart it is supposed throws out at each pulsation an ounce and a half of blood, which, supposing the ventricles to contract 75 times in a minute, makes the mean velocity of the blood in the aorta eight inches and a half in a second. This of course diminishes as the area of the arterial system increases, so that it is esteemed to be no more in the last order of vessels than one ninety-third of an inch. Upon these data it is calculated that the resistance from friction in the arterial system (supposing the vessels filled with water) is equivalent to the pressure of a column of fifteen inches and a half, and for the capillary veins a fourth may be added, so that the whole friction for water is estimated at twenty inches.

But the resistance to viscid liquors is much greater than to water. Dr. Young supposes, therefore, that the resistance given to the motion of the blood is four times as great as to the motion of water, or equal to a column of 80 inches. This determination is, however, purely hypothetical. To his

quantity four-fifths of an inch are added for the effects of curvature.

The doctor next considers the pulse. The transmission of the pulsations of the heart through the length of the arteries, Dr. Y. compares to the motion of the waves on water. Assuming one of Dr. Hales's experiments as a foundation for reasoning, Dr. Y. gives to the transmission of the pulse a velocity of sixteen feet in a second, with which velocity it may easily happen that the pulse may appear to arrive at the most distant parts of the body apparently at the same time.

The force of the heart is computed to be equivalent to a column of water of about 108 inches; which implies a tension of somewhat less than three pounds for each inch of the circumference of the greatest section of the heart. The magnitude of the pulse must diminish in the smaller arteries in the subduplicate proportion of the increase of the joint areas, in the same manner as the intensity of sound is shewn to decrease in diverging from a centre in the subduplicate ratio of the quantity of matter affected by its motion at the same time.

Dr. Young next directs his inquiries into the functions which are to be attributed to the muscular fibres of the coats of the arteries, and thinks it demonstrable that they are much less concerned in the progressive motion of the blood than is commonly believed. We cannot pursue the doctor through his reasoning on this subject, and believe that he has bewildered himself in the intricacies of his own mathematics. If a flexible tube be closed at one end, and it be grasped between the fingers, it requires no profundity of reasoning to comprehend that the fluid contained in it will flow out of the other end, with a momentum so much the greater as the fingers grasp the more strongly. We can see no difference between this case and that of the aorta, in which, when the ventricles have ceased to act, the semilunar valves are closed.

But we think it well observed by Dr. Young, that when

'an artery appears to throb, or to beat more strongly than usual, the circumstance is only to be explained from its greater dilatation, which allows it to receive a greater portion of the action of the heart, in the same manner as an aneurism exhibits a very strong pulsation without any increase of energy, either in itself, or in the neighbouring vessels; and, on the other hand, when the pulsations of the artery of a paralytic arm become feeble, we cannot hesitate to attribute the change to its permanent contraction, since the enlargement and contraction of the blood-vessels of a limb are well known to attend the increase or diminution of its muscular exertions.'

Dr. Young proceeds to consider the deviations from the natural state of the circulation; but the press of more important matter obliges us to refer those who are interested in these disquisitions to the paper itself. We believe that the doctor has attempted to apply mathematical calculations to subjects which refuse to submit to fixed laws, or which are at least so complicated as to baffle all attempts at calculation. The forces of life we believe to be forces perpetually varying; varying even every hour according to the varying condition of the system; varying, for example, according to the state of the stomach, the temperature of the atmosphere, the influence of the passions, and even the position of the body. What can be done by experiment Dr. Hales has already done in his invaluable hæmostatical experiments; and, if Dr. Young's labours be accurately examined, they will be found to amount to little more than an attempt to adapt his formulæ to the conclusions at which his great predecessor had already arrived.

II. An Account of some Experiments performed with a View to ascertain the most advantageous Method of constructing a voltaic Battery, for the Purposes of chymical Research. By John George Children, Esq., F.R.S.

Mr. Children made a voltaic battery with very large plates of copper and zinc: the number was twenty, and each plate four feet high by two feet wide. On comparing the effect of this battery with one of the common construction, consisting of two hundred pairs of plates, it appeared that the large battery had comparatively much less intensity of action. It caused no divergence of the leaves of an electrometer, gave no shock, barely fused ten inches of iron wire, and had not the power to decompose barytes. In all these points the superior efficacy of the common battery was strikingly contrasted. Mr. Children concludes, from this comparison, that the effect of a voltaic apparatus is in a compound ratio of the number, and size of the plates; the intensity of the electricity being as the former, the quantity given out, as the latter, consequently regard must be had, in its construction, to the purposes for which it is designed. For general purposes, plates of four inches square will be found the most convenient.

III. The Bakerian Lecture. An Account of some new analytical Researches into the Nature of certain Bodies, particularly the Alkalies, Phosphorus, Sulphur, carbonaceous Matter, and the Acids hitherto undecomposed; with some general Observations on Chymical Theory. By Humphry Davy, Esq. Sec. R. S., F. R. S., Edin. and M. R. J. U.

This lecture contains an account of experiments, some of which, as the writer informs us, have been long in progress, and others recently instituted. Mr. Davy relates,

1. *Experiments on the Action of Potassium on Ammonia, and Observations on the Nature of these two Bodies.*

When ammonia is brought in contact with potassium, the metal becomes white on its surface by the formation of a crust of potash, and the gas is slightly diminished. By heating the potassium, the crust changes from white to a bright azure, which gradually passes through shades of bright blue and green into dark olive. The crust and metal then fuse together with effervescence, and the potassium is finally converted into a dark olive-coloured substance.

M. M. Gay, Lussac, and Thenard have asserted that the quantity of hydrogen produced is the same as would have resulted from the action of potassium upon water. Mr. Davy has found it to be very nearly so, but still rather less; and the quantities generated have always appeared to be equal for equal quantities of metal. The following are the principal properties of the olive-coloured substance. Besides, "being crystalized and semi-transparent in thin films,

2. It is fusible at a heat a little above that of boiling water, and if heated much higher, emits globules of gas.

3. It appears to be considerably heavier than water, for it sinks rapidly in oil of sassafras.

4. It is a non-conductor of electricity.

5. When it is melted in oxygen gas, it burns with great vividness, emitting bright sparks. Oxygen is absorbed, nitrogen is emitted, and potash, which from its great fusibility seems to contain water, is formed.

6. When brought in contact with water, it acts upon it with much energy, produces heat, and often inflammation, and evolves ammonia. When thrown upon water, it disappears with a hissing noise, and globules from it often move in a state of ignition upon the surface of the water. It rapidly effervesces and deliquesces in air, but can be preserved under naphtha, in which, however, it softens slowly, and seems partially to dissolve. When it is plunged under water, filling an inverted jar, by means of a proper tube, it disappears instantly with effervescence, and the non-absorbable elastic fluid liberated is found to be hydrogen gas.

From the rapidity with which this substance attracts moisture, it is not possible to determine precisely the increase of weight which potassium receives from being heated in contact with ammonia; but Mr. Davy is persuaded that the weight of the olive-coloured substance, and of the hydrogen

disengaged, precisely equals the weight of the potassium, and ammonia consumed.

This olive-coloured substance, as has been said, parts with gas by the application of heat. The nature of the gas varies according to the circumstances of the experiment, particularly with regard to the presence or absence of water. When precautions are taken to avoid moisture, the products are a very minute quantity of ammonia, and elastic fluids, of which $11\frac{1}{2}$ cubic inches, mixed with a due proportion of oxygen gas, were reduced by the electric spark to $5\frac{1}{2}$. In another experiment $13\frac{1}{2}$ inches were found to contain 1 cubic inch of ammonia, and of the residuary gas, the destructible portion was to the indestructible, as 2.5 to 1. But when water is present, either from the ammonia having been brought in contact with mercury in its common state of dryness, or if water be by any means purposely introduced, the quantity of ammonia is greatly increased, and the other gases proportionally diminished, so that Mr. Davy

is inclined to believe that if moisture could be introduced only in the proper proportion, the quantity of ammonia generated would be exactly equal to that which disappeared in the first process; and moreover, 'that the fusible substance heated out of the presence of moisture is incapable of producing volatile alkali.'

These considerations explain the results obtained by the French chymists, who obtained from this substance much ammonia, and small quantities only of hydrogen and nitrogen.

The residuum of the fusible substance, heated out of the contact of moisture, is black, perfectly opaque, and brittle; it is a conductor of electricity, it inflames spontaneously in the atmosphere, burning with a deep red light, and when acted upon by water, it heats, effervesces most violently, and evolves volatile alkali, leaving behind nothing but potash. In this process a little inflammable gas is found to be generated.

The theory which the phenomena suggested seemed very simple. Supposing ammonia, like the other alkalies, to be an oxyde, it seemed that the residuum was a compound of potassium, a little oxygen and nitrogen, or a suboxyde of potassium and nitrogen. Water therefore might be supposed to form potash, by parting with some of its oxygen, and ammonia, by the union of another portion of oxygen and its hydrogen with nitrogen.

To ascertain this, Mr. D. executed some very delicate experiments, by which he proved that from a residuum obtained

originally from six grains of potassium, four cubical inches and a half of gas may be procured.

By inflaming a similar residuum in oxygen gas, two cubical inches and a half were absorbed, and only one cubical inch and one tenth of nitrogen evolved. It ought, to have been, by calculation, more than twice as much; neither was ammonia nor nitrous acid to be detected to account for the deficiency. To elucidate the inquiry, Mr. Davy collected the gas which escapes from the residuum, by a very strong heat; an inflammable elastic fluid was obtained, which gave much more diminution by detonation with oxygen than that produced from ammonia by electricity; not a particle of nitrogen was procured, and the tube employed was found to contain both true potash and potassium.

This extraordinary result induced Mr. Davy to submit the entire fusible substance to the same process, and the gaseous products were ammonia, and a gas of which the portion destructible by detonation with oxygen was to the indestructible as 2.7. to 1. In the tube was found both potassium and potash. And by a calculation on the weights of different products, supposing the analysis of ammonia by electricity at all approaches towards accuracy, there is in the process described a considerable loss of nitrogen, and a production of oxygen and inflammable gas. And in the action of water on the residuum, there is an apparent generation of nitrogen.

‘How then can,’ says Mr. Davy, ‘these extraordinary results be explained?’ Several hypotheses have presented themselves to his mind; but the proper solution of the difficulties which at present embarrass the subject he proposes to make the subject of new labours.

Mr. Davy next presents us with

3. Analytical Experiments on Sulphur.

Sulphur being a non-conductor, cannot be analyzed by the opposite electricities of the voltaic battery, but still the intense heat connected with the electrified surfaces might be expected to effect some alteration in it. Accordingly Mr. Davy has found that by exposing it to the action of a powerful battery, a gas was separated which proved to be sulphurated hydrogen; and the sulphur, from being of a pure yellow, became of a deep red-brown tint. It follows from this that sulphur contains hydrogen. Mr. Davy next details some experiments, to show that it also contains oxygen. The following consideration Mr. Davy seems to think decisive.

“Whenever equal quantities of potassium were combined with equal quantities of sulphur, and exposed afterwards to the action of muriatic acid, the largest quantity of sulphurated hy-

Hydrogen was furnished by the product containing the smallest proportion of sulphur, and in no case was the quantity of gas equal in volume to the quantity of hydrogen, which would have been produced by the mere action of potassium upon water.

This prevention of the development of hydrogen is presumed to proceed from the action of oxygen; and from the general tenour of the various facts there seems ground for the assumption that sulphur is a combination of small quantities of hydrogen and oxygen, with a large proportion of some unknown and acidifiable basis. It cannot be said however, that a proper analysis of sulphur has been hitherto effected.

4. Analytical Experiments on Phosphorus.

These are in every respect analogous to those performed on sulphur, and the results similar. Phosphoretted hydrogen was separated by the action of a powerful voltaic battery; and from the deficient quantity of this gas, produced by diluted muriatic acid upon the compound formed by potassium and phosphorus, Mr. Davy infers the existence of a small quantity of oxygen.

5. On the States of the carbonaceous Principle in Plumbago, Charcoal, and the Diamond.

These experiments are not very interesting, and the conclusions drawn from them seem to rest on probabilities; and more facts are requisite for the confirmation of them.

6. Experiments on the Decomposition and Composition of the Boracic Acid.

Boracic acid is decomposed by the voltaic battery, but the matter which may be suspected to be its radical is a non-conductor, and it could be obtained only in very thin films upon the platina. Potassium gives a more satisfactory result; heated with boracic acid, borate of potash is formed, and a dark-coloured matter similar to that produced from the acid by electricity. It appears that eight grains of boracic acid are sufficient to destroy the inflammability of twenty grains of potassium. This new inflammable substance appears as a pulverulent mass of the darkest shades of olive, opaque, friable, and a non-conductor of electricity; it takes fire at a low temperature; burning with a red light, and scintillations like charcoal; by combustion in oxygen, oxymuriatic and nitric acid, it is converted into boracic acid.

As a large quantity of potassium is necessary to decompose a small quantity of boracic acid, it is evident that the acid must contain a large proportion of oxygen. Mr. Davy has attempted to ascertain this proportion. By one experiment it appeared that boracic acid consists nearly of one part

of the combustible substance and two of oxygen. Another experiment gave the proportion as 1 to 1.8. But it is allowed that these results are only approximation to the truth.

This matter obtained from boracic acid bears the same relation to that substance as sulphur and phosphorus do to the sulphuric and phosphoric acids; and, like the former substances, Mr. Davy suspects it to be a compound, and to contain oxygen. If a small globule of potassium is heated with four or five times its weight of this substance, some alkali was produced, and an alloy was formed with the potassium. It seems capable also of forming an alloy with iron (after the separation of its oxygen); and Mr. D. considers the substance which enters into the alloys as the true basis of the boracic acid. It can exist in the three states of oxygenation. The boracic basis itself is probably metallic, and Mr. Davy would affix to it the name of *boracium*. As it has not been exhibited in its separate and metalline form, is not this carrying hypothesis further than is allowable by the correct rules of philosophizing?

7. Analytical Inquiries respecting Fluoric Acid.

Potassium burns it fluoric acid. After combustion the acid is found to be absorbed or destroyed; a mass of a chocolate colour remains at the bottom of the retort in which the combustion has been performed, and a sublimate, in some parts chocolate, and in others yellow, is formed round its sides and at its top. Some hydrogen is evolved during the process, which varies according as the acid contains more or less water. This matter is inflammable in oxygen, and it also decomposes water. On examination, the water was found to contain potash and fluete of potash. There was a solid residuum, which burnt in oxygen before it had attained a red heat; acid matter was produced by the combustion, and a solid matter having the properties of that formed from fluoric acid gas, holding siliceous earth in solution. Mr. Davy concludes that the evidence is not decisive, that the inflammable part of this last described matter is the pure basis of the fluoric acid;

but with respect to the decomposition of this body by potassium, and the existence of its basis, at least combined with a smaller proportion of oxygen in the solid product generated, and the regeneration of the acid by the ignition of this product in oxygen gas, it is scarcely possible to entertain a doubt.

8. Analytical Experiments on Muriatic Acid.

These experiments have led to some curious and important results, but they have failed to detect the muriatic basis. Potassium apparently decomposes muriatic acid gas; the products are muriate of potash and hydrogen gas; but it appears

ed by a decisive experiment that the hydrogen is furnished by water, which seems to be a constituent of the acid gas. This gas cannot be obtained from substances which have been artificially deprived of water. New compounds are formed, which have hitherto been very slightly examined. Oxymuriatic acid contains very little water. Mr. Davy burnt some phosphorus in this gas; no gaseous muriatic acid was evolved in this operation, but two products were formed, one of which (a sublimate) Mr. Davy considers to be a combination of muriatic and phosphoric acids in their dry state; the other (a fluid) he regards as a compound of phosphorus and muriatic acids, both free from water.

The action of potassium upon the new compounds containing dry muriatic acid is very striking. Explosions are produced so violent as to make it necessary to operate only on very minute quantities of the materials, and when a small result was at length obtained, the matter still inflamed spontaneously, and exploded violently with water. It may be reasonably suspected that the basis of the muriatic acid is concerned in these phenomena, but the direct proof of its existence in these compounds must be still a matter of inquiry.

9. Some general Observations, with Experiments.

We must content ourselves with extracting the concluding remarks, which contain an epitome of the new views suggested by Mr. Davy's multifarious, interesting, and laborious experiments.

The facts advanced in this lecture afford no new arguments in favour of an idea to which I referred in my last communication to the society, that of hydrogen being a common principle in all inflammable bodies; and except in instances which are still under investigation, and concerning which no precise conclusions can as yet be drawn, the generalization of Lavoisier happily applies to the explanation of all the new phenomena.

In proportion as progress is made towards the knowledge of pure combustible bases, so in proportion is the number of metallic substances increased; and it is probable that sulphur and phosphorus, could they be perfectly deprived of oxygen, would belong to this class of bodies. Possibly their pure elementary matter may be procured by distillation, at a high heat, from metallic alloys in which they have been acted upon, by sodium or potassium. I hope soon to be able to try this experiment. As our inquiries at present stand, the great general division of natural bodies is into matter which is, or may be supposed to be, metallic, and oxygen; but till the problem concerning the nature of nitrogen is fully solved, all systematic arrangements made upon this idea must be regarded as premature.

We must take the liberty ourselves of remarking that, as yet the analysis of bodies by the agency of electricity, though it has led to results which are truly wonderful, has thrown little light upon the real constitution of the different forms of matter. It has shewn that the affinities of bodies are not constant, and that the bodies hitherto regarded as elements are compounds. But the number of elements (or what we must deem such) is as great as ever; and the difficulty of separating these real elements (which, it is probable, are very few) seems rather augmented than diminished.

The unremitting activity of Mr. Davy's labours almost outstrips our power of duly recording his experiments and following the thread of his reasonings. In truth, every section of this lecture may be regarded as a distinct memoir, and merits as ample a detail as under our limits we can afford to the whole; and the whole ought to occupy the space which we can spare to this portion of the transactions of the past year. If our account, therefore, is less perfect than may be necessary to gratify the curiosity of our chymical friends, they will, we trust, make a due allowance for the difficulty of duly discharging our duty, without encroaching on the patience of the general reader. Those periodical publications which please to exercise their judgment or their caprice, in selecting the subjects of their comments, have in this respect a great advantage over us. Such publications may be very amusing, or very instructive, but they are not *Reviews*, and the assumption of the name is a species of fraud on the public, an injustice to the great body of British authors, and an injury to the writers whose duty it is really to review *all* the respectable works which issue from the press.

IV. An Account of a Method of dividing Astronomical and other Instruments, by ocular Inspection, in which the usual Tools for graduating are not employed; the whole Operation being so contrived that no Error can occur but what is chargeable to Vision, when assisted by the best optical Means of viewing and measuring minute Quantities. By Mr. Edward Troughton, communicated by the Astronomer Royal.

We greatly admire the candid, plain, and tradesman-like manner in which Mr. Troughton has given an account of the very useful and ingenious instrument of his own invention. He has prefixed an interesting narrative of the methods that have been or which are in use for the purpose of graduating circular instruments, of the difficulties which embarrass the operation, and the advantages or defects of each method. We cannot doubt the superior excellence of Mr. Troughton's instrument, and applaud the liberality of its inventor, which has

prompted him to make it public. But to us it has been a matter of some difficulty perfectly to comprehend it, assisted as we have been by a reference to the diagrams appended to the paper. We cannot therefore pretend to convey any adequate idea of it to our readers.

V. A Letter on a Canal in the Medulla Spinalis of some Quadrupeds. In a Letter from Mr. William Sewell to Everard Home, Esq. F. R. S.

Some anatomists would have written a volume on this discovery, instead of confining the account of it to a couple of pages, as Mr. Sewell has modestly done. The canal in question leads from the sixth ventricle of the brain (corresponding to the fourth in the human subject), and runs through the centre of the spinal marrow, and terminates imperceptibly in the cauda equina. It is large enough to admit a large pin; and is filled with a colourless transparent fluid. It has been found in the horse, bullock, sheep, hog, and dog.

VI. A numerical Table of elective Attractions, with Remarks on the Sequences of double Decompositions. By Thomas Young, M. D. For. Sec. R. S.

Fourcroy has enumerated twelve hundred cases of double decomposition of the earthy and alkaline neutral salts. On this foundation Dr. Young has taken very considerable pains in investigating a series of numbers, to express the force of attraction of acids with each base, and also of the base with each acid, and has obtained such as appear to agree sufficiently well with the cases which are fully established, the exceptions not exceeding twenty. He acknowledges, however, some imperfections, and indeed it may be doubted whether it is practicable to form such a table free from objections. It is obvious that in the action of the menstruum, the water is quite overlooked. It is commonly assumed that the decompositions are perfect, which is seldom or never the case. Triple compounds are almost wholly excluded. Notwithstanding these difficulties, we regard the attempt at discovering numerical representatives of affinities as useful, always considering the results merely as an approximation to the truth.

VII. Account of the Dissection of a human Fœtus, in which the Circulation of the Blood was carried on without a Heart. By Mr. B. C. Brodie. Communicated by Everard Home, Esq. F. R. S.

Several instances of this remarkable deviation from the natural structure are to be found in the records of morbid anatomy. But the present, the circumstances of which are very minutely related by Mr. Brodie, is still worthy of being added to the catalogue, as the fœtus had attained to its ordinary growth, whereas almost all the others are described to

have been of a very diminutive size. This production was one of twins, of which the mother was delivered in the seventh month of pregnancy. Both fœtuses were born dead, but the other was of the natural formation. The thorax and abdomen were surrounded by a large shapeless mass, formed by two cysts under the integuments covering the back part of the neck and thorax, distended by three pints of a watery fluid. Both the hands and feet were defective. The external nostrils were only two folds of skin, and the orifices of the internal nostrils were pervious only for half an inch. There was a hare lip, and a cleft in the bony palate.

The brain seemed to be natural, but in the thorax there was neither heart, thymus gland, nor pleura. The lungs consisted of two rounded bodies, one-third of an inch in diameter, with a smooth surface, and composed internally of a dense cellular substance. The œsophagus terminated in a cul de sac. The rest of the thorax was filled with a dense cellular substance: a membranous septum supplied the place of the diaphragm. In the abdomen the stomach had no cardiac orifice. There was an imperfect cœcum, and the colon was destitute of its ordinary peculiarities. The spleen and renal capsules were natural. There was a peritonœum, but no omentum; nor was there any liver or gall bladder. The kidneys, bladder, penis, and testicles had the usual appearance.

What then was the course of the circulation, and how was it performed? The umbilical chord consisted of two vessels only, an artery and a vein. The artery entered the aorta in the usual situation of the left umbilical artery, and the aorta running upwards gave off the subclavian and carotid arteries, without forming an arch. The corresponding veins terminated in the vena cava, which accompanied the aorta, passed downwards before the right kidney to the groin, and, being reflected upwards, was continued into the vein of the chord. Thus in the fœtus there was no communication between the trunks of the venous and arterial systems, as in the natural state. The only communication between them was by means of the capillary branches anastomosing as usual in the fœtus and in the placenta.

‘The blood,’ says Mr. Brodie, ‘must have been propelled from the placenta to the child, through the artery of the chord, and must have been returned to the placenta by means of the vein, so that the placenta must have been at once the source and the termination of the circulation, and the blood must have been propelled by the action of the vessels only.’

The placenta in the foetal state performs the office of the

lungs. In this foetus the whole of the venous blood circulated through the placenta, and was exposed to the influence of the arterial blood of the mother. Though the circulation, therefore, must have been more languid than usual, the greater quantity which was sent to the placenta compensated for a more feeble circulation, and effected the changes necessary for the maintenance of foetal life. In all the cases in which the heart has been found wanting, the liver has been wanting also.

‘It is probable,’ as Mr. Brodie remarks, ‘that the action of the vessels only, without the assistance of the heart, would have been insufficient to propel the blood through the circulation of the liver, which is so extensive in the natural foetus.’

VIII. On the Origin and Formation of Roots. In a Letter from T. A. Knight, Esq., F. R. S. to the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Banks, K. B., F. R. S.

The object of Mr. Knight's present communication is to shew that the roots of trees are always generated by the vessels which pass from the cotyledons of the seed, and from the leaves, through the leaf-stalks and the bark, and that they never spring immediately from the alburnum. The radicle of the seed is commonly supposed to be analogous to the root of the plant, and to become the root during germination. But Mr. K. observes that roots elongate by the growth of their extremities, and not by the extension of parts previously organised; the radicle, however, elongates in the latter manner, as is obvious by the familiar fact of seeds being thrust upwards out of the mould in which they are placed to vegetate. The proper root of the plant comes first into existence during the germination of the seed, and springs from the point of what is called the radicle. At this period the alburnum does not exist, and it cannot therefore give origin to the root; but the cortical vessels are filled with sap, and in full action, and through these the sap appears to descend which gives existence to the true root.

The leaf-stalks of many plants possess the power of emitting roots, a power which cannot reside in the alburnum, since the leaf-stalk contains none. The bark of some trees, as of the vine, emits roots; if a portion be taken off in a circle round the stem, and any very moist body be applied, many roots will soon spring from the bark of the upper portion of the decorticated space, but none from below; but buds are usually protruded beneath, but never immediately above it.

Mr. Knight relates a curious experiment upon the apple
Chen. Rev. Vol. 19, January, 1800. G

tree, in which the same excrescences were made to produce roots or buds according to the mode in which they were treated. When in young plants these excrescences were simply covered with mould, roots were emitted. Others were similarly treated, except that the tops were cut off; and those buds sprang from the spaces and points which would have afforded roots. The tops of these trees having been divided into pieces of ten inches long, were planted as cuttings; and roots sprang from the lowest excrescences beneath the soil, and from the uppermost of those above it.

"Tuberous-rooted plants, Mr. Knight observes, offer an apparent rather than a real obstacle to his hypothesis. The tuber differs little from a branch which has dilated instead of extending itself, except in its capacity of retaining life. The manners on which they are formed are similar in organization to the stem of the plant, and may be converted into perfect stems, by diverting into them the current of ascending sap. The buds on every part of the stem may be made to generate tubers; such Mr. K. has frequently seen, emitted by a reproduced bud, without the calix of a blossom, which had failed to produce fruit; but he has never, under any circumstances, been able to obtain tubers from the fibrous roots of the plants."

IX. On the Nature of the intervertebral Substance in Fish and Quadrupeds. By Everard Home, Esq. F. R. S.

"In cutting into the intervertebral substance of a squalus maximus, a limpid fluid rushed out with so much velocity, that it rose to the height of four feet. By making a longitudinal section of two contiguous vertebrae a cavity was discovered, capable, in this large fish, of containing three pints of fluid: the lateral parts are ligumentous and elastic, uniting together the edges of the concave surfaces of the two vertebrae."

"The nature of this joint is different, says Mr. Home, from every other that is met with in animal bodies, and there are many circumstances respecting it which render it uncertain whether human ingenuity can ever make any resemblance to it, that can be applied to the purpose of mechanics."

Mr. H. proceeds to take a particular view of the effects of this structure, which are, however, sufficiently obvious. Fish in general, we are informed, have similar concavities between their vertebrae. In the sturgeon, besides some peculiarities in the structure of the vertebrae,

there is a chain of cavities in the form of lozenges, containing a fluid, and communicating with one another by very small aper-

tures, bearing a slight similarity to the intervertebral cavities of the spine in other fish.

In the whale tribe this structure is not found; the intervertebral substance is the same as in quadrupeds in general.

In some quadrupeds, however, this cavity has been discovered. The hog and the rabbit afford examples of it. But there is great variety of structure in different tribes of animals; insomuch, 'that the means employed for the motion of the back bone in different animals comprehends almost every species of joint with which we are acquainted.'

An attempt at an analysis of the fluid contained in this cavity, by Mr. William Brande, is added to Mr. Home's paper. We think that it shows clearly how unsatisfactory are the results of reagents upon animal fluids. By this mode of analysis, the fluid seemed to be formed principally of animal mucilage; but by evaporation an albuminous matter was separated. Mr. Brande concludes that,

'From these experiments it would appear that the intervertebral fluid is of a peculiar nature; that in its original properties it resembles mucus, but that under certain circumstances it is capable of being converted into modifications of gelatine and albumen.'

ART. IX.—*The Goblin Groom; a Tale of Dunse.* By R. O. Fenwick, Esq. Edinburgh, Lawrie; Ridgway, London. Royal 4to. pp. 125 pr. 15s. 1809.

THE author inscribes this *metrical romance* to 'those admirers of English poetry who wish to see it restored to its ancient style of pathos;' and we have no doubt that he will meet with the liberal patronage which his exertions deserve from so numerous and respectable a class of readers. Considering the restoration here spoken of (a restoration as well entitled to public thanksgiving in our churches as that 'blessed' one of our religious sovereign lord, Charles the Second) in the light of a mechanical operation of the genius, Mr. Fenwick has done more, perhaps, than any of his predecessors in the trade; that is to say, he has reduced their conceptions to somewhat more of a settled rule of composition, and so far greatly facilitated the practice of it by the unlearned writer. But beyond this he does not appear to have ventured; and there is not, we believe, a sentence or an expression in the beautiful poem that is not strictly sanctioned by the usage of

our most approved authors in the same delectable style. For instance, in the introduction to canto first (inscribed to Walter Marrowfat, gardener to his grace the D—of B—h), the reader whose natural taste has been poisoned by the factitious beauties of Pope and Dryden may be apt to doubt whether the following description of a garden-gate can be strictly called poetical :

‘Of all the gates so wondrous fair
Here round the princely dwelling,
My Watty’s gate, beyond compare,
All these is far excelling !’

Yet there are very few readers who need to be reminded that what strikes them as low, when applied to the entrance of a duke’s garden, was judged by one of the first masters in the art to be fully answerable even to the painting of a royal palace. The same depraved imagination might have been, in like manner, inclined to attribute too much minuteness and *pétitesse* of sentiment to the very exact picture of a hunting-club’s dinner presented by lines like these :

VII.

‘Four-and-twenty huntsmen been
Round the table sat, I ween ;
Four-and-twenty footmen neat
Plied the beer and served the meat :
Landlady and daughter fair
Paid their due obedience there.
Well, I ween, each gallant youth
Cast an eye upon the maid ;
Each thought his look, in real truth,
By the maiden’s well repaid :
One alone of all the crew
More than all the others knew :
What he knew I may not tell,
But the maiden knew full well.

VIII.

Fish from Dunbar’s rocky shore,
Stood the president before,
If my memory do not fail,
Sent by noble L——le.
In the centre, soup was seen
Smoking from a vase of snow:
Beef at bottom, fat and lean,
Beef of Indian buffalo.
This was sent by T——le’s peer
To augment the sportsman’s cheer ;

The Goblin Groom.

83

T—le, sprung from mighty H—y,
Foremost in the border day.
Tarts and pastry sent, I ween,
By the lady de G——nt.

But the most fastidious reader will not hastily condemn this metrical precision and culinary exactness as superfluous or prosaic, when he recollects that they have their prototypes in the very best exemplars of modern ballad writers. 'Gentlemen are not now to be informed' that this is the genuine *verd-antique* of poetry, and not to be stigmatized as either vulgar or pedantic. The picture of Marmion himself is not more just or more particular than that of the *Goblin Groom*.

'He was of little form and tight;
His weight, if man, had been full light:
In short, he was a sportsman sprite.
A pea-green jerkin on his back,
All dabbled by a splashing hack;
His dirty boots, his leathers long
With crimson whip-cord tied;
His straight-neck'd spurs, and heavy thing,
Proclaim'd him form'd to ride:
And he had ridden far that day,
For he was splash'd and daub'd with clay.'

We shall cite but one example more to support our assertion, that, admirable as is our author's imitation of the ancient simplicity, he has in no respect exceeded the bounds set before him by preceding imitators.

Into the river, broad and deep,
Beneath old Borham's ruin'd keep,
Where the descent appears most steep;
The gallant pack have dash'd;
In likewise dash'd the elf and horse,
Quite heedless of the torrent's force;
And as they stemm'd the river's course,
His tail the poney lash'd.
The *Goblin Groom* now scream'd a scream,
For goblins hate a running stream;
And if the truth my records say,
The elfin poney neigh'd a neigh.

While making this last quotation, it suddenly struck us, we know not wherefore, that we had, perhaps, been mistaking the nature of this poem, and that it was really intended to be a burlesque upon the metrical bards of the nineteenth century. Upon a closer examination, we feel convinced that this is the case; but, really, no burlesque ever bore a more strict resemblance to its originals. The notes, too, are composed

with an air of profound gravity, which renders their irony the more imposing and severe. But the description of the extraordinary chase at which the goblin fiend assisted, though interspersed with many strokes of humour (some of them very palpable hits), seems to us to afford evidence of poetical genius superior to mere travesty, however successful. The spirit with which this part of the poem is executed, inclines us strongly to lay some further extracts before our readers; but, reflecting that to quote more largely from so small a work would be entirely to forestall the pleasure which the perusal of it may convey, we shall here put a period to our article.

ART. X.—*An Attempt to shew the Folly and Danger of Methodism. In a series of Essays, first published in the weekly Paper called the Examiner, and now enlarged with a Preface and additional Notes. By the Editor of the Examiner. London, John Hunt, Examiner Office, Beaumont Buildings, 1809. 8vo. pp. 110. 2s. 6d.*

WE read these essays when they first appeared in the Examiner, and thought that they displayed considerable intelligence and acuteness of remark. Mr. Hunt seems to have adopted an opinion, which we have long entertained, that the only efficacious mean which can be devised to check the increase of methodism, is an enlightened reformation of the liturgy and articles of the church of England. The reformation was begun in the reign of Henry the VIIIth, and was matured, at least as far as it is at present, in the reign of his successor Edward the Sixth. Some few trifling alterations have indeed been made since; but the *doctrines* of the liturgy and the articles remain as they were established in the time of the last Edward. Biblical learning, like learning of every other species, has made a great and rapid progress since the year 1548, when the committee of select divines were appointed by Edward the Sixth to inspect the ancient liturgies, and to compile a new.—But the church; unlike the state, has derived hardly any benefit from the increased and increasing knowledge of the times. Our political constitution has received various improvements, by which it has been gradually accommodated to those more enlarged notions of liberty, which philosophy and a free press have introduced; but our ecclesiastical system is still deformed with all its original vestiges of poverty and superstition, of unsound principles and uncharitable errors. Our civil society has been purified from the taint of ignorance and barbarism; but our

religious code is suffered to retain the errors of comparatively heathenish and savage times. The liturgy, the homilies, and the articles, which were composed in the middle of the sixteenth century, before the Scriptures were critically understood, or the press was free, are still suffered to fetter the minds and to enslave the consciences of the most enlightened scholars and divines, who are living in the first decade of the nineteenth century. This Mr. Stone has experienced to his cost. That gentleman has been deprived of his preferment; and, in his old age, and with a large family turned adrift on the wide world to beg his bread, merely because he was so impolitic as to deliver his honest sentiments on the very doubtful point of the miraculous incarnation. Mr. Stone thought this an unscriptural doctrine, and he combated it with what he believed scriptural arguments. Yet for this offence, which in better times would have received another name, he was most unrelentingly persecuted by that very church, which in one of her articles asserts the *Scriptures* to be the *only rule of faith*. While these things are, and while the majority of the English hierarchy support the unscriptural and superstitious tenets of the early reformers in the comparatively dark and intolerant period of the 16th century, with what weapons can a clergyman of the establishment combat the evil genius of methodism? How can he expel it from the sanctuary of the church, or from the popular belief, while it has its strong hold in the liturgy, the articles, and homilies? For, however unpalatable the truth may be, we, who are plain-speaking men, do not hesitate to assert, and, if it were necessary, would undertake to prove, that the opinions of the early reformers, who composed the book of common prayer, are precisely the same as those of the modern methodists. The early reformers taught the doctrines of the trinity, and of salvation by the sole merits of Christ, of justification by faith, of original corruption, of an unnatural taint communicated to all the progeny of Adam, of particular reprobation and election, &c. Now what did Whitfield and Wesley, or what do their successors in the vineyard of methodism do more? If therefore the champions of methodism do teach a spurious christianity, the practical tendency of which is very mischievous and alarming, it must be allowed in their behalf that the kind of christianity which they preach is that which is embodied in the unreformed liturgy, homilies, and articles of the church of England. Before, therefore, we can undertake with any chance of success to stop the progress of methodism, we must first reform the unscriptural doctrines of the establishment: for those doctrines, as they are retained in the liturgy and the articles, are arguments of

authority in favour of methodism, which, with the illiterate and the superstitious, no argument of reason, no, nor of scripture, will ever be able to subvert. We repeat again, and will often repeat, what has long appeared to us a self-evident truth, that, if the established church do entertain any real dread of the methodists, or do think her security at all endangered by the progress of methodism, she can neither appease her fears nor provide for her safety by any other means so efficacious as that of completing what the reformation left unfinished, and of expunging all ambiguous, uncharitable, and polemical matter from her liturgy and her articles. Let her imitate her primitive reformers, not in perplexing her religious system with doubtful tenets, but in *accommodating that system to the increased knowledge, more liberal sentiments, and more enlarged charity of the times.* No system which is founded on narrow principles, or of which exclusion and intolerance are constituent parts, has any chance of permanence. Let the church enlarge her basis, and expand her portals, to receive all denominations of christians in the spirit of forbearance and of peace, and we have no doubt but that all good and wise men, of all sects and parties, will accord in the pious wish that she may, and in the well-grounded belief that she will, be perpetual.

ART. XI.—*Washington, or Liberty restored, a Poem in ten Books, by Thomas Northmore, Esq.* London, Longman and Co. 1809.

WHATEVER may be the opinion which Mr. Northmore, by his present publication, has compelled us to entertain of him as a poet or an Englishman, we are by no means disposed to censure him for his love of rational liberty, or for his admiration of those who, in arrogating national independence for their country, stood so nobly forward as its bulwarks, in the American war. Our feelings, we must confess, are very differently affected towards him for the jaundiced eye with which he contemplates the actions of his own country. We feel as forcibly as Mr. N. that the cause for which England fought, the manner in which she carried on the war, and the principles on which she acted, were disgraceful to her as a free and high-spirited nation; but however bigoted or misguided our country may at any time have been, it would never have occurred to us to describe her in an epic poem as aided and in close alliance with all the infernal spirits of hell, when our worst of enemies, Buonaparte him-

self, never accused us of seeking more unchristian confederates than the Turks and the emperor of Morocco. We were at first also disposed to think with our author, that if it was objected to his poem, as it was to the *Pharsalia*, that the subject was too near his own times, there would not be much validity in the objection; a perusal of the poem, however, has forced us to withdraw the assent which we were previously inclined to bestow on this remark, for it betrays so many features of a warped and discontented mind, if we may be allowed to substitute these words for the word 'enthusiasm,' that we see at every turn the galled spirit of a man who is a contemporary of the scenes and actions he portrays.

The nature of the poem before us is epic, and it was this circumstance which induced us to give it a longer notice in our Review, than that of our *Monthly Catalogue*, for as it seems highly probable that it will meet with no readers on this side of the Atlantic, the Georgian age of poetry might have been transmitted to posterity, studded as it is with numerous constellations of epic verse, but still unadorned with the additional lustre of Mr. Northmore's *Washington*.

The imagery, we are told, is for the most part that of Milton, an imitation perfectly venial on the score of plagiarism, as Mr. N. has Virgil for his precedent; but whether the Miltonic imagery is as well adapted to a poem on the American war, as the Homeric was to such a subject as the *Æneid*, is a question which will probably be answered by the readers of this poem, if such there are, in a different manner from that in which the author has resolved it. We venture it as our opinion, that the imagery of Milton is not adapted to any poem but his own, certainly not to one of so different a complexion as the present. The verse, which is blank, is also formed on the same model, nor is it in general deficient either in correctness or cadence.

The first of the ten books, into which the poem is divided, opens with an invocation to the 'Almighty Being,' from which address a quick transition is made to the infernal regions, where Satan, as he sat enthroned in Pandæmonium, viewed with an envious eye the efforts of Columbia; he accordingly addresses his compeers on the subject; Moloch, hurt at some reflections thrown out against him by the arch-fiend, becomes rebellious, but is appeased by the interference of Beelzebub, on which occasion the joy of Satan is compared to that of any gentleman whose son has just returned from a long absence in the East India fleet. The *Amantium iræ* having then, as usual, proved the *amoris integratio*, Satan makes a speech of some hundred lines, in the course of which he proposes an alliance with England, and gives his friends a good

deal of military advice such as that of picking out the officers in battle, &c. To shew, however, that his skill is not confined to diplomacy or generalship, he quotes a line or so from Homer, in a style much to his credit. Mammon replies, and in the course of his speech we have the following complimentary lines to this country.

‘ the earth
Scarce holds a spot so dear unto my soul,
Abundant so in votaries; for here
My altars smoke with unextinguish’d incense,
Before **my** idol is profusely pour’d
Incessant adoration;’—v. 438.

We are glad, however, that within a few lines we have an opportunity of giving a favourable specimen of Mr. N.'s verification, in the same speech of Mainmon.

Thus I've taught :
Banish thy conscience, for it is a despot
That rules with arbitrary sway, and yield
No harvest to it's owner ; extirpate
All principle, for principle requires
A steady, constant, persevering toil
In the straight line of virtue ;—v. 467.

The book concludes with a description of Satan's car, which would puzzle a committee of all Long Acre.

The wheels were adamant, and roll'd
On platinean axle; while the spokes
Of radiant urim pour'd celestial light;
The body of some new discovered substance,
Metallic, or carbonic, or lignose,
But not yet analyz'd by mortal hand. — 605.

Book the second opens with another invocation, and proceeds to give us a history of Switzerland, with the story of Griesler, and William Tell: why not go back at once, Mr. Northmore to the novel and interesting story of Brutus and Cassius? it is full as much to the purpose. You may authenticate the fact of Cæsar's murder, by a quotation from Dr. Lempriere's Classical Dictionary, and by this your reading will appear more multifarious, than by continually picking changes on 'Salmon's Modern History,' 'Belsham's George III. and the Parliamentary Debates.

Book the third brings us, not to America, gentle reader, but to the Netherlands, and the wars against Philip II. of Spain. Elizabeth makes a speech on the occasion, at the conclusion of which,

the people yet
inclining forwards bent, with ears erect,
listening to silence!—v. 89.

What information they obtained by so doing we are not told; and as the account of these wars, in Watson's history, is rather more interesting than in Mr. Northmore's poetry, we will pass over the remainder of this episode. We cannot, however, forbear noticing a prophecy relating to the princess Charlotte of Wales, viz. that she will resemble good queen Bess, v. 112. In a note the author informs us that 'his pen has thrice been prepared to expunge the prophecy, and thrice has it been withholden, for prophecies have more than once caused events.' We were not aware that royal embraces were so frequent formerly as they have been since Buonaparte has set the fashion, by hugging the emperor of Russia, king of Prussia, &c. whenever he has compelled them to make peace; but we find that Philip hugs the duke of Alva most pathetically,

'Like the fond mother, who with open arms
Receives her son return'd from distant school,
And knows not to desist, while from her eyes
Maternal love thick flashes.'—194.

Book 4. In a note at the beginning of this book, Mr. N. complains of 'the reign of terror,' to which we were never well-wishers, nor it seems was our author; so far then we agree. But why, after having been already detained during one book in hell, another in Switzerland, a third in the Netherlands and Spain, and all this in a poem on the American war, does our author stop us once more to give us his opinion in poetry and prose on Mr. Pitt's administration?

But, to return: when we parted last, my gentle reader, we were in Spain; we are now to be transported with other convicts to America; no, not yet to America, we were nearly missing an act of our drama.

The little bell rings, the curtain draws up, and discovers Lord North on his legs, whose favour, however, we are not much prejudiced, as he is called 'a fool,' 'a proud minister,' 'an ambitious man,' 'a spoilt child,' &c. in the space of a dozen lines. The last name is not applied with quite the same degree of humour as that of the 'angry boy' was to Mr. Pitt, in a memorable speech of Mr. Sheridan. This book consists of several long parliamentary speeches in verse, which at first struck us as rather novel, but we have since heard that Mr. Caning's statement has been put into verse with equal success. Mr. N. favours us with the speeches of each member

her in prose, in the notes below, from *Messrs. Belham, Debrett, Almon, &c.* by which means we have an opportunity of comparing the transformations with the originals. In the following line we do not think much additional dignity has been gained by the metre,

‘They tax, and untax, then they tax again.’

It so happens, however, that where our author has kept closest to his original, he has been most successful, as in the following lines, in which Lord Chatnam replies to those who vindicated the employment of Indians in the American war.

‘Methought I heard, would that I were deceiv’d!
That neither heaven nor nature hath forbid
To use the Indian scalping.—Gracious God!
That thou shouldst sit upon thy mercy-seat,
Nor bare thy arm to vengeance!’ Who is he
That to the evils of this murderous war
Dares authorize and league with British arms
The horrid scalping-knife and tomahawk
Of savages? What being civilized
Would claim alliance with brutality?—v. 251.

Book 5. Columbia, who it seems had as good ears as, by the following lines, she seems to have lungs:

————— She called so loud,
That all the solid continent, from where
The northern zone, wrapt in eternal ice,
Laughed at the solar beam, to that famed clime,
Where Mammon, &c. &c.
Thro’ all this vast expanse her solemn voice
Re-echo’d————— v. 48.

Columbia then, having heard what Lord North was doing in parliament, ‘takes her stand on Bunker’s summit,’ from whence she makes that intolerable noise above-mentioned. The loudest voice we recollect in Homer was only as loud as those of fifty other men; it is therefore consoling to find, that if the human race (for we presume Columbia is at best only half immortal) decreases so dreadfully in stature and muscle, it increases proportionably in the power of the lungs. Columbia’s speech is succeeded by one from Franklin, which is compiled from the speeches of Mr. Fox, Burke, &c. in the British senate, and faithfully done into verse from the newspapers of the day. We felt that sort of doubt with respect to this speech which, we learn from Horace, that some critics experience with respect to comedy, and for the same reasons:

‘Commedia, necne poema
Esset, quævisere, quod acer spiritus, ac vis
Nec verbis, nec rebus inest, nisi quod pede certo
Distat sermoni sermo merus.’—*Hyr.*

We believe, if the following lines were merely written as prose, without any transposition of the words, it would cost no small trouble to detect the ‘*disjecti membra poetæ*.’

‘Whence then the need
To force your treasures from your willing breasts?
Unless it be t’ uphold the worst design,
The most despotic of all principles,
To tax where is no representative?’—*q. 110.*

Dr. Franklin having concluded his speech, in which, as may be supposed, he is by no means sparing of scurrility to this country, Washington is appointed chief, and receives the appointment with modesty; the book concludes with some complimentary lines to Jefferson, the landing of the British, and the battle of Bunker’s-hill.

Book 6. Once more are we doomed to recross the Atlantic to contemplate the effects of the French revolution: the distinction drawn between this, however, and that of America does Mr. Northmore some credit; and had we not already suffered so much from episodes, we should have been pleased with the digression. Speaking of the French revolution, he thus describes it:

‘Her eyes so gored with blood,
That she could scarce distinguish friend from foe,
Gigantic vengeance; and with her was seen
False liberty, whose wanton lawless gait,
And Circe tongue, allur’d the ignorant,
But kept the wine far off. How different this
From that celestial form, whose radiant head
Scatters the beams of virtue o’er mankind,
Whose modest gait and dignified address
Win so on every heart, that to adore
Is but to know.’—*v. 64.*

The character of Washington is much too long, and does not in any place rise above mediocrity. We recollect four lines in a poetical letter of Mr. Moore’s from America, published in his poems, which, we think, are very happy in their delineation of this extraordinary man. We quote them (we hope correctly) from memory:

‘How shall I draw thee on th’ historic page,
O more than soldier, and just less than sage!’

Nature design'd thee for the hero's mould,
But ere she form'd thee, let the clay grow cold.

Moore's poems.

That this mixture of the philosopher and the soldier is the more rare, the more noble, and the more amiable character, than that of the greatest conqueror or destroyer of mankind, we all allow; that, however, by some strange fatality, it never receives the same attention, or dazzles the reader in history, we should all lament. Very little progress is made in the war in this book; in the following one, the seventh, the Americans become mutinous for want of provisions, on which occasion Washington makes a long prayer to the goddess Liberty, who very good-naturedly descends, and comforts him with promises of succours from France, which arrive at the same moment by a most happy coincidence. On the arrival of the French, a British council of war is held by Cornwallis, and the different posts assigned to the generals.

Book 8. If the reader is inclined to read Washington's soliloquy, and the second conference with liberty, a labour we by no means recommend, we must refer him to the epic itself. The majority of readers, we are convinced, will be satisfied by being informed, that in the course of the book the 'film of mortality' is removed from the hero's eyes, upon which

ed. all th' infernal host,
Floating in depth immense 'twixt earth and sky,
In all its horrors burst upon his view:
Astonished stood the chief.—v. 134.

This prepares the way for a description of the shield of Satan, a description which

'Leaves wond'ring comprehension far behind.'

The imagery of it, or rather the claps of it, is a mixture of Milton, Æschylus, Homer, Hesiod, with, we should suppose, some kind communications from some friends in Bedlam.

'Such is the Gorgon shield of heaven's arch-fiend!
And round the outer orb thick sulphurous flames:
In curling billows roll'd a sea of fire.—v. 316.

Book 9. After an address to the Americans from Washington, the battle of Yorktown commences; but here again our author is much too terrific to raise interest, or excite compassion; witness the following lines:

'Here nitred thunder roll'd along the plain, roll
And vibrated thro' heaven's æthereal vaults.

While trembling Apalachians hurled the sound
To frighten'd ocean, and old ocean's fears
Re-hurl'd to trembling Apalachians.—v. 113.

Why, good sir, in the words of Persius, surely

scloppo tumidas intendis rumpere buccas.

In the evening of the day of the battle, Cornwallis observes a pair of scales in the sky, and 'the lightened scale of justice, rising slow, charged with the fate of Britain,' he determines, however, to consider it, and well he might, 'a vision of the troubled mind.' On the following morning the battle is renewed, and even Mr. N. confesses that the Britons fought with bravery. The tenth book continues the battle, in which the infernal spirits reappear as allies to the English. Washington, from whose eyes the film had been withdrawn, recognizes them immediately, and 'pours forth a pious prayer to Freedom, who, by some superior power, drives them from the field. Our good friends and allies the devils, however, who were determined to do their duty, in return for the subsidies, which in all probability they had received from Lord North, out of the secret service money, are by no means deficient in zeal, and though, like most of our other allies, they run away, no whiskered Prussian can talk bigger than they do. After some deliberation among them, they follow the advice of Beelzebub; and get into the dead men's bodies, probably as the safest place; for Satan is the only one who appears to take an active part after the metamorphose; and this activity is exerted to advise Cornwallis to run away: here, however, he is again foiled; for Michael, who is, of course, on the other side, discovers his old enemy. Satan, determined to do some mischief before he goes, calls to 'the king of terrors,' a monarch who it appears was at that time in alliance with us, and observing the American lament, says to the said king,

'Take thou this ball,
Dip it in fate, and speed it to his heart—

a service which his majesty performs with 'a fell smile.'

Things now hasten to a conclusion. Cornwallis makes a speech to his soul, and is comforted by 'a blaze of empirical light' and 'words divine.' Satan follows the example of the British general, and addresses his own soul likewise, though without the same effect. The infernal spirits had no sooner regained their dwelling-place, than Michael shuts them in, and seals the door, from whence we are assured by the poet, and the assurance gives us unfeigned pleasure, they are never to come forth again.—Yorktown is surrendered; the poet

makes an address to peace ; liberty has a few more last words with Washington, and the curtain drops.

We have given, we believe, a faithful sketch of Mr. Northmore's epic poem. His volume consists of about two-thirds poetry, and one-third notes. The notes consist of those parliamentary speeches in prose which we read in verse in the text above, of a great deal of abuse levelled against this country, and some long extracts from Belsham's *George III.* Salmon's *Modern History*, and the *Life of Washington*. Our opinion of Mr. N. as a poet is by no means favourable : in the imagery he has employed, the way he has employed it, in the use of long and unconnected episodes, and turgid and bombastic similes, he has tired and disgusted us. But what is perhaps the most remarkable characteristic of *Washington*, is, that its author seems to have written it under the influence, not of enthusiasm, but of a violent passion ; and as he informs us in a note that England has been called ' a choleric little island,' we will, with his leave, borrow the phrase, and apply it to him, in the words ' a choleric little ' poet. We have proved by some of our extracts that he can think well occasionally, and write well occasionally, but he will find few readers who will travel through a desert of ten books to discover an oasis or two. Of the minor but surely the more affecting occurrences of war he has made nothing, such as were in the American war, the death of the unfortunate André, and the sufferings of Lady H. Ackland, tales often told in prose, but which are not by any means below the dignity of even epic verse. We have already said a few words to Mr. Northmore on the subject of his apparent disrelish for his own countrymen, nor indeed do we think the present precisely the time when an Englishman, whatever may be his political tenets, would choose to uphold the Americans as the patterns of every thing good and great. Could our advice influence this poet's conduct in his private concerns, which we are not to expect, we would earnestly recommend him, before all intercourse with America is entirely closed, to part with '*Cleve, the ancient seat of the Northmores,*' and enjoy that liberty which it appears he is denied in England, as nature's happy cottager on the banks of the Mississippi. He will be still at full liberty to draw his similes ' from Cleve's green summit,' as in book 9, v. 350 ; for poets have had the license from time immemorial to use mountain, hill, or dale, without an acre in possession, and to appropriate seas, rivers, and torrents to their own use, without a right of fishing in a single trout-stream.

ART. XII.—*The Bristol Heiress, or the Errors of Education. A Tale, in 5 vols. 12mo. By Mrs. Heath, Author of The Orphan of the Rhine, &c.* London, printed at the Minerva Press, for Lane and Co. 1809.

THIS is one of those numerous publications which issue almost daily from the press, striving, seemingly in vain, to sate the appetite of the public for novels and romances. It were greatly to be wished that all compositions of this kind were calculated, like the present work, to inculcate some useful truth; for then that class of readers, who take up a book merely for the most indolent exercise of the attention, would often be betrayed into instruction, and pass their hour with at least the possibility of receiving some benefit. The authoress of this work undertakes to shew, that those persons are greatly mistaken who educate their daughters wholly with a view to fashionable life: for that happiness does not consist in splendid pleasures, but rather in the rational exercise of the benevolent affections. This is exemplified in the history of Caroline Percival, the daughter of a banker at Bristol, a person of an ancient but decayed family, who had himself risen to opulence through his marriage with the daughter of a tradesman, and was now eagerly anxious to raise his only daughter from the plebeian sphere in which she had been born, into the first ranks of the gay and fashionable world. His partiality for his only child, and his ambition, taught her to expect nothing less than a coronet, which, as he conceived, his own wealth added to her beauty and various accomplishments, certainly entitled her to claim. After a variety of incidents well calculated to enhance the value of those objects, which the elegant, the beautiful Caroline had been carefully taught to consider essential to happiness, she becomes all that she had ever wished. Embellished with affluence, adorned with a title, she glitters a splendid meteor along the galaxy of fashion, and floats on the stream of the richest pleasures. But all this is not happiness; for she finds herself beset by an infinitude of cares and anxieties, harassed by a continued series of hopes and fears, and tormented by numberless mortifications, which the baser passions introduce alike into the highest and lowest orders of society. In consequence of some imprudences, to which a gay life ever leads, she is, after she has run a complete career, removed from the world of London, and in solitude and affliction learns rightly to appreciate the worth of all human enjoyments, and to be convinced of the force of the moral truth stated above.

In the Lady Harcourt of this work, which is upon the whole very well written, are strikingly displayed the manners of a woman of fashion, enterprising and unprincipled; in Sydney Hervey is seen a young man, gay but not corrupted; in Lord L—— the selfish meanness of a fortune-hunting nobleman; in Miss Williams, a pleasing contrast to the splendid Caroline; and in Dr. Williams, a clergyman who indeed does honour to the church of England. It is perhaps to be wished that the moral of the whole had been held out to notice frequently through the piece, instead of being left principally to the remarks at the conclusion, which many a hurrying novel reader may chance to overlook; yet upon the whole we are inclined to give much praise to this work, and to say, that if people will read modern novels, let them read the Bristol Heiress.

CRITICAL MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 13.—*The virtuous Claims of Humanity; a Sermon, preached in the Chapel at Mill-hill, on Sunday, November 19, 1809, for the Benefit of the General Infirmary, Leeds. By Thomas Jervis. London, Johnson, 1809. 8vo. pp. 29.*

MR. JERVIS has explained the nature and enforced the duty of humanity with much energy and animation. We will quote a passage.

‘Happily for the world, compassion, which is an important branch of benevolence and social virtue, yet is not appropriate to any particular rank or condition. It is not to be found in vulgar or in vitious minds, but in minds of a more refined and elevated cast. It operates most vigorously in the virtuous breast; as, on the contrary, it is incompatible with gross irregularities of conduct, with the rule of the ferocious passions, and the practice of unmanly, base, and scandalous vices.

‘This worthy and noble affection of the heart is not, then, predominant in the breasts of the vulgar, whether high or low. It is not the exclusive privilege, and peculiar birthright of the great. In this order of men, on the contrary, its motions are too often blunted or perverted by fashion, luxury, vanity, and pride. Yet, humanity is the noblest badge of earthly grandeur. It is more honourable than all the heraldic achievements of fame, than all the *insignia* of high birth, or of ancient title and descent, the ducal coronet, or the ermine robe. It lowers the crest of ambition,

and annihilates all earthly distinctions. It raises the peasant to a level with the prince. The mind of the former may be inwardly adorned with this "immediate jewel of the soul;" while the outward badge of honour that glitters on the breast of the latter may possibly be no more than the tinsel covering of a cold unfeeling heart.

The style of this sermon is rather more declamatory than we approve.

ART. 14.—*An Oration delivered on Monday, October 16, 1809, on laying the first Stone of the new Gravel-pit Meeting-house in Paradise Field, Hackney. By Robert Aspland, Minister of the Gravel-pit Congregation. Published by Request. Eaton, High Holborn, 1s.*

MR. ASPLAND, whose talents are an ornament to the denomination of Christians to which he belongs, has here exhibited a brief but animated sketch of the religious sentiments of the founders of the new Gravel-pit meeting-house at Hackney. We trust that neither the congregation nor the ministers will ever deviate from those enlarged and liberal principles of Christian union which are here professed.

ART. 15.—*A Sermon preached in the Parish Church of Trowbridge, Wiltshire, on October 25, 1809, and printed at the Request of the Congregation there assembled, by the Rev. Walter Birch, B. D. Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. London, Robinson. 1s.*

THIS sermon deserves a better fate than to perish with the forgotten multitudes of occasional discourses. The author wisely rests the necessity or expediency of observing the jubilee on the sound part of the case, the private virtues of the sovereign, our constitutional liberties and equal laws, and the absence of those evils which have overwhelmed the enslaved and sinking nations around us. The means of our deliverance from the threatened vengeance of the enemy he derives from moral rather than physical strength, the unconquerable mind of the people at large, rather than the gigantic body of our naval and military power. Unanimity, disinterested patriotism, and true loyalty, are, humanly speaking, the principles which must direct the operation of our force to its legitimate ends, the preservation of this country, and the vindication of the cause of liberty. In a passage of much energy and eloquence, he deprecates the absurdity of fixing our hopes upon the contingency of Buonaparte's death. 'Now, laying wholly out of our consideration the character of that lawless conqueror (his mighty genius, his insatiable ambition) who now marshals them under his standards, even supposing that he should be suddenly swept off the scene, and that "his place should know him no more," yet still, what, I ask, must be our fate, should we fall under the swords of a people, who, in addition to all the motives which have led them to plunder and enslave any other nation, are actuated towards this by the most inveterate and most exasperated feelings of rivalry

and revenge? Here they would redeem the long delay of their rapacious hopes—here exhaust the rage of avarice—here display the fulness of their vain-glory—here hail the great consummation of their gigantic aims, and celebrate their orgies as lords of sea and land, and conquerors of the globe. Here indeed it would be policy for them to destroy, to reduce to the most helpless weakness the fallen lion.’ p. 11. On the whole, there is in this sermon so much of the manner of a divine who is in earnest, and of an Englishman who loves his king and country, that even the nauseating plenty of jubilee homilies, has not destroyed its relish on our palates.

ART. 16.—*The Fasts and Festivals of the Church of England, abridged from the Works of the excellent and pious Mr. Nelson, interspersed with Dialogues adapted to the Capacity of Youth.* By Elizabeth Belson. London, Newman and Co. 1810. 8vo. 7s.

THOSE persons who approve the well-known work of Mr. Nelson, entitled ‘Fasts and Festivals,’ will probably be pleased to see it reduced into a form which is more likely to excite attention and to afford amusement.

POLITICS.

ART. 17.—*The high Price of Bullion, a Proof of the Depreciation of Bank Notes.* By David Ricardo. London, Murray, 1810. pp. 48.

THIS pamphlet relates to a subject of great public interest, and merits a much more ample discussion than our limits will permit us to assign it. Those, who are entrusted with the welfare of the country, have long been too blind to the fatal consequences, which, if not prevented by timely precautions, must ensue from the restrictions which were imposed in 1797 on the payments of the Bank in specie. Those consequences have begun to be developed in a manner which ought to excite the fears of all who wish to see the national credit preserved inviolate; and the stockholder to receive his interest, not in *assignats* of only a nominal value, but, if not in specie, at least in paper which may be equivalent to, and always commutable with, specie.

The stoppage of the payments in specie at the Bank, in 1797, caused an issue of paper to an immoderate extent. Government have, indeed, by this means, greatly increased their facilities of pecuniary accommodation; but this advantage will be only fugitive; and it will certainly, at last, be found an experiment as perilous to the state as mischievous to individuals. While the paper issues of the Bank were, at the option of the holder, convertible into specie or bullion, bank notes could not suffer a depreciation, as they could always be exchanged for the quantity of the precious metals of which they were the representative. While a trader could obtain an ounce of gold for 31. 17s. 10d. in paper, Bank notes and specie may be said to have been at

par, or signs of precisely the same value. But, at present, an ounce of gold cannot be procured for less than 4l. 11's. in Bank notes, or at about 15 per cent. premium paid on the conversion of the notes into bullion. Now if this be true, as it indisputably is, we should wish to know what this difference between the value of money in Bank notes and in specie be, but a depreciation of our paper-currency? Thus, if a merchant have 100l. to send to his correspondent abroad, which he is to remit in bullion, he cannot procure this bullion under 115l. in Bank notes, or in other words he must pay a discount of 15 per cent. before he can convert his Bank notes into gold. How far this depreciation may be carried it is impossible to tell; but if the present unlimited issues of paper be not checked by the salutary interposition of the ruling powers, what is now a depreciation of 15 per cent. may soon be one of 50. An evil of this kind is slow in beginning; but when it has once begun, the predominant characteristic is rapid progression. The commercial habits of this country have generated a state of unparalleled confidence through the whole mass of society; and this confidence has encouraged the most adventurous speculation. Numerous individuals have thus been enabled to obtain credit to an amount far exceeding their capital; and some have suddenly grown rich without any other capital than that which was founded on a dazzling *supposition* of their wealth. This could not have taken place if the unlimited emission of paper had not both encouraged the genius of speculation, and facilitated the agency of imposture. It has often been said that no more paper can be issued than is requisite to supply the quantity of circulating medium, or than is the representative of some real value, either in specie or goods. But the present difference between the real and the nominal value of Bank notes, considered as a medium of exchange for bullion, is a proof that the market is overstocked with this artificial paper currency; or otherwise bullion might as readily be procured for Bank notes as for specie. But we have seen that there is a difference of 15 per cent. in their relative value in the purchase of bullion; or that an individual who wishes to purchase bullion, must pay 15 per cent. more for it in Bank notes than he does in specie. The same fact proves that paper may be sent into circulation without any equivalent being in the possession of him by whom it was issued. If we were for a moment to imagine that all the Bank notes in the country could be converted into bullion, at the present rate of disparity between the value of notes and specie, the quantity of paper money which we must give would exceed in nominal value the bullion which we should receive in the proportion of nearly the sixth of the whole. For every 65l. in bullion, we should have to pay 100l. in Bank notes. The present deluge of paper currency encourages the most mischievous speculations, and tends to excite a host of profligate adventurers, without capital or industry,

to raise fortunes on the oppression of the more useful and honest members of society.

Gold and silver have an intrinsic value from their rarity and the labour which is required to procure them. This cannot be said of a paper coinage. Gold and silver are at the same time an universal medium of exchange, and a more equable standard of value in all parts of the globe than any other which was ever devised. A paper medium, on the contrary, has no value nor use out of the country in which it is issued, except as far as it is convertible into the quantity of the precious metals which it is made to represent. But where it is not convertible into these metals without a discount, there this discount must be considered as a deduction from its nominal value, which differs from its real value, in the proportion which the discount bears to the sum of which the piece of paper is the nominal sign. While the notes of the Bank were payable in specie on demand, the quantity of paper which was issued could not greatly exceed that of the coin which would have circulated if there had been no paper medium. In this case, if the paper currency were excessive, or if attempts were made, as has happened in the transactions of numerous speculators, to transfer property by means of a paper payment, from the pockets of honest industry to those of enterprising fraud, the remedy would not be difficult, as long as paper were convertible into specie or bullion. All redundant paper might thus be readily taken out of the market, and an effectual check given to the projects of those adventurers who speculate without capital.

But what remedy is to be applied to the present evil of the non-payment of the Bank in specie? No sudden cure can be devised, and no violent specific prudently administered. The best mode of cure will be that which is gradual and lenient, but sure and safe in its operations. Such a remedy is, we think, proposed by Mr. Ricardo, the author of this sensible pamphlet; and this is for 'the Bank to diminish the quantity of their notes, until they had increased their value fifteen per cent.' 'The restriction,' as he remarks, 'might be safely removed, as there would then be no temptation to export specie.' In another place Mr. Ricardo says,

'The remedy which I propose for all the evils in our currency, is, that the Bank should gradually decrease the amount of their notes in circulation until they shall have rendered the remainder of equal value with the coins which they represent, or, in other words, till the prices of gold and silver bullion shall be brought down to their mint price. I am well aware that the total failure of paper credit would be attended with the most disastrous consequences to the trade and commerce of the country, and even its sudden limitation would occasion so much ruin and distress, that it would be highly inexpedient to have recourse to it as the means of restoring our currency to its just and equitable value.'

‘If the Bank were possessed of more guineas than they had notes in circulation, they could not, without great injury to the country, pay their notes in specie, while the price of gold bullion continued greatly above the mint price, and the foreign exchanges unfavourable to us. The excess of our currency would be exchanged for guineas at the Bank and exported, and would be suddenly withdrawn from circulation. Before therefore they can safely pay in specie, the excess of notes must be gradually withdrawn from circulation. If gradually done, little inconvenience would be felt; so that if the principle were fairly admitted, it would be for future consideration whether the object should be accomplished in one year or in five. I am fully persuaded that we shall never restore our currency to its equitable state, but by this preliminary step, or by the total overthrow of our paper credit.

‘If the Bank directors had kept the amount of their notes within reasonable bounds; if they had acted up to the principle which they have avowed to have been that which regulated their issues when they were obliged to pay their notes in specie, namely, to limit their notes to that amount which should prevent the excess of the market above the mint price of gold, we should not have been now exposed to all the evils of a depreciated, and perpetually varying currency.

‘The Bank directors have imposed upon the holders of money all the evils of a maximum. To-day it is their pleasure that 4l. 10s. shall pass for 3l. 17s. 10½d. to-morrow they may degrade 4l. 15s. to the same value, and in another year 10l. may not be worth more. By what an insecure tenure is property consisting of money or annuities paid in money held! What security has the public creditor that the interest on the public debt, which is now paid in a medium depreciated fifteen per cent. may not hereafter be paid in one degraded fifty per cent? The injury to private creditors is not less serious. A debt contracted in 1797 may now be paid with eighty-five per cent. of its amount, and who shall say that the depreciation will go no further?’

POETRY.

ART. 18.—*Classical Descriptions of Love, from the most celebrated epic Poets, Homer, Ariosto, Tasso, Milton, Virgil, and Camoens. By M. P. Grandmaison. Translated from the French. London, Blacklock, 1809, 12mo. 6s. 6d.*

WE gave a copious account of M. Grandmaison’s poem, entitled ‘*Les Amours Épiques*,’ in the Appendix to the 13th volume of the third series of the C. R. The present is a prose translation of that work. One specimen of the manner in which it is executed will suffice. It shall be taken from the fifth canto, where M. Grandmaison has copied Virgil’s beautiful description of night.

‘Night covers the earth, and sleep, with her salutary freshness

restores to man his pristine vigour; the waters were at rest; the woods were silent; it was the hour when in the heavenly sphere, the stars had travelled half of their nocturnal course--when, in the hollow valleys, by the limpid fountains, the brutes and the many-coloured birds forgot their toils, slept away their sorrows, and tranquilly enjoyed, in profound peace, the charms of sleep, that restorer of the world. But nothing could dispel the sorrows of Dido; for her eyes, for her heart no more peaceful nights. Now love possessing her whole soul, excites deep groans; and now her wounded pride rises with new vigour in her breast, and rousing the agitating emotions of burning rage,' &c. &c.

ART. 19.—*The Lost Child; a Christmas Tale, founded upon a Fact*, London, Harris, 1810. 12mo. 3s.

THIS is rather an affecting tale; but the author is not a master of those facilities of transition which are one of the requisites in poetical narrative; and in trying to be simple he sometimes approaches the confines of vulgarity. The diction might have been rendered more elegant without diminishing the interest.

NOVELS.

ART. 20.—*Guiscard, or the Accusation. A Romance. 2 vols.* By Horace Vere. London, Newman and Co. 1809.

THIS is called a romance, and *romance* it is with a vengeance. The story is intended to carry us as far back as the days of Edward the 3d, in whose campaigns the hero of this romance finds employment, and a kind of consolation, after the death of a beloved and adored young wife. The manners of the times are described, but the delineation is so very poor, that it would render the work heavy and uninteresting, even if the story were more attractive, or within any bounds of *probability* or *possibility*. It would be an affront to the understandings of our readers were we to take up any more space than is really necessary in speaking of this tale of Guiscard; but that they may have some idea of what the author perhaps may style the sublime, the beautiful, or the horrible if he pleases, we will give the opening.

'It was the close of day, and a tempest was rising; dark clouds passed heavily in lowering heaps, and diffused over the landscape a *lurid twilight*; the wind, gathering force from gust to gust, began to howl in the forest; and at every step of the traveller, screaming birds flitted across his path, in wild and *anxious circles*.' This we presume is to prepare our minds for something vastly grand, vastly gloomy, vastly terrific, and vastly fine altogether. But the story is such a jumble of stupidity and nonsense, and such a medley of incongruous and absurd events, as to leave us not at all anxious for the result of a tale which affords neither amusement nor instruction. The poor and hacknied events and difficulties of escaping from enemies

through subterraneous vaults; and monks, with long black garments, and large cowls, gliding through the gloom of evening, or stealing by moonlight into a castle to carry on some diabolical plot against the owner, are in Guiscard plentifully repeated without having the merit of any thing to captivate attention. A wicked and profligate woman, a treacherous servant seeking revenge for supposed injuries, and an intriguing and haughty monk, are characters of sufficient prowess, blended with insignificant nothings, to form a modern romance. Such is Guiscard, which presents us with an insolent and intriguing priest, a wicked and profligate lady, and a revengeful domestic; and for these hideous characters, we have not one good, one naturally drawn, nor one single paragraph of sound sense, entertainment, nor instruction, to recompense us for the waste of time which we have experienced in looking over this performance of the renowned Horace Vere. We have, on the contrary, to lament the hours which we have misspent ourselves, and the many which the author has thought proper to throw away in producing two volumes of trash to enlarge the shelves of the circulating libraries, and to injure the young female mind which is fated to pore over the nonsense of Guiscard, when it might be strengthened and improved by a different style of study.

ART. 21.—*The Assassin of St. Glenroy, or the Axis of Life*, 4 vols. By Anthony Frederic Holstein, Author of *Sir Owen Glendower*, &c. London, Newmann and Co. 1810.

Mr. Anthony Frederic Holstein is so well satisfied with the qualified praise which we afforded to his former tales of *Sir Owen Glendower*, &c. that he has favoured us with another production in four volumes; and from his preface we presume that he wishes us to speak very favourably of the *Assassin of St. Glenroy*. But Mr. Anthony Frederic Holstein's diction has become so much more frothy and turgid than usual, that it is very difficult, when he has any meaning, to make it out. For instance, in his preface, speaking of fancy, he says,

The wings of fancy were formed to expand, and, from the happy flutter of movement, exhibit the variegated dazzling plumage which illumines the darker walks of laborious study, and to cast a luminous ray over each laboratory of science; and woe to the presumptuous hand that would seek to clip the pinions of imagination, or check them from ranging the regions of novelty: for if the lofty and ambitious soarer does overstep the boundary of strict probability, we must not too heavily touch with the terpedian rod of criticism, lest we freeze the powers of mind, and, by its benumbing influence, annihilate self-confidence, and destroy that energy of effort, which is the first friend of mental exertion. Had the chilling voice of rigid censure blasted the appearance of a first offspring on the literary ground it sought to tread, I should for ever have renounced the hope of improvement, and, throwing aside the weapons of authorship,

have passively bowed to *public suffrage*, nor thought another effort could be more successful; but the voice of *approbation* has roused me to renewed exertion, and yet it has awakened me to a full sense of the precarious tenure of that ground which leads to the gilded mansion of fame; and I fearfully pursue the route, resting on the indulgence of those literary supporters, who have already deigned to applaud my former humble efforts, for continued aid, during the arduous journey, while hope yields elasticity to invention; and, inspired by that universal friend, who has vouchsafed to encourage the completion of the present narrative, I venture a second publication—one that has no *angel* for its president, but relies on a *woman* for principal support, one whose character the powerful mandate of *nature* forbade that I should sketch with the pencil of *perfection*, or presume to deck a *mortal* with the plume of Heaven. This is the first time we ever heard of *the plumes of Heaven*. Mr. Holstein further adds that he fondly hopes that 'the Assassin of St. Glenroy' may escape the condemnation of that jury to which he appeals for *mercy*. Now we are told by our great poet that 'the quality of mercy is not strain'd, it droppeth as a gentle rain from heav'n upon the place beneath; it is twice bless'd: it blesseth him that gives, and him that takes,' &c. and we certainly have a claim to a blessing in having had patience to read the Assassin of St. Glenroy; for a more improbable story surely was seldom ever formed, though keeping *mercy* ever in our eye, we must own that there are a few characters pretty well drawn. But it is a frightful tale, beginning with a murder, and ending with the accidental death of the hero of the piece, just as he is on the eve of marriage with the lady of whom he has for a length of time been enamoured. Instead of entering into the story, we shall give specimens of the manner in which it is executed.

'Far different,' says the author, 'were the feelings of the sister Hebe (speaking of the two daughters of Lord Rooven): she rushed with avidity into the busy charms of variety; for it was amid those she sought to bury the fatal remembrance of Percy; to quaff, in the dizzy cup of novel enjoyments, an oblivious draught of the past; and while her heart was deeply agitated by the effort, she found all seemed correspondent with its fevered pulse, since the whole orbit of dissipation revolved on the axis of AGITATION.' We must beg our readers to observe that in Mr. Anthony Frederick Holstein's novel, every thing moves or *revolves on an orbit*. He tells us, 'he has himself moved in the higher orbit of life;' and speaking of an author's life he says, 'the spider is famed for his ingenious web spun, with indefatigable industry, into a bulk far beyond the size of its own little body; yet a poor author receives no commendation for his art of spinning a literary thread into a voluminous bulk, although he ambitiously aims at catching something more than flies by his work. Now for my own part, I think great credit due to this art of lengthening matter, but which my *unfortunate*

brains are too dull to effect.' We are somewhat puzzled to know what our very ingenious author is aiming at. The art of spinning an uninteresting tale into four volumes, we think pretty good spinning indeed, even if he only aims at catching flies; for frivolous and vacant must that mind be, and most easily amused, if the four volumes of St. Glenroy can for an instant claim attention from its novelty or morality. The former it wants; and the latter is neither here nor there.

Some of Mr. Holstein's former tales were pretty enough, and the tendency good; but we are sorry to say that the Assassin of Glenroy has little to recommend it. The best characters in the piece are Dowager Lady Monteath and Lady Leinster; the history of the latter is by far the most interesting and the best told; and Miss Obrien's character is also well sketched. This is all we can say in praise of the Assassin of Glenroy.

MEDICINE.

ART. 22.—*A plain Statement of Facts in Favour of the Cow-pox, intended for Circulation through the middle and lower Classes of Society. By John Thomson, M. D. late President of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh; corresponding Member of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester; one of the Physicians of the Halifax general Dispensary, &c. London, Crosby, 1809. 8vo. pp. 24. 6d.*

A GREAT deal of useful information relative to the cow-pox, is condensed into this pamphlet, which is well calculated to dissipate the prejudices against the vaccine inoculation which are still entertained among a large class of the community.

ART. 23.—*An Essay on the Use of a regulated Temperature in Winter-cough and Consumption; including a Comparison of the different Methods of producing such a Temperature in the Chambers of Invalids. By Isaac Buxton, M. D. Physician to the London Hospital, and to the Surry Dispensary. London, Murray, 1810. 12mo. pp. 176. 4s. 6d.*

DR. BUXTON strongly recommends a regulated or equable temperature in consumption and in what he calls winter-cough. Though such a mode of treatment may be beneficial, we fear that it must, except in public institutions, be regarded as a sort of aristocratical remedy, to which only the sons of opulence can have recourse. Medical benefits, as well as benefits of other kinds, are greater or less in proportion as they can be rendered general; but how is this to be made general, or of easy application? How are persons in the active professions, or in the out-door employments, to obtain the means of perpetually breathing in an equable temperature? This temperature, according to Dr. B. ought not to be below 60°, which is the temperature of this country only during a comparatively small part of the year. But the sitting-room and the bed-room of the person may be warmed by a fire, and the heat regulated by a thermometer. True;—but how few are the persons in this country, or in this metropolis, where fuel is so extravagantly dear, who can afford to have a fire in their bed-

chamber, and how much fewer to have it kept up during the night? Besides, how few rooms are there in which an equable temperature can be preserved, or in which the mere opening of the door will not make a change in the degree of heat, and cause a chill in the sensitive patient, who is fondled in caloric according to the plan of Dr. B? Besides, are the persons who are confined to this equable temperature never to make their appearance in the open air till the thermometer stands at 60° in the shade? But, if they are ever to leave their rooms when the external temperature is lower than that of their apartments, will they not instantly be nipped and shrivelled like plants which are suddenly removed from a hot-house into an icy air? One of the arts of life is to mure the body to the different changes of the atmosphere. This is more particularly requisite in this variable climate; but is this to be effected by being immured night and day, like an exotic in a heated room? Even cough and consumption are more likely to derive benefit from the dietetic regimen which has lately been proposed by Dr. Lambe, of the King's road, Gray's Inn, than by any application of an equable temperature, which is so difficult to be preserved, and is so incompatible with the discharge of the active, and what may be called the out-door duties of life.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 24.—*Lectures on Experimental Philosophy, Astronomy, and Chemistry, intended chiefly for the Use of Students and young Persons.* By G. Gregory, D. D. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. Phillips, 1808.

THE author of this elementary work is well known for his diligence and accuracy in the difficult art of abridgment; an art which, when duly exercised, requires an attentive mind, a discriminating judgment, and a perspicuous brevity of style. He is now numbered with the dead, and we conceive that the verses of the Italian poet Flaminio to his philosophical friend Mirandula, might be inscribed upon his tomb with propriety and truth, if the name and tense could be changed without violating the metre:

“Felix, qui rerum causas, Mirandula, nosti,
Et eleganter explicas.”

ART. 25.—*Guy's new British Spelling-Book, or an easy Introduction to spelling and reading, in seven Parts; containing a great Variety of easy Lessons, exactly adapted to the Capacities of Youth, and arranged in a new, easy, and pleasing Order. The Tables of Words are divided and accented according to the purest Modes of Pronunciation.* By Joseph Guy, Author of the Pocket Encyclopedia, School Geography, Chart of Universal History, &c. and Professor of Geography, &c. in the Royal Military College. London, 1809, Cradock and Joy, Paternoster-row. 1s. 6d. bound.

AS first impressions often exercise an imperceptible but co-gent influence on the pursuits and habits of our future lives, the

spelling-book in which children are introduced to the vestibule of knowledge, and by which so many first impressions are made, cannot be a matter of small importance. It might seem, at first sight, of no moment by what book children are taught to read, provided they are taught at all. But spelling-books differ very much in the lessons which they contain, and in the impressions which they are consequently calculated to make. The lessons which are contained in this spelling-book of Mr. Guy are very judiciously selected. Nor are they above the capacities of children who are more inquisitive and thoughtful than is commonly supposed. We have been frequently exasperated to behold the nonsensical trash which is sometimes put into the hands of children, by which not one useful idea can be communicated to the mind. Some seem to think that the only object of elementary books ought to be to *amuse* children; but that kind of literary amusement is pernicious which is not blended with instruction. The culture of the reflective faculty cannot be begun too early; but, instead of its growth being promoted, it is only stunted by the common modes. We think that this spelling-book of Mr. Guy merits general circulation.

ART. 26.—*The Mermaid not Fabulous, being a Dissertation on the Existence, Figure, Character, and the Habits of that Phenomenon, unquestionably proved by the Mermaids recently seen on the Caithness Coast, by Miss Mackay, Miss Mackenzie, Mr. Munro, and others; also the Merwoman of Haerlem, who lived sixteen Years on Land, earning her Bread by Spinning, and attended Divine Worship, &c. &c. with the natural History of the Mermaid.* Loudon, Macpherson, Russel Court, 1809. 6d.

MISS E. MACKAY and Miss C. Mackenzie state that, on the 12th of January, 1809, while they were walking by the sea-shore about noon, they saw a face resembling the human countenance floating on the waves. 'The face seemed plump and round, the eyes and nose small; the former were of a light grey colour, the mouth was large, and, from the shape of the jawbone, which seemed straight, the face looked short.' 'The forehead, nose, and chin were white; the whole side face of a bright pink colour. The head was exceedingly round, the hair thick and long, of a green oily cast, and appeared troublesome to it, the waves generally throwing it down over the face; it seemed to see the annoyance, and, as the waves retreated, with both its hands frequently threw back the hair and rubbed its throat, as if to remove any soiling it might have received from it. The throat was slender, smooth, and white; we did not think of observing whether it had elbows, but, from the manner in which it used its arms, must conclude that it had. The arms were very long and slender, as were the hands and fingers; the latter were not webbed. The arms, one of them at least, was frequently extended over its head, as if to frighten a bird that hovered over it, and seemed to distress it much; when that had no effect, it sometimes turned

quite round for several times successively. It sometimes laid its right hand under its cheek, and in this position floated for some time. We saw nothing like hair or scales on any part of it; indeed the smoothness of the skin particularly caught our attention. The time it was discernible to us was about an hour. Such is the account of this marine prodigy, which is exhibited by Miss Mackay, daughter of the Rev. David Mackay, minister of Reny. It would be very ungallant in us to tell this lady or her fair companion that she has not spoken truth; but perhaps we may intimate without offence that the supposed mermaid was probably nothing more than a seal. The imagination seems to be very active on the coast of Caithness; and that faculty readily supplied the points of resemblance that were wanting between the seal and the human form.

ART. 27.—*The Orator; or Elegant Extracts in Prose and Poetry; comprehending a Diversity of oratorical Specimens of the Eloquence of popular Assemblies, of the Bar, of the Pulpit, &c. calculated for the Use of Schools and Academies; to which is prefixed a Dissertation on oratorical Delivery. With an Appendix, containing Outlines of Gesture. By James Chapman, Teacher of Elocution. London, Vernon and Hood, 1809. 8vo. pp. 540.*

THESE species of selections are so numerous, that it is difficult to say which deserves the preference. There is no want of judgment nor taste in these Extracts of Mr. Chapman, and his 'Dissertation on oratorical Delivery' is a valuable appendage to his work.

ART. 28.—*The Sermon of that celebrated pulpit Orator, the late Rev. Dr. Hugh Blair, on the Duties of the Young, arranged into French Exercises for the Use of the Youth of either Sex engaged in the Study of the French Language. To which is added, by way of a Key, a highly finished Translation into French of the same. By M. Lenoir, Professor of the French Language, and Author of 'Fastes Britanniques,' 'the English and French logographic emblematical Spelling-book,' and other approved Publications. London, Dulau, Soho Square, 1809. 12mo. 2 Parts, 2s. 3d. or the Sermon by itself in 8vo. with a Pindaric Ode, entitled 'Les Rois,' 2s.*

This professor recommends the teachers of the French language to let their pupils translate a certain portion of the sermon of Dr. Blair into the best French which they are able, when the master is to have recourse to 'the highly finished translation' of M. Lenoir. 'As the teacher reads,' says M. Lenoir, 'he should point out every deviation from the original author, and the reasons of such deviations, which will be easily found by the master, if a man of letters, should be explained to them.' This species of exercise is well calculated to improve the pupil in the knowledge of the French idiom.

ART. 29.—*Beauties selected from the Writings of James Beattie, L.L.D.* late Professor of Moral Philosophy and Logic in the Marischal College and University of Aberdeen. Arranged in a perspicuous and pleasing Manner, under the following Heads: Poetical, Moral, Philosophical, Theological, Critical, and Epistolary. To which is prefixed a Life of the Author, and an Account of his Writings, together with Notes on the first Book of the *Minstrel*, by Thomas Gray, L.L.B. London, Sherwood, Neely, and Jones, 1809. 5s. 6d.

WE are not in general friendly to the practice of publishing what are called the beauties of an author of genius and celebrity. Where a man's writings are very voluminous, and the splendid passages are rendered almost inaccessible to common readers, there may be some excuse for such a method; but among the beauties of Beattie, we did not expect to find a republication of the *Minstrel*, which is in every body's hands. With respect to the selections from the prose works of Dr. Beattie, they seem to be made with taste and judgment. Dr. Beattie writes with perspicuity and ease; but we cannot class him among the *profound thinkers* of the eighteenth century.

We shall quote the character of Milton from this collection.

Milton was one of the most learned men this nation ever produced. But his great learning neither impaired his judgment, nor checked his imagination. A richer vein of invention, as well as a more correct taste, appear in the *Paradise Lost*, written when he was near sixty years of age, than in any of his earlier performances. *Paradise Regained*, and *Satanstoe Agonistes*, which were his last works, are not so full of imagery, nor admit so much fancy, as many of his other pieces; but they discover a consummate judgment; and little is wanting to make each of them perfect in its kind.—I am not offended at that profusion of learning which here and there appears in the *Paradise Lost*. It gives a classical air to the poem: it refreshes the mind with new ideas; and there is something in the very sound of the names of places and persons whom he celebrates that is wonderfully pleasing to the ear. Admit all this to be no better than pedantic superfluity, yet will it not follow that Milton's learning did him any harm upon the whole, provided it appear to have improved him in matters of higher importance; and that it did so, is undeniable. This poet is not more eminent for strength and sublimity of genius, than for the art of his composition, which he owed partly to a fine taste in harmony, and partly to his accurate knowledge of the ancients. The style of his numbers has not often been imitated with success. It is not merely the want of rhyme, nor the diversified position of pauses, nor the drawing out of the sense from one line to another, far less is it the mixture of antiquated words and strange idioms that constitute the charm of Milton's versification; though many of his imitators, when they copy him in these or in some of these respects, think they have acquitted themselves very well. But one must study the best classic authors with as much critical skill as Milton did,

before one can pretend to rival him in the art of harmonious writing. For, after all the rules that can be given, there is something in this art which cannot be acquired but by a careful study of the ancient masters, particularly Homer, Demosthenes, Plato, Cicero, and Virgil; every one of whom, or at least the two first and the last, it would be easy to prove that Milton has imitated in the construction of his numbers.—In a word, we have good reason to conclude that Milton's genius, instead of being overloaded or encumbered, was greatly improved, enriched, and refined by his learning. At least we are sure this was his own opinion. Never was there a more indefatigable student. And from the superabundance of classic allusions to be met with in every page of his poetry, we may guess how highly he valued the literature of Greece and Rome, and how frequently he meditated upon it.

List of Articles, which, with many others, will appear in the next Number of the C. R.

Characters of Fox, by Philopatris Varvicensis.

Wallace, or the Fight of Falkirk.

Marsh's Lectures.

Jones's History of Brecknock, concluded.

The Husband and the Lover.

Curwen's Hints on the Economy of Feeding Stock.

Beloe's Anecdotes of Literature.

N. B. The *Alphabetical Catalogue* of Books which appeared in January is printed at the end of the Appendix to Vol. XVIII. of the C. R. which is just published.

THE CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE THIRD.

Vol. XIX.

FEBRUARY, 1810.

No. II.

ART. I.—*Characters of the late Charles James Fox, selected and in Part written by Philopatri Varvicensis.* London, Mawman, 1809. 2 vols. pp. 853. 20s. boards.

AFTER 175 closely printed pages of characters of, and eulogies on, Mr. Fox, in prose and verse, by contemporary writers, we come to the original character of this great statesman, which now, for the first time, makes its appearance from the pen of Philopatri Varvicensis. The learned author appears not only to have been personally acquainted with Mr. Fox, but to have experienced no small share of his confidence and regard; and therefore, he must be considered as better qualified to appreciate his character than many who have attempted it without these advantages. We must at the same time remember that this character is not only the production of a personal friend of Mr. Fox, but of one of the first scholars and critics of the age. We have therefore every reason to expect that it will be drawn not only with great accuracy and fidelity, but with great ability and discrimination.

The character itself is written in the form of a letter of condolence; and we fear that the author has in some measure injured his work by employing the desultory laxity of the epistolary style, to delineate the genius and virtues of his revered and illustrious friend. One of the first defects, which strikes us in this character, is the want of that luminous arrangement, which would have given more unity to the whole, and more identity to the resemblance. It appears more like a piecemeal production, than one written on any deliberate plan or of which the parts were regularly disposed and harmoniously combined in the mind of the author, before they were thrown upon paper. It is a picture which is not sufficiently varied with light and shade. It is a

CRIT. REV. Vol. 19, February, 1810.

I

portrait, which rather shows us some particular features of the man, often indeed vividly and forcibly sketched, than the whole contour of the likeness, which is only confusedly and indistinctly seen. This defect may, in some measure, be ascribed to the form which the learned author chose for the communication of his sentiments. Instead of a letter, it should have been composed rather in the shape of an essay on the political wisdom, the oratorical excellence, and the private worth of Mr. Fox.

After some few sentences of introductory condolence, we have several paragraphs of general rather than particular praise of the eloquence and the virtue, the political, intellectual, and moral excellences of Mr. Fox, when we come to something more like specific and individual delineation, where we are told that Mr. Fox 'repeated the noblest passages in the best English, French, and Italian poets; and in the best epic and dramatic writers of antiquity,' with readiness, correctness, and enthusiastic animation.

There is some information relative to Mr. Fox in the following passage, which is not perhaps generally known, and which we shall therefore quote:

'He read the most celebrated authors of Greece and Rome, not only with exquisite taste, but with philological precision, and the mind which had been employed in balancing the fate of kingdoms seemed occasionally, like that of Cæsar, when he wrote upon grammatical analogy, to put forth its whole might upon the structure of sentences, the etymology of words, the import of particles, the quantity of syllables, and all the nicest distinctions of those metrical canons, which some of our ingenious countrymen have laid down for the different kinds of verse in the learned languages. Even in these subordinate accomplishments he was wholly exempt from pedantry: He could amuse without ostentation, while he instructed without arrogance. He enlarged his own knowledge of real life by reflecting upon fictitious representations of characters and manners; and by the productions of the comic and the tragic muse, he was prepared to give greater compass to his arguments, greater vivacity to his illustrations, and greater ardour to his remonstrances and warnings in parliamentary discussions. Thus he turned, to the most important uses in practice those acquisitions, in which the generality of men are content to look only for the gratification of harmless curiosity, or the employment of vacant hours, for speculative improvement, or literary fame.'

We have soon after this some well discriminated remarks on the colloquial powers of Mr. Fox.

Mr. Fox had neither the general taciturnity of Mr. Addison who, "without having nine pence in his pocket, could draw for

a thousand pounds;” nor the general felicity of Mr. Burke, who, “take him up where you would, was ready to meet you; who talked, not from the desire of distinction, but because he was full; whose conversation, beyond that of any other man, corresponded with his general fame; and yet, who, upon some occasions, was satisfied with ringing the bell” to our indefatigable, inexhaustible, indomitable lexicographer. But you and I can look back to many hours, when Mr. Fox was not content to be *auditor tantum*—when, with the utmost alacrity, he would take his share in the liveliest and the gravest discussions—when he trifled without loss of dignity, or disputed without loss of temper—when he opposed, only because he really dissented, and yielded as soon as he was convinced—when, without preparation he overcame the strong, and without display he excelled the brilliant. Sometimes indeed he was indolent, but never dull; and sometimes reserved; but never morose. He was swift to hear, for the purpose of knowing and examining what scholars and men of sense were disposed to communicate, and slow to speak, from unwillingness to grapple with the ostentations, and to annoy the diffident. Though he commanded the attention of senates, he was not therefore presumptuous enough to slight the good opinion of wise and learned companions. But he might often meet them with spirits exhausted by intense exertion in public debate, or private reflection. He might carry with him trains of thinking, which were connected with political subjects of high importance, and which produced in him a temporary indifference to literary discussions. He might, in the society even of literary men, have sometimes looked for opportunities of relaxation, rather than exercise. But when silent, he was not contemptuous, and when communicative, he was not vain. Perhaps a general description of his colloquial powers could not be given more properly than by contrasting them with the defects which Johnson imputed to the writings of Dr. Mudge.

“Mr. Fox never “grasped more sense than he could hold.” He never “took more corn than he could make into meal.” “The prospects he opened were wide, but never so distant as to be indistinct.”

His exertions, when the importance of the subject or the cheerfulness of his spirits induced him to make any, were not unworthy of his general fame. But they were not frequent enough to impress common observers with the same admiration which they must have felt from the promptness, the acuteness, and the fertility of Mr. Burke and Dr. Johnson, in almost every company, and upon almost every topic. Let us, however, remember that the mind which rushed with the impetuosity of a torrent over the broad level and the rugged precipices of debate, was, in the current of common life,

“Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage; without overflowing full.”

That Mr. Fox conversed in private circles as he spoke before a public audience, for the purpose not of triumph, but investigation—that he never crushed his associates by insolent contradiction, nor endeavoured to mislead them by ingenious sophistry; that he listened to every objection with good manners, and answered it with good nature, as well as good sense.’

The metaphysical reading of Mr. Fox is said to have been ‘desultory, and perhaps scanty;’ but he must vigorously have cultivated that faculty of analysis, of which metaphysical studies perhaps more than any other favour the improvement. Questions of the most complex kind are constantly offered to the consideration of statesmen; and Mr. Fox certainly excelled all his contemporaries in reducing these to the most simple forms, and in tracing the infinite ramification of particulars to the great trunk of a few general principles. He appears always to have seen his way clear; and to have pointed out to others the right path, where the minds of common men would have been lost in a labyrinth of erroneous calculations.

The oratory of Mr. Fox was often resplendently displayed in vanquishing the pertinacious, prejudiced, and narrow-minded resistance which he experienced from the lawyers in the House of Commons.

‘He shewed,’ says the author, ‘peculiar dexterity in unravelling the webs of technical sophistry, and peculiar zeal, too, in scattering to the winds all the mischievous fallacies wrapped up in them by certain disputants, who, from the mechanical influence of their daily employment, direct their attention to the darker side of human characters and human affairs, who feel their usefulness to consist, rather in enforcing restraints, than in regulating encouragements, who too frequently acquire more expertness in imparting plausibility to misrepresentation, than luminousness to truth, who sometimes lose in real wisdom not less than they gain in artificial subtilty, and who chiefly derive their information from the remote analogies or arbitrary rules of jurisprudence, rather than from the affinities and contrarieties of political systems, and the diversified energies of moral causes.’

‘Such, dear sir, seemed to be the opinion of Mr. Fox, when he rose to explain what others had been labouring to distort or to disguise—when he extricated right premises from the knots of wrong conclusions—when he opened some new tract to principles, through a long and crowded maze of precedents—when he rescued credulity from the snares spread for its weakness, by the nimble slights of interpretation, and amidst “the noisy strife of tongues”—when he crushed petulance under the weight of argument—when he vanquished ingenuity by the tactics of

common sense—when he set well disciplined facts in array against a column of sturdy assumptions, preceded by raw recruits of jests and jeers, protected in the more vulnerable quarters, by light hussars of quirks and quibbles, and followed by a sable rear-guard of veteran truisms, ready at any time to swell 'the pomap and circumstance' of wordy war, and to serve like Swiss mercenaries, under any leader, and in any cause.'

An admirable parallel is soon afterwards drawn by the author, between the lawyers and the schoolmen, in which Philopatri exhibits his usual nicety of verbal distinctions and his wonted copiousness of phrase. The negligent complacency of Mr. Fox's general behaviour to persons of all ranks is thus justly described :

'It was the native ease and frankness of a mind reposing on the consciousness of its own strength, and disdaining to force attention by turbulent self-importance, or to conciliate favour by appearing to be what it was not. Among judicious observers of the real man, it had the same effect which artists ascribe to wet drapery on well-wrought statues. It delighted his friends, it softened for a while his enemies, and it offended only vain and testy persons who overrated perhaps their own consequence, and who had been taught to estimate the propriety of demeanour by its studied and multiplied formalities.'

The author then, with considerable felicity of argument and illustration, refutes the malevolent calumny, which was once very rife in the neighbourhood of St. James's, that Mr. Fox had been guilty of personal disrespect to the sovereign. He concludes with saying, that he has never been able to trace this story

'beyond the prattle of those gaudy triflers, whose busy hum and mischievous whispers ought not to be tolerated for one moment in quarters where the temptations to lying are so strong, the opportunities so numerous, and the consequences so pernicious.'

We think that the author is, on the whole, more happy in delineating the character of Mr. Fox as an orator than as a man. In this part of his work we follow him with more pleasure and interest than in the preceding. Here we wish neither to add nor to take away. Here we shall quote largely, and with unmingled satisfaction.

'The most severe and fastidious critic would hardly withhold the praise of originality from the manner of Mr. Fox's eloquence, and perhaps no public speaker has an equal claim to the encomium which Quintilian bestowed upon the philosophical writ-

ings of Brutus: "*Scias eum sentire quæ dicit.*" Systematically Mr. Fox imitated no man, and to no man, who is not endowed with the same robustness of intellect, and the same frankness of disposition, is he a model for imitation. The profuse imagery of Mr. Burke, and the lofty sententiousness of Mr. Pitt, have produced many followers among the "*tomidos; ac sui jactantes, et ambiciosos institores eloquentiæ.*" But the simple and native grandeur of Mr. Fox is likely to stand alone in the records of English oratory. Every man of taste would abandon the hope of resembling him in the rapidity of his elocution, in the quickness and multiplicity of his conceptions, in the inartificial and diversified structure of his diction, in the alertness of his escapes from objections which we should have pronounced insuperable, in the fresh interest he poured into topics which seemed to be exhausted, and in the unexpected turn he gave to parliamentary conflicts, which had already exercised the prowess of veteran combatants. Every man of sense, if he reflects upon these transcendent excellences, will cease to wonder at the complaints which hearers in the gallery, and hearers on the floor of the senate, have so often made of their inability to follow Mr. Fox through all his impetuous sallies, his swift marches, and his sudden evolutions—to calculate at the moment all the value of arguments acute without refinement, and ponderous without exaggeration—to discern all the sources and all the bearings of one observation, when, without any respite to their attention, they were called away to listen to another equally apposite, sound, and comprehensive.

Every person, who has heard Mr. Fox speak, will undoubtedly assent to the truth and justness of the following observations.

'The openings of his speeches were, I grant, sometimes slovenly and uninteresting, and sometimes he seemed to be deserted by words, when his mind was oppressed by crowds of thought which outran his powers of utterance, and which it was impossible for any resolution to repress, or any ingenuity to methodise instantaneously. But as he advanced, he never failed to summon up growing strength with the growing importance of the subject—never slackened his pace for the sake of momentary relief to himself from intense exertion—never digressed designedly for the mere purpose of amusing or deceiving his audience, nor ever stumbled without the power of rising from his fall with increased vigour and increased speed. In the close, he rarely professed to assist the indolent by recapitulation, or endeavoured to sooth the captious by apology: he disdained to catch applause by a glittering sentiment or a sonorous period: he said what at the instant appeared fittest to be said, and according to the different states of his own mind, or the different characters of the question;

he was temperate without languor, earnest without turbulence, pithy without quaintness, or solemn without grimace.

Again, says the eloquent writer,

‘ Mr. Fox did not bestrew his exordiums with technical phrases coined in the mintage of rhetoric. He did not tacitly compliment the sagacity of his hearers, nor entrap them into admiration of his own precision, by loud and reiterated professions of solicitude to be precise. He did not begin with requiring their attention to a long and elaborate series of divisions, and then insidiously throw in some extraneous matter to make them overlook the studied violation of the order before proposed, to catch the credulous by surprise, and to let the unwary imagine that a difficulty had been solved, because the intention of solving it had been confidently announced. His transitions were indeed abrupt, but not offensive. They exercised our judgment, but did not perplex or mislead it. Artless and eager, he pushed onwards where inferior speakers would have been anxiously employed in anticipating petty cavils, in deprecating perverse interpretations, in stimulating the dull, and flattering the attentive. If a vivid conception sprung up in his mind, he chased it till he had seized and laid open every property which belonged to his subject, and upon quitting it, he without effort returned to the leading points of the debate.’

The author next animadverts with considerable force of argument and display of eloquence upon an assertion, which has been ascribed to Mr. Burke, by Sir James Mackintosh, in his elegant character of Mr. Fox. The words which are imputed to Mr. Burke, are—‘ Mr. Fox, to be sure, was a man born to be loved,’ and ‘ by slow degrees he became the most brilliant and accomplished debater Mr. Burke had ever seen.’ Philopatriss seems to suppose that these words were employed by Mr. Burke, and insidiously quoted by Sir James Mackintosh, to depreciate the oratorical excellence of Mr. Fox, and to cancel his claim to the praise of the highest eloquence. We were inclined to be of this opinion, on first reading this character of Mr. Fox, by Sir James Mackintosh; but a recent and more attentive perusal has caused some change in that opinion. The following extract from the character of Sir James, while it, in a few words, most happily delineates the manner of Mr. Fox as a public speaker, bestows on him the most exalted praise which eloquence can claim.

‘ When he began to speak,’ says the recorder of Bombay, ‘ a common observer might have thought him awkward; and even a consummate judge could only have been struck with the ex-

quisite justness of his ideas, and the transparent simplicity of his manners. But, no sooner had he spoken for some time, than he was changed into another being. *He forgot himself and every thing around him. He thought only of his subject. His genius warmed and kindled as he went on. He darted fire into his audience. Torrents of impetuous and irresistible eloquence swept along their feelings and conviction.*

Perhaps it would be impossible to ascribe to any man more transcendent powers of eloquence than Sir James Mackintosh has attributed to Mr. Fox, in the words which we have printed in italics. Sir James adds, what certainly was not intended to qualify nor extenuate the eulogy :

'He certainly possessed, above all moderns, that union of reason, simplicity, and vehemence, which formed the prince of orators. He was the most Demosthenean speaker since Demosthenes.'

When Sir James afterwards quotes the words of Mr. Burke, who says that he rose 'by slow degrees to be the most brilliant and accomplished debater the world ever saw,' we do not think that he purposed to detract in the least from the eloquence of Mr. Fox, which he had just described in language worthy of the subject; but that he used the word '*debater*,' not as meaning a mere contentious wrangler, or wordy disputant in the forum of politics, but a man who was eminently qualified to shine in a popular assembly, to force conviction on his auditors, to efface the impressions of his opponents, and to triumph over the passions and the opinions of those who heard the thunder of his voice. Could higher praise than this be bestowed on Demosthenes, or on any other orator of ancient or modern times?

Mr. Burke probably used the word '*debater*' without much precision, as denoting generally one who took an active part in the contentions of the English parliament; and, if to this general idea of a speaker in a popular assembly we add '*the most brilliant and accomplished*' '*that the world ever saw*,' no parsimony of praise can *in this instance* justly be imputed either to Mr. Burke or to Sir James Mackintosh.

Had Sir J. M. used the words in question with insidious detraction, merely to lower the oratory of Mr. Fox in the public estimation, as if it were merely the art of a prize-fighting controversialist, he would not certainly have decorated him with such rich, such ample, but appropriate praise, as the preceding sentences, which we have extracted from his character, contain. We shall not therefore quarrel with Mr. Burke, nor with Sir James Mackintosh, for calling Mr. Fox '*the most brilliant and accomplished DEBATER*' in any age or country

in the world. Neither of them probably used the term with philological precision; and we suppose that if the word *speaker* or *orator* had been substituted for *debater*, even our erudite friend Philopatris Varvicensis would allow that neither Mr. Burke nor Sir James Mackintosh were envious panegyrists.

Those to whom we are best known will not rashly accuse us of any intention to flatter either the *manes* of Mr. Burke, whom we do not perhaps venerate quite so much as even Philopatris Varvicensis, or the living personality of Sir James Mackintosh, who is a stranger to us, and to whom we are strangers. But we thought it a duty thus briefly to defend both the deceased Mr. Burke and the still living Sir James Mackintosh from a misconception we are sure, a perfectly unintentional misconception of their words, by the erudite author of this work. We have still great pleasure in quoting part of what Philopatris says to prove that Mr. Fox was something more than the 'most brilliant and accomplished debater that the world ever saw,' because it will apply to the *general character* of Mr. Fox's eloquence, whether the term *debater* were only laxly and inconsiderately used by Sir James Mackintosh, or strictly and insidiously employed on purpose to tarnish the splendour of his oratorical fame.

'If,' says Philopatris Varvicensis, 'readiness in the application of general principles to particular occasions—if the fruits of long and laborious research into the usages of parliament, into the spirit of jurisprudence in our own and foreign countries, into the laws of nations, into the national character and national resources of allies and foes, into the opinions, practices, and memorable sayings of the most renowned statesmen in all governments, popular and regal, and all ages, ancient and modern, and into the causes and circumstances of all the great events by which great empires have been raised or depressed---if copiousness, and even felicity in illustrating---if earnestness in enforcing---if vehemence in refuting---if plainness of language without vulgarity, and grandeur without bombast---if these be the constituents of oratory, Mr. Fox has a most indisputable claim to the name of an orator. Whether indeed the merit of Mr. Fox be measured by his ability to enlighten a senate, or assist in a cabinet, to accommodate speculation to action, or combine utility with truth, we see the same unclouded perspicuity in his statements, the same undisturbed regularity in his reasonings, the same peculiar and varied colours in his diction, and the same correctness, fertility, and originality in his conceptions.---Yes, he was a wonderful speaker, a wonderful statesman, and in perseverance, patience, placability, and probity, a most wonderful man.'

The following criterion of the real, essential excellence of

Mr. Fox's oratory appears to us to be singularly judicious and wise :

• While some great and long-expected event is suspended, or some important interest is at stake, we are impressed instantaneously by the slightest as well as the weightiest considerations which a skilful orator may set before us---After those events have gone by, or those interests have ceased to be implicated in the discussion of any political question, our attention languishes, and our indifference generally passes from the question itself to every object associated with it in the speeches, the writings, or even the actions of men. But wheresoever this is not the case---where, after a lapse of time, after the cessation of all personal concern, and in the absence of immediate sympathy with a speaker or an audience, we feel as it were his ideal presence---where the anticipations of memory furnish gratifications not less enchanting than novelty itself---where the illusions of imagination convert the past into the present---where the affections preserve a kind of elastic force after impulse upon impulse, and vibrate again and again in the same direction, with undiminished vigour, can we require a more decisive proof of genius in the orator, who can at will thus call into action every strong and every agreeable emotion? Let the merits of Mr. Fox's ablest orations be tried by this test. For my part, when I look into them by mere chance, I cannot quit the mingled nourishment and luxury of the intellectual repast, till I come to the close of the banquet. Laying before me clearly all the links between cause and effect ; opening up to me all the principles by which the most momentous concerns of life are governed ; abounding with inartificial, but most impassioned addresses to the best feelings of the soul ; and elevated by the proper application of those hallowed maxims, which, if introduced without the rant of fanaticism, or the wile of hypocrisy, cannot fail to remind us that we are moral beings, destined to act, and to be acted upon, amidst other beings endowed with the same faculties, and subjected to the same responsibility, those speeches both instruct and interest me now, not less than they instructed and interested me upon a first perusal, when many external circumstances might be supposed to concur in accelerating and augmenting their effect.,

Though we think that the author has been more diffuse in his strictures on the expressions of Mr. Burke and the quotation of Sir James Mackintosh than the occasion required, yet, in another passage of his work *Philopatris* appears to us to have bestowed a greater share of praise on the former gentleman than we expected to read, and than we believe him entitled to receive.

• In the controversy, says the author, which arose about a late revolution, Mr. Burke is entitled to my gratitude and my respect,

for spreading before the world many adamantine and imperishable truths, which are quite worthy of protection from his zeal, and embellishment from his eloquence—many, which unfold the secret springs of human action, and their effects upon human happiness—many, in which he unites the ready discernment of a statesman with the profound views of a philosopher—many, which at all times, and in all countries, must deserve the serious consideration of all governors and all subjects—many, which at a most important crisis, might have averted the outrages and the calamities we have to lament in a neighbouring kingdom—many, which the principles of our own constitution amply justified, and in which the good morals and the good order of society were interested deeply and permanently.

We do not think that the expressions, 'spreading before the world adamantine and imperishable truths' are the happiest which the author could have chosen from his sumptuous wardrobe of rhetorical phraseology. We have heard farmers talk of 'spreading manure on their fields,' but if these truths were *adamantine*, how could they be spread? We may spread mould, but we cannot, in the same sense, spread a substance harder than Portland stone. Besides, if these truths were '*adamantine and imperishable*,' as the author asserts, what *protection* could they derive from the zeal of Mr. Burke? That these truths might be embellished by his eloquence we can in some degree allow; but then the embellishment would not heighten the attractions any more than a Norwich shawl thrown over the bosom of the Venus de Medicis. We are next told that Mr. Burke 'spread before the world' many 'truths' '*which unfold the secret springs of human action*;' now though we were formerly conversant with the political writings of Mr. Burke, we do not remember any truths that he ever unfolded which had not been disclosed many ages before he was born. The author adds, that Mr. Burke 'spread before the world' many truths, 'in which he unites the ready discernment of a statesman with the profound views of a philosopher.' If the sagacity by which a man discovers that, by relinquishing his former opinions and deserting his oldest and dearest friends and connexions, he may add to his stock of personal emolument, however much he may deduct from his individual respectability, constitute '*the ready discernment of a statesman*,' we will not refuse to Mr. Burke this species of panegyric. But we hardly know how, by any mode of interpretation, to ascribe to him the '*profoundness of a philosopher*,' unless '*profound*' be equivalent to *subterraneous* and *dark*. For though we might readily allow that Mr. Burke cast his prying eyes with malicious penetration into the abyss

beneath, we cannot so willingly accede that he lifted them up, like a benevolent religionist, to the heavens above.

Philopatris himself soon after spares us the necessity of delineating the character of Mr. Burke; for he says that

‘his judgment and his imagination were under the tyranny of his undisciplined and angry passions—that he infused into his writings the same unexampled and unrelenting violence which burst forth in his speeches—that his raillery was sometimes tainted with the venom of vulgar malignity, his statements encumbered with hideous exaggeration, and his metaphors bloated and disfigured by the introduction of the most loathsome images;’ that ‘in his pamphleteering attack upon the late Duke of Bedford, he trampled on the ashes of the dead, in order to wreak his spleen against the living—that he played off the most formidable artillery of argument and ridicule that ever was pointed against the interests of that aristocracy which he had undertaken to defend;’—‘that he insulted and exasperated instead of endeavouring to enlighten and conciliate the lower ranks of the community.’

The passage which we shall next quote, while, we fear, that it exhibits but too true a picture of the interior of Mr. Burke’s bosom after his apostacy, furnishes an accurate description of those inward dissatisfactions, those corrosive pangs and unspeakable regrets, which are usually experienced by interested and perfidious apostates. Let the words of the author be well and seriously pondered by those who are pausing in the vestibule of TREACHERY, before they ask admission at the door. HYPOCRISY may smile as they enter, and CORRUPTION may point to her cups of sweets or her hoards of gold; but CONSCIENCE with her scorpions pursues them by day and scares them by night.

‘Proselytes, after a few misgivings, soon glow with the real or pretended fervour of zealots—Zealots, expecting opposition, cool into determined bigots—and bigots, meeting with it, rankle into persecutors. In order to obtain protection against the indignation of the persons whom they have deserted, they adopt every prejudice, inflame every passion, and minister indiscriminately to every good and every bad purpose of the party to whom they have delivered over their interests and their honour—But if they happen to be gifted with keen sensibility, most salutary is the warning which they furnish to men who are yet hesitating on the threshold of guilt: for, in sudden wealth, or fleeting popularity, they receive a very precarious recompence for the want of those gratifications which honest ambition had formerly supplied—Impatient of that dreary vacuity, which in active minds follows the loss of their wonted employments, they

prowl for some prey to their growing appetite for mischief, and discerning it in the associates whose regard they suppose to be alienated, they spring with equal fury upon their defects and their accomplishments, their failings and their virtues—They are too stiff-necked to propose any reasonable terms of accommodation, and too high-crested to accept forgiveness, even when they are required to forgive—They brood in silence over the wrongs they have committed, and the retaliations they have provoked—They find themselves alike insensible to the comforts of solitude, and the joys of society—They vainly call to their aid the visions of self-delusion, and the blandishments of flattery, when they would bar the avenues of their hearts against the intrusions of remorse—They hate where they are conscious of not being loved, and try without success to love, where they are doubtful how long they may be themselves esteemed—Worn out, at last, with unceasing inquietude, they are numbered among the dead, with scarcely one sigh from those whom they have abandoned, or one blessing from those whom they have courted. Such are the effects of a wounded spirit, and happy it is for us to remember, that Mr. Fox neither felt, nor deserved to feel them.’

Much sagacity and good sense, and to those who will reflect, much instruction are contained in the general remark which is included in the two first sentences of the following quotation; and much discrimination and justness are evinced in that remark as specifically applied to Mr. Burke, to Mr. Pitt, and Mr. Fox. The truth itself, which shows how mankind ultimately apportion their esteem rather to virtue and to principle than to more dazzling qualities, ought to be continually brought before the view of men in exalted public stations, that they may be taught that the regard of their fellow-creatures, which is always the object of honourable ambition, can be rendered permanent only by the practice of incorruptible integrity:

‘Strong and agreeable,’ says the venerable writer, ‘are the feelings of admiration, yet, unless they be sustained by the approbation of moral qualities in their object, they gradually languish, and at length subside into cold indifference. Though wit for a time may amuse, and genius delight us, the good sense and justice of mankind induce them to take a *permanent* interest only in the disposition of the heart. Mr. Burke, who, by the sorcery of his eloquence, had captivated the senate, agitated a whole people with indignation and terror, and stirred up sovereigns to hostile confederacies, is at this hour almost forgotten by those whom he had endeavoured to please, and those whom he had wantonly provoked—by the supple race of courtiers, and by the “swinish herd.” Mr. Pitt seems to be less censured by his former adversaries, and less idolized by his former panegyrists. The gratitude of some for

favours received, the predilection of others for the system of politics which is now thought to prevail, the pleasing remembrance of personal friendship, and the sincere participation of that respect which *all* his countrymen felt for his magnanimous contempt of self, preserve some degree of veneration, and I add, affection for his name. No man was ever more applauded in the zenith of his power; and conspicuous, most assuredly, will be his talents in the records of history. Yet the brilliancy of many of his speeches has faded with the freshness of the occasion which produced them, and the sentiment of popular admiration which during his life-time was most lively, has undergone a partial decay. But Mr. Fox, who had little to give beyond good wishes, and little to receive from other men, beside the same wishes as the recompence of his good meaning, even now keeps a hold, which from the regret that mingles with it, is stronger, perhaps, than that which he had when he was living, upon our attention, esteem, and love. He will long continue to keep it, because his actions were not at variance with his professions, because his political virtues were not disproportionate to his political abilities, and because his errors and infirmities were not accompanied by cowardice, fickleness, dissimulation, or venality.'

After some remarks on the closing scene of Mr. Fox's life, on the regrets which were excited by his death, and the respect with which his remains were attended to his long home, the author says;

'They who pursue the plain and straight course from which he never swerved, will do just homage to his moral and intellectual excellences, and will obtain to themselves immortal honour for their sagacity, their fortitude, and their integrity. But they who strike aside into the dark and crooked bye-paths which he always shunned, will stand convicted of insulting his memory, of sacrificing patriotism to selfishness, and of heaping disgrace and destruction upon that empire, which his principles had adorned, and which his counsels might have preserved.'

The ample extracts which we have made from this work will enable our readers to form some opinion on the merits of the execution. The character itself contains many splendid passages, but there is much inequality in the whole. The arrangement, if there ever were any, is so confused, that it is difficult to be perceived. The abstract reflections and the general remarks ought to have been illustrated by particulars in the life of Mr. Fox. For want of historical and biographical exemplification, some of those passages, on which the author probably bestowed the most pains, possess the least interest. The digressions are too numerous, and serve only to cause a fruitless interruption in the continuity of the

sketch, and take the attention too much off the original portrait, which ought never to be withdrawn from the sight. In the delineations of character, when extraneous sketches are introduced, it should be done only to heighten the effect by means of contrast. Though we have no doubt that the author composes with facility, yet, we know not whence it arises, but most of his sentences appear to have been produced with effort. The author's brain is often in travail, but Lucina does not always favour the birth. The fetus which is born is indeed rarely deficient in bulk, but it is more seldom that it possesses simplicity of form or elegance of appearance.

When the ideas of the author are filled with the ore of pure gold, it is often beaten out into such thin laminæ in the expanse of his diction, that the perception of solidity, of weight and value, almost disappear. Philopatriis is a great master of words; but there are occasions when he pours forth more than the occasion requires. Perspicuity is the first beauty of style; and whether we may agree or disagree with the Grecian masters, we think that good sense will warrant us in affirming that precision is the next. Why do we speak or write but to be understood? but is not the sense always tardily conveyed to the understanding where the speaker or the writer employs a superfluity of words? It is now generally agreed that all metaphorical glitter should be avoided in a philosophical treatise, as tending rather to dazzle the mind, than to enable it to see clear. Perhaps as we make farther advances in good taste, which is nothing more than good sense, our political and moral writers will learn to avoid all rhetorical embellishment which the subject itself does not spontaneously suggest.

If flowers naturally spring up in the intellectual path, owing to the inherent fertility of the soil, it may sometimes be advisable to let them bud, and bloom, and shed their fragrance around; but an author is very injudicious who suffers his diction to display more blossoms than fruit. The pages of Philopatriis are often crowded with metaphors; and those metaphors are inflated by amplification beyond their natural dimensions. The mind of the author is full of imagery; and though that imagery is often very sumptuous, yet it is not always proportioned to his need. When Philopatriis once begins to chase a favourite idea, he does not quit it, till he has tortured it to death. We are not very often friends to long sentences; for long sentences are enemies to perspicuity. But some of the sentences of Philopatriis Varicensis are extended to such a length, that he must have good lungs who can read from the beginning to the end without being out of breath. One of these sentences occupies no less than four pages (vol. i. pp. 233, 234, 235, 236).

and clause is piled upon clause, till the memory is confused and the clue of connection is lost. Though it may not be easy to fix the precise number of members or clauses of which a sentence should consist, yet the good sense of the writer will generally suggest the boundary which it ought not to exceed. It ought not to be so great as to exhaust the attention and perplex the memory. There is a rule of correctness, of proportion and of beauty, in a well-formed mind, which is better than all the rules of the ancients. Philopatris Varvicensis would have written better if his learning had been less. We do not blame deference to authority; it may be and it often is both prudent and wise: but a man ought always to rely rather on his own strength than on artificial props. Philopatris Varvicensis often suffers his erudition to weaken the native vigour of his understanding. He often invokes other writers to his aid, when their arguments are less clear or more feeble than his own.

When some ancient or modern writer has expressed any argument more forcibly than we possess the capacity of doing, it may be excusable to employ his words, and to spare our own; but what end can it serve to strew the page with innumerable quotations? It may indicate learning, or rather the possession of books; for a man with a large library may quote to any extent that he thinks fit. But does it promote intellectual proficiency? Does it serve the cause of truth? We think not. The practice was very common to obstruct the page, confuse the mind, and perplex the sight with quotations in writers of the century before the last, but the custom has gradually grown into disuse as learning has been more generally diffused. A writer is not now thought more judicious nor more wise, merely because he can produce numerous passages from the poets, orators, and historians of Greece or Rome. We do not say that Philopatris merits the name of pedant. Pedantry supposes the *affectation* of learning, and Philopatris is too *really* learned and too unaffectedly erudite to merit the name. But still we should have been more pleased if he had been more sparing of his quotations. His memory is very retentive, his faculty of association quick, and his reading exuberant; but, what we want to see is rather *what he himself thinks on the subjects of which he treats*, than what others have thought before. He who writes English, writes, we hope, to be understood by an English reader; but how is an English reader to understand English, no small portion of which is Greek? What should we think of an English writer, every other sentence of whose book should be a quotation from the Welch? Even Philopatris would not commend this? And why? because he

does not understand the language of the ancient Britons. But how many Britons of a more modern date are ignorant of his Latin and his Greek?

One of the notes in the second volume of this work, which we have not space to notice as it deserves, is a treatise on capital punishments. This subject is treated with great force of sentiment and great variety of erudition. But even this note, which, in quantity of matter and extent of discussion, is in itself a volume, is rather a cento of passages from other writers than a regular and well-compacted whole.

The mind of Philopatris Varvicensis is certainly one of superior powers; but those powers, instead of being concentrated to a point, and directing their whole strength to a single object, are frittered away in a constant search after the opinions of others, which he details with scrupulous nicety and often with unnecessary minuteness.

If Philopatris Varvicensis be convinced that capital punishments are unjust in their principle and mischievous in their tendencies, and if he be capable, (and who can question his capacity?) of supporting his own opinion and of refuting the opposite, by a series of convincing and lucid arguments, why should he rest the main strength of his case rather on authority than on argument? We did not want him on this occasion to detail the maxims of ancient jurisprudence, nor the well-known opinions of Montesquieu, Hume, Blackstone, Paley, and fifty others of inferior note, but to put forth the whole force of his own energetic and active mind in the defence of his hypothesis. Our wish is not so much to be told what Hume or Paley thought, but what Philopatris thinks. Inferior writers may strengthen their weakness or relieve their dulness by reference to authorities and appeals to the living or the dead; but an author of such transcendent abilities as Philopatris Varvicensis should take the field of controversy without any subsidiary troops, and should trust for victory to his own unrivalled powers.

It often happens that when Philopatris has produced a few splendid sentences in which the thoughts, the imagery, and the expressions are the unborrowed product of his own mind, and when we are most highly gratified by the rich display of his intellectual preeminence, the pleasure is suddenly dissipated and the charm broken, by a piebald paragraph of quotations, which divert the attention from the principal subject, throw the thoughts into a new train, and chill the glowing sentiment of admiration.

Philopatris, as we have remarked above, is one of the few writers who would have written better if he had read less.

Much reading has made him anxious to display its variety and extent. His book-lore is greater than that of most other men; and he seems restless till he has let others know how wide and excursive has been his range. Hence his intellectual vigour is exerted rather in mustering and embattling the opinions of others, than in copiously explaining and energetically defending his own.

The other notes, which compose the second volume, will afford a rich repast to those who are fond of desultory erudition, who gaze with wonder on a sumptuous display of many-coloured eloquence, and love to feast on a varied dessert of Greek, Latin, and English, all placed on the same table, and served up in the same dish.

It would have given us the most heartfelt pleasure if we could have bestowed a more unqualified eulogy on this singular publication. On some admirable passages in the character of Mr. Fox our praise has, we trust, been liberally, and we are sure that it has been joyfully, conferred. *Philopatris* has many claims to our personal esteem;—but as reviewers, we consider ourselves in some measure entrusted with the custody of the public taste. This is a sacred deposit, which, from the commencement of our labours, we have never wilfully betrayed. We know that many persons are wont to look up to *Philopatris* as a paragon of erudition; who may perhaps suppose that they cannot do wrong if they adopt his mode of composition as the criterion of excellence. But we cannot conscientiously recommend the style of *Philopatris* as a model of perfection. It abounds with a pompous prodigality of phrase, of which the imitation must vitiate the taste. Juvenile minds are particularly liable to be captivated by the phantom of a great name; but it is the duty of a reviewer, as far as the sphere of his influence extends, to act on this occasion, as well as on many others, as the admonisher of unwary youth, to point out the seductive blandishments which are scattered in the works of the greatest masters, and to execute the sacred functions of criticism with rigid impartiality, without being diverted from the practice either by friendship or by enmity.

ART. II.—*Wallace, or the Fight of Falkirk; a metrical Romance.* 4to. pp. 240. Cadell. 1809.

THE readers of the Critical Review are in possession of our general sentiments regarding that species of modern poetry to which its inventors have chosen to affix the term 'metrical romance.' A successful leader will soon bring the

most pernicious novelty into fashion, whether in politics, philosophy, or religion. It is not to be wondered at, then, that the influence of unquestioned genius should have made many proselytes to the comparatively harmless innovation of a system of versification; and we are fully aware that, in opposing the partizans of a new doctrine which we (whether right or wrong) consider as inimical to the true interests of English poetry, we have incurred the risk of becoming so far obnoxious to a majority of our readers.

Our duty (or that which we conceive to be our duty) is the only ground of defence on which we rely for pardon from these "admirers of the old style of pathos;" but since, further to combat the system which we condemn would be only to tread again in the same steps that we have trodden before (for if our former arguments do not suffice, we know of no new ones that are likely to work the conversion of our opponents); to avoid unnecessary and painful repetition, we will proceed to our review of the poem now before us with reference only to the individual merits of its execution, and without a remark on the *class* of poetry to which it avowedly belongs.

We consider ourselves absolved from this task with the greater pleasure, because the beauties of the performance are of a nature almost independent of the style or method of its versification, of a description (unless our judgment has in this instance been misled by our feelings) too exalted to be materially depressed or elevated by the mere structure of the language in which they are conveyed. We can speak only from the impression made on our own minds by the perusal; and must honestly confess, that after we had proceeded far enough in the narrative to be interested in the event and associated in imagination with its illustrious hero, it became to us a matter of total indifference whether the line before us measured ten or only eight feet in length; whether we were reading a 'metrical romance' or an epic poem. In the spirit of cool and cautious criticism we should not say indeed that we approve of the style which the poet has chosen, or that we do not wish a more regular and majestic method of versification had been preferred; but we had much rather lay these considerations aside, or leave them to the judgment of our readers, who may allow them as much weight as they deserve after they have read the poem.

We should not, perhaps, omit to state, that report attributes the honour of this composition to a female, and, indeed, the introductory verses 'to Miss Gertrude Louisa Allen,' seem to sanction the rumour. Beyond this, and her own avowal that she is an Englishwoman, we have no knowledge

nor suspicion whatever of the author's name or circumstances. Presuming, however, on the truth of what we have heard, we will venture to say that there is no living poet of our sex in whose works those feelings which constitute the perfection of the poetical character are so strongly and unequivocally marked as in the writings of two ladies. One of these is the boast of Scotland; and if we express a degree of satisfaction in hailing the other as a native of the country *south of the Tweed*, let her not attribute it to the spirit of national jealousy (which, though she justly condemns, she has not, we think, instanced by a just example*), but to that of an honourable emulation; disliking, not to see an Englishman outdone, but to believe that Englishmen are unable to equal the outdoings of others.

We are not much pleased with the opening of the poem. If *the muses* must be addressed at all, due deference should be paid to their character, and to the recollection that all the realms of poetry were, by the fiction which created them, submitted to their jurisdiction. Does not a disclaimer of their assistance, then, sound a little contradictory from the mouth of a poet? But, waving this objection (which possibly is not a very sound one), something of formality and quaintness, at least, would have been spared, had the poem opened with the second stanza, and the 'Maids of Helicon' been let alone; for the succeeding invocation is not only sufficient by way of introduction, but displays so much warmth of imagination as to afford a favourable presage of what is to follow.

'Dark Spirit of the northern lay,
Hear from thy misty mountain bleak and cold!
Pour on my sight long ages pass'd away!
Shew me the deeds of old!
With thy mutterable spell
Bid this adventurous breast to swell!†
Give to my awe-struck ears
The murmurs deep of long-sepulchred years;
And to my wildly wandering eyes
Bid the dim forms of mouldering chiefs arise,
From the green cairn's moss-mantled stone,
To those who sleep with kings—the regal dust of Scone.'

* Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, whatever might have been the intention of Macklin, is not now to be considered, nor is it so considered, as a satire upon the Scotch, but upon all those, whether Scots or English, who cringe themselves into power and place. And this is a race not extinct in either country.

† The lines which are marked in italics we mean to exclude from the benefit of our general commendation, for reasons which, we trust, will be manifest to the writer.

Here the address should have ended—the two concluding lines are mere formality and repetition :

‘ Spirit of northern song !—Awake ! descend ;
Bend from thy misty throne, dark spirit, bend !’

But a single word of admonition will, we trust, be sufficient to warn a writer of such superior powers from the influence of false taste and puerility of expression.

‘ Now faint rose the distant battle song,
Then it died on the breeze away,
For of old Dunblane the saintly throng
Hallow’d the closing day ;
Heav’n’s beaming arch shone clear and blue,
And the sweet broom glisten’d with crystal dew,
And the Merle and the Mavis caroll’d free,
And the Lintwhite pour’d his minstrelsy,
And a mystic joy thro’ the wild groves ran—
Yet stormy and dark was the breast of man ;
And the azure sky, tho’ it sparkled so,
Was big with an injur’d nation’s woe.

But nature’s gentle voice was drown’d,
For, hark to the pibroch’s battle sound !
Hark to the war-steed’s clattering heel !
Hark to the warrior’s clanging steel !
In the wanton breeze the standard plays,
And the mail gleams bright in the sun’s last rays,
And fiercely glances many an eye,
That shall ne’er see to-morrow’s evening sky,
And the heart beats warm in many a breast,
Beats warm on the vigil of its rest !
For of peaceful years a false array
Oft flatters the hero’s closing day ;
And many a smile plays to deceive,
Like that which gilded St. Mary’s eve !”

* * * * *

The oppressions under which Scotland at this time groaned being rapidly described, the poet then proceeds to the mention of her hero.

‘ And was there none,—no Scottish arm,
In whose veins the native blood ran warm ?’

* The 21st of July, 1298. On the succeeding day was fought the memorable battle of Falkirk.

And was there no heart in the trampled land
 That spurn'd the usurper's proud command?
 Could the wrong'd realm no arms supply,
 But the slavish tear, or the abject sigh?

From Solway's oft-disputed deep
 To Stroma's wild and stormy isle,
 From old Braidalbin's snow-crown'd steep,
 Even to the pleasant braes of Kyle,
 Was the cry of the country heard!
 From each mountain brow, or broomy heath,
 It rous'd her sons from their sleep of death;
 Then Wallace like a storm-cloud rose,
 And roll'd back ruin on her foes,
 And the soul of the spoiler fear'd!

We are next presented with a catalogue of the chiefs assembled under the banners of Wallace on the eve of the battle,—a catalogue not of barren names of places and persons, nor ornamented by petty details of hauberks and habergeons, vaunt-braces and gambesons, morions and basinets,—but a true *catalogue raisonnée*, full of character, of good description, and just discrimination. The second personage in the poem, the constant friend and intrepid associate of its hero, is introduced to us by the following apostrophe:

'Thy country's blessing on thy name,
 Bold fronted hero!—gallant Græme!
 For her, how many of thy race
 Have looked destruction in the face!
 And, or prophetic whisperings lie,
 Thro' distant dim futurity
 Thy name shall long the symbol prove
 Of loyal faith and patriot love;
 Now heaven be with thee, gallant Græme!
 Thy country's blessing gilds thy name!

The allusion in these lines is very evident, to the noble Montrose, the lineal descendant of the hero here apostrophized, Sir John Græme, or Graham, of Dundaff. But this is greatly exceeded, as it ought to be, by the delineation of Wallace himself, which is as finely conceived as any thing we remember in poetry.

'Oh Wallace! thy bold unruddled brow
 Speaks the calm of a noble mind;
 Thou hast drank of the wave at the ebb and flow
 Thou stand'st like an oak while tempests blow,
 Unbent by the wavering wind!

'Mid the bursting flame, of the midnight flood;
'Mid horror's wildest scene,
When the brooks of thy country are swollen with blood,
Unshaken, thy soul still holds her mood,
And thy brow is still serene!
In the heat of destruction's fatal day,
Thy cheek it wax'd not pale,
Though the soul of a friend still flitted away
On every passing gale;
Nor on their heads; how dear are'er,
Dropp'd from thine eye one funeral tear,
Nor heaved thy heart one farewell sigh,
As the soldier met his destiny;
Nor private grief nor joy he knows,
Whose bosom is fill'd with his country's woes.

Such Wallace was,—and many a year,
Ere he had spirit, form, or name;
They say, that voice of gifted ear
'Mid tales of wonder, death, and fear,
Had prophesied of him—
Old Learmont, who by Leader's stream,
Beneath the war moon's sickly gleam,
Darted to lift his mortal eye
To the glimmering forms which glided by,
The unborn people of futurity!

The two most powerful barons on the patriotic side are 'the red Comyn,' a character well known in history, and Sir John Stewart, of Bonkill, son of Alexander, high steward of Scotland. These proud and valiant noblemen are represented as long harbouring a secret jealousy of the influence obtained by Wallace; the first from a spirit of envy and malevolence, which finally conspires to make him betray his country's cause to the enemy; the second, from a more pardonable principle of high ancestral pride, which ill brooks to see the command of the whole nation bestowed on one of comparatively ignoble birth and small possessions. These discontents now burst into a blaze; and Stewart begins the ungenerous attack by applying to Wallace a well-known fable:

'The winking owl, from his murky hole,
Envied the plumes of each nobler fowl,
And pluck'd from ilk bonnie birdie's breast
A feather to prank his russet crest;
Then struts from his nook in the low, ragged byre,
And forgets who lent him his gay attire;

Wallace! ye sprang from as rude a nest,
And may take the tale as it likes ye best.

The fastidious critic may inquire why Stewart alone, of all the Scottish heroes, and in this single speech, is made to talk in the Scottish dialect; and perhaps it is not a strictly sufficient answer that the speech is historical, being copied, with little variation, from the old rhymers, blind Harry, who relates the incident in his metrical life of Wallace.

We cannot now pursue the altercation which follows so far as we could wish to do, for the purpose of quoting from the temperate and firm reply of the insulted hero, and shall therefore only notice that it is broken off by the arrival of a breathless messenger, to whom somebody puts the following *very unpoetical question*.

'Now hail—now hail, Sir Adam Currie!
What tidings do ye bring?
Your courser's plight bespeaks your hurry;
Where is yon robber king?'

Sir Adam, as soon as he can speak, gives an account of his having seen the whole English force fixing their camp in the neighbouring vale of Linlithgow. The opposite impressions made by this relation on the minds of Stewart and Camyn display at one glance the widely different characters of Wallace's two opponents, and prepare the reader for the catastrophe which is to ensue through the treachery of the latter.

'Brave Stewart starts from his gloomy mood—
"Thank heaven! at length the hour appears,
When copious streams of English blood
Shall wash out the stain of Scotland's tears!
Wallace, it seems 'tis now o'er late
To sum up our debts of love or hate;
Let them yield to the awful voice of fate,
And sleep in each haughty breast;
But oh! in to-morrow's hottest strife,
Let heaven but spare me strength and life,
Thou shalt not fight the best!

* * * * *

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* * * * *

"Oh Camyn! all this world of toys,
With all its grandeur, all its joys,
Its pride, its ancestry, its might,
All sink like bubbles from my sight!
Devour them, time! yet let me save
From the wide wreck a glorious grave."

Nay e'en resentment's pungent smart,
That clings so closely to the heart,
The pomp of place, of wealth, of blood,
Sink all before old Scotland's good!
My country, take the sacrifice,
And may thy rescue be the price!

'Wan is the cold and watery ray
Which sheds a pale and joyless day
Thro' November's cloudy sky;
Yet fainter, ghastlier was the smile,
Than wintry gleams on Westra's isle,
Of Comyn's hollow eye!
I have mark'd the gloomy brow of scorn,
I have traced the sneer of guile,
But the darkest frown by malice worn
Was mock'd by Comyn's smile!

The different chiefs now prepare for the battle, which it is resolved to offer early on the following morning; and Wallace is left in private conference with his friend Grame.

Canto the second.—The companion of Wallace, in order to explain the cause of his unusual sadness, recounts to his friend a dream or vision of the preceding night, in which the ghost of his brother, Sir Patrick, (who had fallen not long before at the battle of Dumbar) appeared to stand before him, and to give warning of his approaching fate.

'But ere he melted from my view,
His hands a sable curtain drew:
Oh Wallace! what a scene was there!
Memory e'en now recoils with fear;
Half drown'd in seas of Scottish blood,
And struggling mid the horrid flood,
Our mangled thousands lay:
These very men, who warm in life
Pant to begin the deadly strife,
Fond haste! to-morrow's evening ray
Shall see their glory pass'd away!
Stewart, of name and lineage proud,
Lay mingled with the bleeding crowd;
In the midst, a spectre, sad and wan,
Lean'd on a broken spear;
Quick from his breast the life-blood ran,
I gazed upon the dying man,
Amazement banish'd fear,
For in act, in garb, in face the same,
Gasping his latest breath, I saw thy comrade Grame!

Wallace endeavours to smile away the dismal forebodings of his friend, and,

‘—tho’ little of warlock aid he reck’d,’

tears a branch of the mountain ash (rowan) growing by their side, and decks his bonnet with it, as a charm against the threatened calamity. He then addresses to him these words of heroic friendship, consolation, and encouragement :

‘ Oh Græme, my brother and my friend,
The dawn is creeping on,
And thou and I may meet our end
Ere this day’s work is done;
Or by the cozie ingle side
Thro’ tame old age may safely glide;
But this we know—no coward slave
Shall ever sleep in either’s grave;
Yet, lest life’s wintry eve be ours,
Let’s cut out talk for tedious hours,
While still our proudest theme shall be
The tale of this day’s victory !*’

Some further conversation passes relative to that present prospect, and to the plan of the approaching battle. They then are about to separate, each to the respective task allotted him, when a bird of ill omen seizes the rowan in the helmet of Græme, and flies with it away. Then we are told that

‘ E’en Wallace felt his cheek turn pale,
And his heart for doubt began to fail;
Græme cheerly smiled on his faltering friend,
“ Tis well! Fate warns me of my end !
Another hour of toil and sorrow,
Sleep, tranquil sleep, is mine to-morrow.”’

Another, and a severer, trial is prepared for the courage of Wallace; and here it is possible that the poet may by some be thought to have laid herself open to censure. For ourselves, we are of opinion that, though her attempt was bold, the result has been equally successful. The recurrence to supernatural agency, where there is no necessity for its interference, has been condemned by the highest critical authority; but our opinion is, that it is then only to be censured when it violates the character of the times, or is so introduced as to shock the feelings of the reader. The characteristic of the

* This sentiment, though expressed with great beauty and spirit, is too manifestly suggested by the speech of Henry the Fifth before the battle of Agincourt.

age of Wallace was superstition, and the firm belief in occurrences out of the usual order of natural events. Many stories of apparitions, and witchcraft, and second sight, were then circulated not only to the conviction of the auditors, but with the honest belief of their relators, and often according to the firm persuasion of eye and ear witnesses of the events recorded. If then it is not improbable that Wallace himself might be deceived into the belief of an unreal spectral appearance, we hold that there is no objection to the poet's introducing it according to the effect it is supposed to have occasioned upon his mind, provided it is not so distinctly made out, or so abruptly brought forward, as to offend the imagination of the reader. In the instance before us, all those precautions are taken which we conceive to be necessary. The mind of the reader is so far fashioned for the admission of wonders, by the vision of Græme and its accompanying omens, as not to be capable of sustaining a very severe shock from the narration of events yet more extraordinary; and the mysterious personage by whom Wallace is visited, and who renews his ominous call in a subsequent part of the poem, has so much of uncertainty left about him, as to leave it possible that it may be some illusion of the senses, and not reality, by which the soul of the hero is so shaken on the eve of his approaching destiny.

A grave historian, Holinshed, relates the following strange occurrence.

'On the solemnization of the second marriage of Alexander III. with Iolys, daughter of the Count de Dreux, as the bridegroom led the bride in the dance, followed in the same by many lords and ladies, there appeared at the last a creature resembling death, all naked of flesh and live, with bare bones, right dreadful to behold, through which spectacle the king and residue of the company were so astonished that they quickly made an end of their dance.'

On this *historical* basis the description in the poem is founded. The person that appears to Wallace is (or, if the reader prefers a natural solution of the mystery, supposes himself, in a fit of insanity, to be) the same with the frightful 'creature' that so shocked king Alexander at his nuptial festivities; a wretched being who, for some abhorred crime committed in his days of flesh, is doomed to wander over the earth for a stated period, with the curse of 'second sight' upon his devoted head. The following lines descriptive of that tremendous gift are surely well deserving to be placed by the side of those which we have often before admired in Walter Scott's Glentfinlan, and the Lochiel of Campbell—

‘ Soon there fell,
 (But when or how I cannot tell)
 A fatal influence o’er my soul,
 Which holds it still in dread controul.

* * *

“ As I sate on my rock, ’mid the weltering main,
 Strange visions came to my ’wilder’d brain;
 Wild forms and ghastly shapes arose,
 And told dark tales of human woes;
 Sometimes they spread before my sight
 The tumult of the distant fight;
 No secret murderer whet his knife,
 Nor struggling victim sued for life;
 But mine ear was fill’d with the wailing cry,
 And the gushing life-stream met mine eye:
 Avenging fate forgot not me,
 But sent a demon brood,
 Of crimes and evils yet to be,
 To break my solitude!”

After much more of the same wild and mysterious import, he greets the hero with this comfortable warning.

‘ Wallace! I have search’d the page of fate,
 I have number’d the hours of thy being’s date!
 But see where yon vulture wheels around,
 He calls his mate to the battle-ground;
 There shall a costly feast be spread,
 A feast of woe shall Scotland see,
 For yon bird shall gorge on the life-stream red,
 Of the flower of our country’s chivalry!’

Like the guardian of old Troy, the Scottish hero despises every omen.

“ The book of fate I cannot read,
 But well I guess ’tis there decreed,
 Whenever my years shall find an end,
 Scotland shall mourn a vanish’d friend,
 My bones shall sleep in an honour’d grave,
 And my name shall live with the good and brave.”

‘ The old man smil’d:—“ Thy bones shall have
 A wandering and unquiet grave;
 No stone shall mark thy place of rest,
 No sod shall cover thy mouldering breast;
 In dust thy corse shall never lie,
 Thine is a soaring destiny!
 Like thy aspiring soul, thy dauntless form
 Shall float amid the skies, and sail amid the storm.”

Wallace now stays the 'prophet of ill,' to inquire respecting the fate of his friend; and the skeleton-seer replies,

"To-morrow night, o'er proud Dundaff,
A funeral cloud shall sail,
And death's black flag on the banner-staff
Shall wave to the sullen gale.
Yea, art thou pale, because the gust
Shall scatter a little human dust?
Short-sighted man! the dreaded blow
Which lays thy gallant comrade low,
Is mercy's gift.—How would his eye
Endure the ghastly train to see,
Of scorns and wrongs, which destiny
Has heap'd to pour on thee?"

With such encouraging promises as these, Wallace prepares himself for the bloody business of the day.

Canto the third transports us into the midst of the English camp at Linlithgow, and introduces us to the several chiefs of Edward's army, as they are reposing in their tents on the night preceding the engagement. Another *catalogue* following so soon after the first, struck us as somewhat hazardous; but the variety and spirit of the accompanying description soon reconciled us to its introduction. It required, however, something more than common poetical discretion to perform well the delicate task here imposed upon the author. The reader, already animated by the spirit of liberty and independence, and taught in the preceding books to breathe nothing but abhorrence for the oppressors of Scotland, enters their camp with all the sentiments of a Scottish patriot. Nothing then would have been more easy than to have painted the 'ruthless king' and all his attendant champions in the genuine colours of hell, or when ascribed to their operations (as Mr. Northmore has done to those of a late English administration) the motives and assistance of infernal agency. But this method, it was well considered by the poet, would answer no good purpose whatever. To paint one of the greatest of our English sovereigns in the black garb of his satanic majesty, and to represent 'the flower of English chivalry' at his heels as little better than Legion coming out of the mouth of the demoniac, would have been neither patriotic, nor historically nor morally just. Still less would it have in any degree aided the poetical interest of the piece; for how could those alternations of fear and hope, of enthusiasm and despair, have been excited, if devils, and not men, were the opponents of our hero?

On the other hand, we have Mr. Cottle, who, composing what he calls a poem, on a very similar subject, *destroys* the interest of his story by *dividing* it, and anxious to escape the imputation of dislike to the cause of his country, confounds all our notions of justice, honour, and morality, by representing the oppressor as adorned with every virtue.

Between two channels so widely different how shall our poet steer her course? By the adoption of a very simple and a very natural expedient, an expedient apparently the most easy, but of which, nevertheless, true genius only will ever be found to have availed itself—by resorting to the principles of human nature, which teach her that man, adorned with great and splendid qualities, cannot be a monster of incredible vice; and to the records of history, which inform her that Edward himself was far from being this impossible monster. At the same time common sense and common virtue were enough to convince her that the author of unnumbered wrongs and miseries to a brave and unoffending nation must be yet farther from the angelic than from the diabolic nature.

Accordingly, this lady's Edward is a soldier, a man with all the passions and feelings of the military character. He is a prince, with all the pride and loftiness of spirit natural to one who from infancy has been taught to own no superior under heaven. In him generosity and justice are not extinct, nor the voice of human kindness forgotten; but the first are become subject to the imperious mandates of ambition, and the last is almost stifled by the long habitude of war and slaughter.

Nor does admiration of some great and splendid qualities in an enemy abate the enthusiasm with which the just and good still cling to that noble cause, which first claimed their constitution and support. And in this respect, a work of imagination will lose nothing by its close resemblance to reality. No reader will feel his attachment to Wallace, or his interest in the cause of freedom, diminished by finding, in Edward, the patient and undaunted soldier; the munificent patron, the generous friend, and the splendid conqueror. But he will allow some excuse for the enthusiasm of his followers and fellow-soldiers, though enlisted in a cause which he detests, in the character of their leader.

—On the heath a monarch lay,
Lay lowly, mid his proud array;
The king was sick, infirm, and old,
Yet, to guard the anointed head
From baleful dews or night blasts cold,
No tent its curtain spread,

For the regal soldier loved to share
The rugged heather-bed, and dark unwholesome air."

• He shrank not as the chill night wind
Came bleak from the northern sea ;
'Twas a thought of pride to his warlike mind
That of all his train the meanest kind
As softly lodged as he ;
And he smiled as the rude and reckless blast
Through his grey hairs uncourtly past."

This animated description of a soldier-king is ably contrasted, some stanzas further down, by the picture of the luxurious bishop-militant of Durham ; but we should lengthen our quotations too much by inserting it. The same reason prevents us from extending the extract we have just made, to include the lines which immediately follow on the youth of England, who are represented as sighing for the luxuries and pleasures they had left behind them ; but who, though now unused to the hardships of war,

• Yet let them meet the raging foe,
Anon their English hearts shall glow !
Let them but feel the kindling flame,
Once roused, they ne'er forsake the game ;
And many a silken textured wight,
Who timorous seeks the untried fight,
Quits the first field in conscious pride,
His maiden sword in crimson dyed !
The bruising mail, the smarting scar,
The ungente livery of war,
Soon wean the English youth from toys,
To glory's sports of death, and honour's perilous joys."

This animated description is, fortunately, at least as true to nature in the reign of George the Third as it could have been in that of the long-legged Edward ; and the plains of Talavera and the heights of Cornuua afford the best and only answer to those who, with too splenetic a foresight, anticipate the future disgrace of our arms from contemplating those effeminate warriors who strut about, the ornament of St. James's, and the admiration of Bond Street.

The love of virtue and independence again animates the poet, while describing the powers that are leagued together for their overthrow, and inclines her to question the heavens themselves for yielding their benign influence to purposes so hateful and unjust.

' Why, thou fair orb, dost thou smile so bright:
 As thou rollest on thy way?
 Canst thou not hide thy silvery light,
 That the heavens, all dark with the clouds of night,
 Might frown on yon fierce array?
 But why dost thou hide thy shining brow,
 Thou who walk'st thro' the midnight sky?
 Tho' the demon who gives the word for woe,
 Bids the tear descend, and the life-blood flow,
 Thy place shall be still on high!
 Thou lookest on man—thou seest him bless'd
 In the light of his little day—
 Thou lookest anon—he is gone to rest!
 The cold worm creeps in his lordly breast,
 He sleeps in the grave's decay!
 Thou sawest his rise—thou shalt see his fall—
 Thou shalt stay till the tomb has cover'd all,
 Till death has crush'd them, one by one,
 Each frail, yet proud ephemeron!
 To-morrow thy cold and tranquil eye
 Shall gaze again from the midnight sky;
 With unquench'd light, with ray serene,
 Thou shalt glance on the field where death has been;
 Thou shalt gild his features, pale and wan,
 Thou shalt gaze on the form of murder'd man,
 On his broken armour scatter'd round,
 On the sever'd limb, and the yawning wound—
 But thou, amidst the wrecks of time,
 Unfrowning passest on, and keep'st thy path sublime.'

We shall not dwell on the several incidents of this canto, which, however admissible as episodes, are not strictly conducive to the catastrophe of the poem. The circumstance of the kick which Edward is said to have received from his horse, and which broke two of his ribs on this eventful night, although historical, is not very poetical; and the cry of treason and assassination, with the confusion that follows, though perhaps likely enough to have occurred, adds nothing to the interest of the story, but on the contrary distracts the reader's attention in rather a disagreeable manner. We pass on to canto the fourth—

' Yes, it is come! that pause of dread,
 Whose silent interval precedes
 Men's flattering footsteps, as they tread
 Towards sanguinary deeds!
 There is an hour, whose pressure cold
 Comes even to the hero's breast!
 Each warrior's heart of human mould
 Howe'er intrepid, fierce, and bold,
 Has still that hour confest.

It is not when the battle-storm
Hurtles along the affrighted skies,
It is not when death's hideous form,
His threatening voice, and piercing cries,
Shriek in our ears and scare our eyes;
It is not when the slogan shout
Has sent the death-word 'mid the rout,
Nor 'mid the hail of the arrowy shower,
Nor when we see the life-blood pour;
It comes not then—that ghastly hour!
'Tis in the breathless pause before,
While yet unwash'd with human gore,
Our thoughts 'mid dreams of terror roam,
And sadly muse on things to come!
Then shuddering nature half recoils,
And half forbids the inhuman toils!
But 'tis too late—the die is cast—
The furies bid to the repast!
Oh! from the cradle to the tomb,
Comes there no hour so fraught with gloom,
As that ere nations meet, to seal each other's doom.

The description of the momentous conflict ensues, and occupies the whole of the canto. To speak of it in general terms, we shall only say that if in minuteness and accuracy of detail it does not display all that knowledge which the study of old chronicles and romances can furnish, it is nevertheless full of fire and animation, and diversified with sufficient incident, both of the heroic and the tender nature. The desertion of Comyn and his adherents in the hour of need is well known to the reader of history as the principal, if not the sole cause of the conquest which on that fatal day was obtained by unprincipled ambition over honour, patriotism, and the love of liberty. Most of the Scottish chieftains, except those who treacherously fled, were slaughtered in the field; and the picture of Wallace, the unwilling survivor of all his friends and companions, is not to be equalled in interest by any poetical description that we remember, except the circumstances preceding the death of Hector, and the almost parallel situation of Orlando in the Morgante Maggiore.

' Wallace look'd up, the glorious sun
Already half his course had run;
The fuming wound, the smarting scar,
He felt not, reck'd not, but his soul,
Wept as he mark'd day's travelling star,
Declining towards the western goal!

Crit. Rev. Vol. 19, February, 1810. L

That orb had risen on many an eye,
 That blazed responsive light :
 The orb still rides in the golden sky,
 But the eye is sunk in night !
 Many a rough hour has Wallace past,
 He has breasted the flood, he has braved the blast,
 And his firm soul has held her mood,
 While his feet were wash'd in kindred blood !
 But now they are vanish'd, one by one ;
 He calls on his friends, his friends are gone,
 And in the field of death Wallace seems left alone.

The death of the brave, but ambitious, Stewart is marked by circumstances of peculiar interest, and the picture of his widow sitting alone in ' Bonkill Tower,' and looking out in vain for the return of her lord, though not new in conception, is so finely wrought as to strike the imagination with fresh force and beauty. The fate of his best loved companion at length subdues the proud spirit of the hero, and plunges him in all the bitterness of incurable distress. The following extract shall be our longest and our last.

' Where is the forest, beneath whose shade
 The hunter rode and the shepherd stray'd ?
 Where the broad oaks, which high and wide
 Spread towards the heavens their arms of pride.
 A curtain to the lover's dream,
 A shelter from the noon-day beam ?
 I saw it shake its verdant boughs,
 When the morning song of the birds arose ;
 The glittering leaves, with early dew,
 Sprinkled the earth as the zephyr blew ;
 But the axe of the woodman rang aloud,
 The lofty heads of the forest bow'd—
 The forest is fallen, and side by side,
 Stretch'd in the dust lie its arms of pride.
 The pilgrim, when the rain falls fast,
 And he feels the chill of the driving blast,
 Trembling shall ask, and ask in vain,
 " Where did the forest stand, the glory of the plain ?"

Wallace ! and is it even thou !
 Is the glow of thy lofty spirit cold !
 And dost thou droop thy manly brow,
 And fix thy keen eye on the silent mould ?
 And why those eager glances bend
 On him who once was Wallace' friend ?
 Oh ! mourn him not ! for he was dead
 Ere the latest hope of his country fled ;

Ere the vital stream of her veins was spent,
Ere her heart was crush'd and her banner rent,
Ere she lower'd to the dust her lofty crest,
And the conqueror trod on her humbled breast,
Græme's guardian angel, from on high,
Beheld the clouds in Scotland's sky,
And spared the hero's lip th' untasted misery.

' There was a light in Wallace' eye,
Wan as the lightning's vivid glare,
'Twas not the flame, whose ardours high
Kindle the patriot to the war ;
'Twas the pale first-light of despair.
Wallace wept not, his burning brow
Was all too proud and stern to know
The soft relief of nature's flow.
No, Wallace wept not—cold and grim,
He fix'd a frozen glance on him,
Who every change of fortune tried,
Had stood, thro' storm and fair, unsever'd from his side.'

' And could he weep, whose eye beheld
His last friend slain, his country quell'd ?
Ill can the gentler bosom guess
The hero's silent bitterness ;
That mute, intense, concentrated woe,
Only the mighty soul can know.
Awhile ambition's sun may gleam,
Gayly to gild his noon-day dream ;
Night, wrapp'd in clouds, draws on at last,
And howling demons ride the blast ;
Wide through the troubled sky they sweep,
And plunge the writhing spirit deep,
In pangs too dire to groan, and woes too fierce to weep.'

Canto the fifth, and last, follows the hero of the poem to the closing scene of his existence ; recounting his escape from the English blood-hounds after the fatal fight of Falkirk, his reception in the castle of his friend Menteith, and the base treason by which he is finally delivered up to the rage of his enemies. Over his ignominious execution, that most foul and irradicable blot upon the character of our English conqueror, a veil is drawn sufficiently mysterious to leave the particulars of the unmanly indignities which he sustained to the imagination of the reader, while enough is ' darkly shadowed forth' to satisfy historic truth, and render the catastrophe perfect.

There is another character in the poem, connected with the fate of the hero by a chain of circumstances, of which we have purposely avoided to make mention, because the poet evidently intends an impression of surprise on the mind of her reader by a certain unexpected discovery at the conclusion. We had, perhaps, another inducement to restrain us from anticipating this unforeseen denouement. We were unwilling to interrupt a continued action, at once great and affecting in the extreme, by a relation neither important to the catastrophe, nor sufficiently so in itself to become a leading principle in the interest which the main subject of the poem excites. We know not, indeed, why we should in this instance hesitate to speak out at once more boldly, and say, albeit at the hazard of displeasing the more tender part of our readers, that we wish the circumstances to which we allude had been omitted, or at least that no discovery had been made. In truth, the event is improbable, without the merit of novelty or originality. Many are the ancient romances, and many the modern novels, in which the resemblance, at least, may be very evidently traced; and, wherever it occurs, the constant objection to it is, that we cannot believe it to be true.

But besides this, the poem is perfect without it. Nothing can add to, nothing can take from, the interest we feel in the fate of Scotland and of her hero; and as, in the breast of Wallace, all private considerations were swallowed up in the great public object of his existence, so must it be with the part which the reader takes in his career and fall. There is no room for any lesser concern, for any other individual feeling.

On reading over the extracts we have made, we feel quite satisfied that the voice of our readers will confirm our decision in favour of the poetical genius which must have dictated the work. Slight blemishes we have forborne to notice. Wherever they occur, they are generally to be traced to that carelessness and rapidity of composition to which the form of 'metrical romance' affords but too great indulgence. The trammels of regular verse demand so much time and attention as effectually to prohibit, in writers of any judgment whatever, the occurrence of a manifest incorrectness or gross violation of either sense or grammar. The facility of this 'pes incompositus,' deprives the writer of this solid advantage, in return for which it affords him a very questionable benefit in the reduction of labour. But these observations, which apply in some degree to all the works which we have read in professed imitation of the *ballad-metre*, are less fre-

quently to be drawn from the poem now before us than from any of its precursors, while, in our opinion, its beauties are more mental, its sentiments more exalted, its moral effect infinitely more sublime and attractive.

It is impossible that the name of its author can long remain concealed from the inquiries of the public; and we hope it is also impossible that the harp, once struck, can long remain silent.

ART. III.—*A Course of Lectures, containing a Description and systematic Arrangement of the several Branches of Divinity: accompanied with an Account both of the principal Authors, and of the Progress which has been made at different Periods in Theological Learning. By Herbert Marsh, D.D. F.R.S. Margaret Professor of Divinity. Part I. London, Rivingtons, 1809. pp. 116.*

FROM the title of this work we had expected to find that Dr. Marsh had begun a course of lectures which were intended to embrace the whole compass of theological inquiry. His title-page led us to form this opinion; for it announces 'a course of lectures, containing a description and systematic arrangement of the several branches of divinity;' though it appears to omit one, which is the parent stem of all the rest. No part is allotted to the discussion of the moral attributes of the Deity. These constitute the great trunk, from which the several branches of divinity shoot. Till we have exhibited satisfactory proofs of the benevolence and moral government of God, it is in vain to talk of describing and systematising the several branches of divinity. Can we be properly said to describe a system while we omit the most essential part? If we describe the bones and muscles of the human being, and yet say nothing about the vital principle, or the mental faculty, do we exhibit an accurate representation of what Dr. Marsh might call '*the several branches*' of the human being? The Scripture says, 'GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD, that he gave his only begotten Son,' &c. The promulgation of the christian doctrine is referred to the LOVE OF GOD, as the originating cause. Just and comprehensive views of the divine benevolence are necessary to prepare the way for right notions on the origin and design of the christian doctrine.

We are of opinion that, if Dr. Marsh had designed his work to embrace the whole circle of theological learning, as his title seems to indicate, he ought to have prefixed some

lectures on the attributes; and, instead of first exhibiting a critical sketch of a particular revelation, to have shewn, from a deep and extensive research into the perfections of the Deity, and the particular nature and agency of his moral government, the necessity which existed for such a revelation as the Bible professes to contain, and the consequent previous probability of its truth. The *à priori* proof, though founded only on a mass of reasonable probabilities, seems as susceptible of being brought within that degree of certainty, which is calculated to work on a thinking mind, as any other, and is especially requisite to combat the arguments of the sceptical, which are often drawn from the subtleties of metaphysics, and founded on the previous improbability of the thing. That faith, which is not built on a conviction of the previous necessity of a revelation drawn from reflective observation on the moral government of the Deity, will be found very weak when opposed by some sagacious disputant who has revolved the subject often in his mind, but has been led to view it in a manner unfavourable to the pretensions of christianity.

We suppose that Dr. Marsh intends these lectures for the instruction and the use of the undergraduates of the university. This makes us more anxious that he had laid a broad basis of argument on the principles of natural religion, before he endeavoured to elevate a superstructure of the history and criticism of revealed. If he had first established, by a satisfactory chain of argument, the moral government of the Deity, the most useful impressions would have been made on the minds of his juvenile auditors. They would go out into the world, impressed with truths, which, whatever opinions they might afterwards adopt with respect to the greater or less probability of a miraculous interposition, would be sure to preserve them from that kind of scepticism, which, if it do not operate as an incitement to immorality, at least abounds with no dissuasives from the commission. But those who, having taken a clear and comprehensive view of the moral government of the Deity, are convinced that there must be a future life to make up for that irregularity in the distribution of good and evil which is so evident in this, will have a sure stay in the hour of temptation and adversity, whatever notions they may entertain respecting any supernatural manifestations of the divine will. It is now time to return to the lectures, and to regard, not what Dr. Marsh might have done, or ought to have done, but what he has actually performed.

Dr. Marsh sets out with stating in his preface that these lectures were 'not designed for publication, at least not for

present publication,' but that he has abandoned his original plan in compliance with the *solicitations of his friends*. The *solicitations of friends* have, if we may believe the assertions of authors, been the means of stocking the world with numerous publications. We suppose that these friends of Dr. Marsh were persons who heard him deliver the lectures; but, if they had either previously heard or read the lectures, we are surprised what they could find in them which could induce them so importunately to solicit the immediate publication. We do not think that the lectures would have received any detriment, nor the progress of theological learning have experienced any retardation, if they had been quietly deposited in the *escritoir* of Dr. Marsh, till he had completed the whole course, or if he had suffered them to wait for a last revisal till the evening of life. We have ourselves read these lectures over with some attention, and we have not been able to discover any thing at all novel in the matter, nor more than ordinarily luminous in the arrangement. All that Dr. Marsh has said has been often said before; and much of it has been better said before.

We cannot but believe that Dr. Marsh had some *good reasons for his original design* of not publishing any part of the lectures till the whole were delivered; but, if he had, then why did he suffer them to be altered by the *solicitations of his friends*? When those *solicitations* are really made, we know that they are seldom any thing more than an hypocritical compliment. The friends of the Margaret professor probably felt that such a request would be agreeable to him; or else the professor himself was anxious to efface a stain which had been cast upon his orthodoxy by his *Essay on the Origin of the three first Gospels*.

We suppose that Dr. Marsh's new and blooming honours of Margaret professor, with which he has been adorned since he wrote that *wicked* essay, have enabled him to see the subject in a very different light, and to discern the verity of the Trinity and the atonement, which, it is said, once appeared to him as little consonant with reason or with Scripture as to ourselves. A country curate is reported to have told archbishop Secker, who brought some accusation against his orthodoxy, that his grace might well believe more than he did, as the curate believed only at the rate of fifty pounds a year, and the archbishop at that of twenty thousand. A man must be very incredulous indeed who cannot believe in any inconsistencies which he is liberally salaried to believe. When Dr. Marsh published his heretical hypothesis concerning the origin of the three first gospels, he was not Mar-

garet professor; but the addition of 1500l. a year to his income seems to have made a proportionate accession to his faith. He then saw through a glass darkly; but he has now not only visible but tangible proof that inscrutable mysteries are very *valuable* things, and very compatible with the genius of christianity.

As the good things of this life have such a salutary influence on the faith of Dr. Marsh, and as his power of believing seems to increase in a direct ratio with his emoluments, we should humbly recommend it to Mr. Perceval, by way of experiment on the quantum of faith which might be produced in one individual, to give the doctor first a prebendal stall, then a deanery, then a bishopric; and if there should unfortunately be a vacancy, not to let him pine in vain for an archbishopric. If the doctor's faith should increase in each stage of this progress in the same proportion which it seems to have observed when he vaulted into the professorial chair, we have little doubt but that, before he arrives at the ultimate period of his ascension, there will be no crudities in any creed in Christendom which he will not be able to digest.

The learned *professor* in his preface states his original design to have been not to publish any part of these lectures till he had finished the whole course; he then says that the solicitations of his friends made him relinquish that plan, and he next endeavours to assign some specious arguments for the dereliction. After this we were not a little surprised at p. 4 of the lectures themselves, to find the professor himself refuting those arguments, and assigning the most incontrovertible reason why he should have adhered to his primary scheme, and not have published one part of the lectures before the other, even in compliance with the urgent *solicitations of his friends*. For the doctor says of these lectures, '*such is their connexion, that without some knowledge of the whole, it is hardly possible to form a due estimate of any part.*' Could the professor have more strongly passed a sentence of condemnation on his own versatility?

If, according to the explicit avowal of the *professor*, one part of his lectures cannot be correctly appreciated without the rest, why did he publish one part without the other? For where can be the use of publishing that which, as the author himself intimates, cannot be rightly understood in an insulated state? It appears to us, that whether the professor thought that these lectures could, or could not, in their present form be rightly understood, they would, at least, prove to those, who might consider his former heresy as an obstacle to his ecclesiastical advancement, that he was not unwilling to be-

lieve as much as might be required in any situation. At the same time it is probable that the professor imagined, that while the publication of the lectures would operate in his favour one way, the above avowal would have a very salutary effect another, by retarding, at least, the assault of criticism on the present publication.

In p. 8, the professor says,

‘ It may be asked, *what is the end of the journey to which these lectures are intended to lead?* Is it the object of elements, thus general and comprehensive, to generalize christianity itself, to represent it in the form of a general theorem, from which individual creeds are to be deduced as so many corollaries? Or is it their object to maintain one particular creed to the exclusion of all others? The latter may appear to be less liberal than the former, but it is only so in appearance; while the advantages ascribed to the former are as imaginary as those possessed by the latter are substantial. It is difficult to conceive any thing more painful or more injurious to the student in divinity, than to be left in a state of uncertainty, what he is at last to believe or disbelieve. Where no particular system of faith is inculcated, where a variety of objects is represented without discrimination, the minds of the hearers must become so unsettled, they must become so bewildered in regard to the choice of their creed, as to be in danger of choosing none at all. *The attempt to generalize christianity, in order to embrace a variety of creeds, will ultimately lead to the exclusion of all creeds;* it will have a similar effect with Spinoza's doctrine of Pantheism; it will produce the very opposite to that which the name itself imports. And, as pantheism, though nominally the reverse, is in reality but another term for atheism, *so christianity, when generalized, is no christianity at all.* The very essentials of christianity must be omitted, before we can obtain a form so general, as not to militate against any of the numerous systems, which in various ages have been denominated christian. *Some particular system therefore must be adopted, as the object and end of our theological study.* What particular system must be the object and end of our theological study cannot be a question in this place: it cannot be a question with men who are studying with the very view of filling conspicuous stations in the church of England. That system then, which was established at the reformation, and is contained in our *liturgy, our articles, and our homilies*, is that system to which *all our labours must be ultimately directed.*’

In some of the sentiments which are maintained in the above extract, we are completely at variance with the professor. The learned lecturer intimates that it is impossible to generalize christianity without omitting the essentials of the system, without destroying the life and leaving nothing

but the skin. '*Christianity*,' says he, '*when generalized, is no christianity at all.*' We will undertake to disprove this assertion of the professor, and we will afterwards challenge him to rebut our arguments. In the first place, what does the expression '*to generalize christianity*' mean, when rationally explained? Can it mean any thing else than to render it subservient to the moral uses of the great mass of mankind? How is this to be effected but by carefully preserving the doctrine of Jesus free from any impure mixture, and by recommending no articles of belief which he did not inculcate as essential. But what are the articles of belief which Jesus did inculcate as essential? '*This is life eternal (or the condition of obtaining it under the new dispensation), to acknowledge thee to be the only true God, and Jesus, whom thou hast sent, to be the Christ.*' When Jesus was asked '*which is THE great commandment in the law?*' he answered,

'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment; and the second is like unto it. Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the laws and the prophets.'

At another time we find Jesus delivering this maxim as the summary of his religion, and the perfection of morality. '*Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye also unto them, for THIS is the law and the prophets.*' We only produce these few passages as specimens of the principles both of faith and of practice which Jesus inculcated as ESSENTIAL. By inculcating these tenets, therefore, without incorporating them with any dross of later invention, we generalize christianity. We accommodate it to the moral wants of all men in all climes. Will the professor have the hardihood to assert, that '*christianity thus generalized, is no christianity at all?*' If this be the assertion of the professor, we do not see how he can maintain it but by elevating his own authority, as Margaret lecturer in divinity, above that of Jesus, whom he (as a now-avowed trinitarian) acknowledged to be equal with God, and to be God himself.

As the professor, in opposition to the authority and the example of Jesus, who *often generalized his own doctrine*, has asserted that '*christianity generalized is no christianity at all*,' we do not suppose that he will shew much more respect to the theological labours of Mr. Locke; who has shewn, in an incontrovertible manner, how *christianity may be generalized*. Mr. Locke has reduced the complex creeds of christians to one simple proposition, '*JESUS IS THE MESSIAH.*'

This is one of those propositions which is received without hesitation by christians of every denomination. This is one of the *generalizing principles* which Mr. professor Marsh reprobates; but which Jesus and his disciples preached; and which Mr. Locke, who was free from the most remote suspicion of *interested motives*, who neither defended what he did not believe, nor believed what he did not defend, has proved to be the great leading and *generalizing doctrine* of the gospel. Yet this is one of the doctrines which this 'doctor mirabilis,' this incomparable Margaret professor, announces to be so generalizing as to lead to the exclusion of all creeds, or, in his own elegant phrase, 'to be no christianity at all.'

According to the inferences of Mr. professor Marsh, it is not enough to believe in Jesus as the Messiah, in point of faith, nor to do as we would be done by in point of practice; for the professor defines all this to be *generalized christianity*, and consequently in his eyes *no christianity at all*. According to him, instead of that generalizing scheme which was extolled by Jesus and his disciples, and which has been defended by Mr. Locke and the wisest theologues of modern times, we must adopt some *particular system as the object and the end of our theological study*. In plain terms, the professor means that we must leave the broad area of the church of Christ, and crawl into the narrow cell of some of the dogmatical theologues of more recent times. We must depart from the sunny region, where universal charity reigns, to enter those chambers of darkness, where anathemas are fulminated on every side.

The '*particular system*,' which 'is contained in our liturgy, our articles, and our homilies,' or the system, which is buried in an incongruous mass of ancient popery and of modern protestantism, is to be our exclusive study, to the prejudice of that more simple, but *generalizing* scheme, which is enshrined in the memoirs of the evangelists. All our labours are, according to the injunction of this disinterested professor, to be directed to this *particular system*, to the prejudice of a better. Mr. professor Marsh has hitherto been supposed a friend to toleration; his intimate acquaintance with the profoundly learned theologues of Germany encouraged the idea; but we fear that this favourable opinion will be diminished by some of the sentiments which are advanced in the present publication.

The professor comes forward in certain passages in these lectures as the advocate of a partial and exclusive system. And though that system is such as is enforced in the liturgy,

the articles, and the homilies of the established church, yet our veneration for the establishment will not permit us to think with Mr. *professor* Marsh, that this system is the only true, or that the church of England does not err, and sometimes grossly err, as the church of Alexandria and of Rome have often erred before. But the professor, p. 115, does not scruple roundly to assert (we will not examine from what *motives*) that the doctrines which 'are taught in the liturgy, the articles, and the homilies,' are '*in all respects conformable with the Sacred Writings.*'

As this assertion of the professor is totally destitute of proof, and as one assertion without proof may be thought at least as good as another, we will venture to assert that several doctrines are maintained in the liturgy, the articles, and the homilies, which, when duly examined, will be found to be totally at variance with the Sacred Writings.

After the professor has extolled the immaculate purity of the English church, which, by the by, is rather a fleckered product of the church of Geneva and the church of Rome, he seems seized with a sudden panic, by the picture of the religious differences of opinion which are, happily, as we think, prevalent among us. The professor talks of the religious dissensions of the Greek empire having occasioned its downfall by the Turk; not remembering that that downfall was promoted much more effectually by the profligacy of the court and the depravity of the people, and the consequent general imbecility of the government. But the professor, as if inwardly moved by this horrible imagining, becomes superlatively pious, and utters a solemn '*God grant*' that '*religious dissensions may not ultimately effect the downfall of Britain!*'

Though we are not enjoying the emoluments of the church, nor the pensions of the state, we trust that we are not inferior in patriotic feeling to the professor, and that we can pronounce a '*God save the church and king*' with as much sincerity as he; but we confess that we are not, like him, alarmed by the theological feuds which are so prevalent among us. The conflict of religious opinions is dangerous only when one party is not only animated with the will, but armed with the power, to persecute the other. Persecution, by causing resistance, might lead to civil broils. But, theological controversies, though the several disputants may call each other harsh and opprobrious names, can never be dangerous as long as they are confined to words, and the state has the wisdom and the dignity to preserve itself perfectly neutral in those questions which agitate the dogmatical pride or the angry passions of different sects. Diversities of re-

ligious opinions are often favourable to political tranquillity, as they abstract the attention from the measures of the government; and contentious religionists, who are disputing about precedence in another world, are certainly less dangerous than ambitious politicians, who are struggling for pre-eminence in this. If there be a certain portion of controversial asperity in every country, we think that it is better on the whole that it should expend much of its breath upon the altar, than that all the inflammable matter should be collected round the throne.

We are besides to consider, and the *former* authority of the professor and the shade of his learned name should not deter us from considering, that diversities of religion, which he reproaches, though they may sometimes generate error, often serve to elicit the pure light of truth. Where religious sects are numerous, religious and moral topics will be copiously discussed; and, though in this discussion passion will be usually found to have more sway than reason, yet the cause of truth will be always, more or less, benefited by the result. The mere exercise of the intellectual faculty on subjects of so much importance as those in which religious controversies commonly terminate, will of itself be found to promote in some degree the mental culture of rational man. We are therefore so far from thinking with the professor that differences of religious opinion are either pernicious in themselves, or perilous to the state, that we esteem them to be more productive of good than of evil; and to establish, rather than to endanger, our political security.

After the professor had gone so far as to assert that the doctrines which are taught in the liturgy, the articles, and the homilies, are '*in all respects conformable with the sacred writings*,' we were not unprepared to find some corollary follow which is not very unfavourable to *persecution*. If the doctrines which are contained in the liturgy, the articles, &c. be *in all respects* conformable with the Scriptures, then it follows that the doctrines of other churches, which do not accord with the liturgy, the articles, &c. of the establishment, must be at variance with the Scriptures. For irreconcilable contradictions cannot be conformable with the Scriptures, as far as the Scriptures are made a criterion of truth. Truth is not reconcilable with contradiction; and two contradictory opinions cannot both be true. If the doctrines of the establishment be, in all respects, conformable with the Scriptures, then they are the only true, and all others are false. The church of England, therefore, is advanced by the Margaret professor to the supreme elevation of an **INFALLIBLE CHURCH**. But if any church be deluded by her votaries

into the opinion that she is infallible, we may readily conjecture the practical result of this fallacious supposition.

That church which calls itself infallible will not easily endure contradiction. Any opposition to its doctrines will be considered as an insult to its high authority, and a departure from the truth, which ought to be repressed. If assent be not freely given it will be coerced, *for the good of the offender's soul.*

'*To dissent,*' says the professor, '*in this country, from the doctrines of the established church, is to dissent without a real cause.*' We almost shudder to think of the consequences to which this species of papal bull of the Margaret professor would infallibly lead, if the hierarchy of the church of England were not more tolerant than the *once* renowned translator of Michaelis.

If '*to dissent from the church of England*' be '*to dissent without a real cause,*' the next inference must be, that such dissent is a proper object of legal restraint. The professor has assumed the very ground on which fiery zealots have so often justified their tortures, imprisonments, and deaths. When Calvin procured Servetus to be burned, he thought that the doctrines of the church of Geneva were '*in all respects conformable with the Scriptures;*' and when the upright antitrinitarian dissented from them, he dissented in the language of the professor '*without a real cause.*' Such is the high-flown orthodoxy of Dr. Marsh, who was only a few years ago heretical enough to suppose that all the inspiration which the evangelists possessed consisted in sitting down at a desk, like attornies' clerks, and copying a *common document.* But the sweets of the Margaret professorship, and perhaps a certain lickerish longing for higher honours, have taught the subtle theologian *better things,*—and enabled him to discern the infallible verity of the thirty-nine articles, '*to dissent from which is to dissent without a cause.*'

Thus the professor, by one sweeping clause, has passed sentence of condemnation on every dissenter, of every denomination, in the British isles. He says explicitly, that all those persons who dissent from the doctrines of the church, *dissent without a real cause.* The professor therefore must impute their dissent either to their ignorance, or to their depravity. But we would ask this redoubted champion of intolerance, had Doddridge, and Lardner, and Priestley, or had Evanson, and Jebb, and Lindsey, with innumerable other dissidents from the doctrines of the church, who are gone to their account, neither reason nor conscience? Did they dissent without knowing why? Was their opposition to

the tenets of the establishment caused by corrupt motives, or by insufficient reasons? Is the Margaret professor a man of such infinite learning, of such transcendent genius, or such unsullied worth, that he is to be allowed to sit in judgment on these honoured names, and to call every wise and righteous dissenter before his inquisitorial tribunal?

We trust that we are as warm friends to the *real interests* of the establishment as Mr. professor Marsh, or even any member of the hierarchy, though we have never luxuriated in its emoluments, and our support has always been gratuitous and unbought,—but, we will never tacitly suffer the true principles of dissent from the establishment to be reviled, and a large and most respectable body of religionists, who pass under the denomination of dissenters, to be loaded with opprobrious imputations, and to be told that ‘*they dissent without a *cau e**.’ It is a matter of indifference to us by whom these accusations are adduced and these calumnies propagated. Whether the author be secular or spiritual, a churchman or a layman, a doctor of divinity in his pastoral chair, or a cobbler prating theology in his stall, we feel it our duty on these occasions to be no respecters of persons, but to defend not only the reasonableness but the duty of religious dissent when it is founded on knowledge, and enforced by conscience. Is this Margaret professor to mount the pulpit of St. Mary’s in Cambridge, to assert that all dissent from the doctrines of the church of England is causeless, and to lead his auditors to infer that it must originate in ignorance, in prejudice, or in wickedness? This is such a specimen of dogmatical arrogance as we should hardly have expected from the mouth of one of the roadeaters of Archbishop Laud, in the times of Charles the First, and much less from the lips of a learned and hitherto reputed very free-thinking theologian in this liberal, tolerant, and enlightened period. Whatever encomiums may be lavished on the erudition of the translator of *Michaelis*, he must henceforth be content to take his station among the enemies of religious liberty. We do not know what the professor may feel on this addition to his title; but for our own parts, we would not merit the appellation for all the emoluments of his pension, combined with those of his professorship.

We had intended to animadvert on some other passages in these lectures, particularly on that notable assertion of the professor, p. 113, that whatever difference may exist in the MSS. of the Greek Testament, they ‘*all declare with one accord the doctrine of the Trinity, and the doctrine of the atonement by Jesus Christ*’; but we shall probably have

occasion to expatiate on these subjects, when the professor publishes his next course of lectures. We shall here only remark on the quotation which we have just adduced, that, if the doctrine of the Trinity, &c. be so demonstrably clear, and so unambiguously expressed in the Scriptures, why should it have seemed so dark and dubious to the quick-sightedness of Newton and of Locke? and why is it so generally found that the more intimately a scholar is versed in the criticism of the Scriptures (unless he happen unfortunately to hold a Margaret professorship), the more fixedly convinced he usually becomes that these doctrines are not only not contained in the Scriptures, but are most essentially and diametrically opposite to the spirit and the letter of the Scriptures? Indeed this is so clear, that the most juvenile theologian might safely maintain the converse of the professor's proposition against him, or against any, or against all, the professors in Christendom.

We are sorry to remark, but we are forced to remark before we conclude our strictures on these lectures, that they are, in our humble opinion, totally unworthy the well-earned celebrity which the author obtained by the translation of Michaelis. Very little but the compilation of trite and common-place learning appears in any part of the work; and, we most solemnly declare that we have not found a single sentence in the whole, which exhibits one trace of that superior ability which we were wont to ascribe to the translator of Michaelis. But Dr. Marsh, the translator of Michaelis, and Dr. Marsh the Margaret professor, appear to be such totally distinct persons, that we do not know how, even by a stretch of metaphysical subtlety, to establish their identity. The strictures which we apply to the one we do not consider by any means applicable to the other.

If a man, from motives which we shall not name, orally or verbally defends what he does not thoroughly and cordially approve, a certain vapid imbecility will be apparent in the effort, which no subtlety can disguise, no artifice conceal. What most energizes the mind, and gives indeed double elasticity to its powers, is the impassioned love of truth, divested of any impure mixture of interest or ambition. Those who have loved truth, and who have spoken, have written, and suffered in her defence, have loved her for her own sake, and have adhered to her in indigence and misfortune, as a stay in life and a hope in death.

ART. IV.—*The Husband and the Lover, an historical and moral Romance.* 3 vols. London, Lackington, 1809.

THE heroine of this romance is represented as an orphan, placed under the protection of prince Charles of Lorraine, by her father the count de Montresor, who died in the field of honour. The mother of our heroine, who had passed her infancy in the court of Philip IV. of Spain, and received many marks of kindness from Anne of Austria, survives her husband but a few months. Her daughter, the young Sabina, she leaves to the sole charge of prince Charles of Lorraine, who, for some years lets her remain at the chateau de Montresor under the care of a father Theodore and a confidential servant of her late mother. When she is old enough to be introduced, he presents her to the queen mother, as the child of one whom she had once honoured with her friendship. The queen places her under the care of the Baroness de Bonneville, till she finds a suitable match for her. This is soon done, and the Marquis de Briscacier is the person fixed upon by the king for the husband of Sabina. The story commences with two letters from father Theodore to prince Charles, regretting the plan which he had adopted for his protégée. Sabina being anxious to know something about the marquis de Briscacier, is tempted by her maid Camilla, to go, unknown to the baroness, to a fortune-teller, called the Egyptian Sibyl, to cast her nativity. The description of the sibyl is not ill drawn, as the following extract will shew.

‘You must remember, said Sabina, to her maid Camilla, ‘with what reluctance I followed her emissary, when informed that I could only be admitted alone into her apartment; and had you not made me ashamed of the weakness of leaving the house, without accomplishing the purpose for which I had encountered so many difficulties to reach it, I should have positively refused to follow her. She led me up several flights of steps, when, after passing through a long narrow passage, lighted only by a single lamp, we stopped opposite a closed door. My conductor thrice knocked distinctly on it, a hollow voice from within exclaimed—“Enter!” on which the door, untouched, flew open: my companion grasping my arm, led, or rather dragged me into the middle of the chamber, and instantly disappearing, the door closed with a noise which made me start. I cast my eyes around me, and perceived that the walls were hung with black, on which were described various incomprehensible figures; spheres, telescopes, with skins of hideous animals, were confusedly scattered about. The obscurity which pervaded the apartment on my first entrance was gradually succeeded by the most brilliant il-

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lumination; and directing my eyes to the upper end, I espied, seated at a table, on which were placed pens, ink, paper, books, and curious instruments, a venerable figure, whose countenance expressed the most impenetrable gravity. She was clad in black, and held in her hand a white wand, with which she waved me to approach. I certainly felt myself impressed with awe and terror, by the solemnity and stillness which reigned around; and it was with sensations, which scarcely permitted me to breathe, that I obeyed her mysterious command. I had advanced to within a few paces of the place where she sat, when she pointed with her wand to a circle described around her, motioning me to stop. I complied; when rising, she approached me, and stretched out her brown and shrivelled arm. In obedience to her silent direction I had drawn off my glove, and presented her my hand; she fixed her wildly penetrating eyes on it, and was on the point of breaking the silence which she had hitherto preserved, when the sentence that hovered on her lips was suspended by a tremendous clap of thunder. It broke over our heads with a crash so terrific, as for a few seconds to deprive me of all consciousness; but gradually it rolled off—its awful rumbling became fainter and fainter, till it quite died away. The sibyl then grasping the trembling fingers, which she still detained, thus addressed me:

‘Long is the line of misfortune which thy palm exhibits. The fatal sisters are, e’en now, employed in weaving the dark thread of thy destiny, and ere Luna shall thrice become a crescent, thy heart, yet uncorroded by grief, shall feel its first approaches, by receiving at once the arrows of love and sorrow.

‘I started, and would have withdrawn my hand, but forcibly detaining it, she continued—“Lady, thou art young and innocent, and know not yet the waywardness of the female heart; thine will betray thee, and rejecting him whom thou art bound to love, it will become the victim of him it should disdain.” I was about to address her, but with decision she said, “Lady, I have done!” Immediately waving her wand the door again flew open, my former guide appeared, and led me back to the room in which I had left you.’

On her return from the sibyl with her maid Camilla, she is insulted by a person in a state of intoxication, and rescued by a youth, who conducts them to his hotel till he procures them a safe escort. Whilst waiting for his return, they overhear a conversation between two gentlemen, in which one is relating to his brother Sabina’s history, and acquainting him with the intention of the king’s giving a splendid tournament in honour of her marriage with his favourite, the *marquis de Briscacier*. These gentlemen prove Polish noblemen, travelling *incog*, and the cavalier, who rescued Sabina, a cousin, by the name of *Sapieha*, a lively character. Well, the lady Sabina is

introduced to the marquis, and marries him, the tournament commences, and the dresses and decorations are in the costume of the several nations they represented. Amongst the number of *noblesse* who enter the lists, is Don Juan, the natural son of the queen's brother, dressed in the garb of a Marcoman. Next came the king's brother, Monsieur, whose effeminate taste displayed itself in a Moorish habit of great richness; and we are told by St. Simon, that this effeminacy was much encouraged by the queen. 'La reine sa mere aimoit a le voir habillé en fille, et permettoit qu'il se montrât ainsi publicment, entouré de Jeunes Courtisanes travestis comme lui.' We next have a description of a far different character, the great Condé, habited in the Spanish style, wearing the hat ornamented with a profusion of white feathers, which our author tells us was the leading signal to victory in the memorable battle of Rocroi. The count de Chatillon also appears in a Swedish dress. The gay, the witty, and the dissipated count de Grammont is beheld in the costume of England, from which he had lately returned. The viscount Turenne, clad in the ancient German garb, next presents himself. Courtenai, the *degenerate scion of a noble stock*, is *reluctantly forced into the field* by the cardinal Mazarine. The summons was just going to be given for the knights trying their arms,

'when suddenly three strangers appeared, hastening full speed toward the field.'

'As they approached within sight, all eyes were attracted by the two foremost, and fixed in admiration of the superior nobleness and majesty of their figures, the splendour of their dress, and the unrivalled grace with which they managed their fiery coursers;' which we are told were 'milk white Arabs.'

Next follows the account of the knights in the ancient Polish costume:

'The first knight possessed a tall and exquisitely formed figure; his face was a fine oval, his features regular, his aquiline nose gave dignity to a frank and open countenance,* his dark eyes were full of fire and sensibility; and there was a loftiness and grandeur in his air and manner, which irresistibly inspired respect and admiration. The shield of this knight exhibited the figure of a lady, whose features were concealed by a veil, which a flying Cupid was extending its little hand to seize, and round it were these words—"Love shall lift it."

This knight, on entering the lists, performs wonders with the

* The description of this distinguished chevalier is strictly historical.

greatest ease and most infinite grace ; he even vanquishes the great Condé. The judges of the tournament conduct the Pole to the pavilion, in which Sabina is seated as the lady of the fete ; she is in the act of placing the prize over his neck, when her husband enters, and discovers in the person of the stranger his preserver in an adventure he had with some banditti in a cavern, into which he was decoyed by a dog trained for the purpose. After this recognition, the Pole is called the Knight of the Cavern. It also appears, that the knight of the cavern is no other than the chevalier, whom Sabina, on the night she went to the Egyptian sibyl, over-hears relating to his brother the account of her marriage to the marquis de Briscacier.

As the queen and court are returning from the field, they are met by a courier from the army, who delivers, a packet to the marquis, the contents of which oblige him to quit his bride and all the gayeties of the court, to quell an alarming mutiny which had broken out in the army. The marquis prefers the duty he owes his military character, and after arranging every thing, he conducts his bride to his chateau, and leaves her to enjoy the splendid exhibitions which are prepared at the court in honour of their marriage. He engages the baroness Bonneville to be her companion. Then follow descriptions of balls, masquerades, water parties, archery, &c. &c. in which the knight of the cavern acts a very distinguishing part, and is the most elegant personage amongst the numerous noblesse. He is also enabled to visit the marchioness, through the means of the baroness Bonneville ; an intimacy consequently takes place at the marquis's chateau between the knight of the cavern, his brother the count Olesko, and the chevalier Sapieha. This intimacy is matured into friendship ; as the marquis is still detained from his bride, every opportunity is afforded to those friends of spending as much of their time together as possible ; and as the marchioness is under the care of the good baroness, who is described as an excellent motherly woman, who enters into their amusements, &c. time glides away very charmingly and imperceptibly. But love, almighty love ! is so very cruel as to creep into the bosom of the all innocent and accomplished Sabina, which she as innocently takes (as a married woman ought) for profound friendship. The knight who excites those feelings, has art enough to make her believe that he is attached to a lady which is supposed to be the picture of the veiled fair he bore on his shield. Hence spring the disasters and the interest of the tale. The knight, who is for ever at the elbow of Sabina, accompanies her on the water to the isle of

Pheasants, situated in the middle of the Bidassoa.' Going a little too far they are overtaken in a storm, and the knight rescues Sabina, who tips overboard. They are both preserved, and after a declaration of the most violent love on the part of the knight, Sabina grows very grave, the gentleman is seized with a fever, and all is unhappiness and confusion. The knight recovers, and Sabina, with all possible timidity, plays to him on the harp, sings his favourite airs, and makes herself as agreeable as friendship and a warm heart can desire. But our readers will observe, that *she did not know she loved*; no, it was *friendship, pure, immaculate friendship*. However, after a time, the knight and his companions are summoned home;—he previously accompanies Sabina to their favourite pavilion, where, after a vast deal of fine sentiment, we are told

'the young, the inexperienced, the heart-struck marchioness, in the overwhelming idea that, with the fleeting moment, her lover would be lost to her for ever, forgot all but him :—and, to the delirium of his passion, sacrificed her vows—her honour—her future peace—herself!'

So, gentle reader, after a vast bustle and fuss about *friendship* and *decorum* in the young marchioness, it comes to the old story, a tale of seduction! The knight departs, and the marchioness, frantic with grief and remorse, writes to her husband to acquaint him with her adultery and his dishonour. She is at the same time attacked by a violent illness, and is only persuaded to bear the load of life from the generous conduct of her husband, 'who resolves on making a noble sacrifice of his own feelings, and with his beneficent hand, raise the drooping flower.'

The marquis therefore plans a divorce; he endeavours to find out the seducer of his lady and propose a marriage between them: but the mystery in which the knight of the cavern is involved frustrates these generous intentions. In all due time a son is born, which passes for the marquis's heir, and months and years pass on without Sabina knowing who is the father of the boy, but experiencing the most fraternal and noble attentions and tenderness from her injured husband, while she herself suffers the most acute remorse.

The marquis dies suddenly, and leaves a paper, informing Sabina that her lover and the father of her son is no less a personage than the great Sobieski, king of Poland. We will quote the letter.

'Should you not survive the writer of these lines, sweet and

beloved Sabina, you will quit this world, doubtful of his honour and integrity !—Afflicting idea !

‘He once gave you a solemn promise to execute, if possible, a project for your happiness !—That project remains unexecuted !—but from no failure on his part.

‘During his life, he has rather chosen to endure the severe pain of believing you have attributed to him the disappointment of your hopes, than that you should be aware you owe it solely to a cause, which must inflict tenfold sorrow on yourself.

‘Thus far has his tenderness for you actuated him. He has been encouraged also by the knowledge, that he still possessed the power of exculpating himself in your eyes.

‘But when death has deprived him of that power, were he not to leave behind him this transcript of his conduct, you, whom he so sincerely loves, must ever consider it with suspicion, too injurious to his memory for him to support the thought !

‘Yet learn, Sabina ! that tenderly as he has loved *you*, an attachment, the most enthusiastic, once subsisted between him and an unfortunate object, not less fascinating to his then young heart than you have proved to his maturer judgment ! The cruel tyranny of her relatives tore her from him ; and, reckless of her happiness, by forcing her into the arms of one who possessed not her affection, they ensured her misery ! It was with frantic despair he learnt this afflicting event ; and too late did her ill-judging friends repent their conduct. The sweet sufferer, thus snatched from the object of her innocent love, and subjected to the alternate fits of ill humour, or passionate endearments of him she hated, sunk an early victim to the grave—and left, on her lover’s mind, an impression of grief and regret the most profound.

‘From that period, till the one he first saw you, he had sedulously shunned your whole sex ; devoting himself entirely to the profession of arms. In you, *her* treasured image appeared to his delighted fancy again revived !—and he dared indulge the hope

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‘It was the deep horror thus early inspired for compulsory marriages, that actuated my conduct towards yourself, on my return to the *chatteau de Briscacier*: for so young were you—so short had been our acquaintance previous to the fatal ceremony, that I felt it impossible I could have been the object of your choice ; and I resolved to spare myself the torture of knowing, that I had been instrumental in affixing misery on a second interesting being : since, however different the *cause*, the effect would have been similar.

‘The name and condition of my envied rival were, by a singular chance, discovered to me ; and I at the same time learnt that he was on his way to Poland, which was his country. To a friend, who was then in an official situation, residing at that court, and on whose discretion I could implicitly rely, I entrusted the plan I have since detailed to you ; his well-known delicacy pointing him out as the fittest person I could have selected, to

enter on a subject so nice, with your lover :—but before my instructions reached my friend, that lover, who had found, on his arrival, his father already dead, was, with his brother, gone to Constantinople.—Thus, for a time, were my eager wishes postponed !—The letter I received on the evening prior to my first quitting the chateau de Montresor, conveyed to me this intelligence. Still was I not discouraged ;—a few months delay was all I then had to regret.

‘ Ere the return of my rival; my friend was, for a short time, recalled from Poland ; and, on resuming his station there, found that *he*, whom, for my sake, he was so desirous of encountering, had passed a short time, during his absence, in Warsaw, and was then gone, as a voluntary hostage for *his* country, to that of the Tartars !—Thus were our views a second time frustrated.

‘ Judge, dearest Sabina, with what feelings I afterwards learnt that, on his revisiting his country, an obstacle opposed my hopes, of which I little dreamed ! That man, whose fate I so greatly envied, in being loved by you, was on the point of marriage with another !’

Sabina meekly raising her hands and eyes towards heaven, remained, for some time in speechless agitation ;—then, in a voice, tremulous from emotion, she said,

‘ It has pleased *Thee*, that I should drink, even to the very dregs, my bitter cup of life !—Thy will be done.’

The marquis’s letter thus concluded :—

‘ In a case so little foreseen and delicate, my friend preserved silence towards him ; and still ignorant of my designs in his favour, he pronounced those vows, which separated you for ever !

‘ Never could I resolve on informing you of an event, which I knew must so infinitely shock you—yet which could alone explain my seeming want of probity. Rather have I preferred evincing my genuine tenderness, by preserving even at this price, the fatal secret. * * * * *

‘ Had it pleased Heaven to have conferred on me the power of constituting your happiness, mine would have been secured !—As it is, I feel consolation in the reflection, that what I *could* do to ensure it, has been by me performed.

‘ May that lovely boy, whose birth has cost so many tears to his enchanting mother, amply compensate to her for all the sorrow she has suffered !—and, by his filial tenderness, teach her to live again in him !’

Soon after Sabina dies, leaving her son to the care of prince Charles of Lorraine and father Theodore, and restoring to the marquis’s nephew the estates he had left. Prince Charles of

Lorraine gives Sabina's son (who is named Sidney) a commission, and accompanies him to Vienna to oppose the Ottoman forces. The Emperor Leopold persuades Sobieski to become his ally, and prince Charles forms the plan of introducing Sidney to his father, and claiming his protection. This he attains, and an explanation takes place in the tent of prince Charles. When Sobieski is first informed of the death of his victim, and the birth of his son, whom he acknowledges, he also explains in his turn, and, in a great measure, extenuates his conduct towards Sabina, by detailing his life, and the various circumstances that precluded his return to France, as well as his ignorance of the intention of the marquis de Briscacier in his favour, and therefore complies with his mother's wishes, in taking a partner to his throne. Sidney is properly received and provided for, marries a cousin, and retires to his mother's estate in France, &c.

The story of Sidney Stanhope and her daughter, is interesting, and the characters of the baronets de Bonneville and the generous Sapieha, with that of the marquis de Briscacier, are not ill executed. The work itself is much interspersed with historical facts, some of which, to novel readers, will be thought tedious; nor can we pass any eulogy on the moral tendencies of the present publication. With young minds the perusal is more likely to be productive of mischief than of benefit.

ART. V.—*Anecdotes of Literature and scarce Books.* By the Rev. William Beloe, Translator of Herodotus, &c. Vol. III. London, Rivington, 1808. 9s.

BIBLIOGRAPHY, originating in knowledge, and conducted with taste and skill, is a respectable branch of learning, though bibliographical books may be an inferior sort of literary manutecture, made up, after running the eye over catalogues, and drinking silently from other people's springs.

In the scale of bibliographical writers, however, it is not intended here to assign Mr. Beloe's place. Let it suffice just to announce, that the present volume is the last of three, that it is to be followed by two more, and that the author has prepared an appendix, which will contain corrections and additions to his former volumes.

To begin with the Greek books. We begin here, thinking it most regular, at least as more agreeable to the truth.

Mr. Beloe's account comprehends Greek books from 1476

to 1500; 1 with a date, 2 *sine anno*. 3, *apud Aldum*. This proceeds regularly from p. 149 to p. 217. He then breaks off to give an account of early editions of Virgil, and then again passes to a brief account of early printers. He returns to his Greek, p. 309, and describes Greek books of the 15th century in capital letters to 316. In the middle of the volume, between 'the life of Joane of the Crosse' and Wilson's Bible, we have the *Alexandrian MS.* which certainly ought to have fallen into the ranks among his biblicals or his Greek books.

This account, however, of Greek books, though not containing any thing materially new, is, in our opinion, the most interesting and useful part of this volume; and the account more particularly of the *Editio Princeps* of Homer is discriminating and just. Mr. Beloe informs us, there is a copy of it in the collection of 'Earl Spencer, the bishop of Rochester, and his learned friend Dr. Raine, of the Charterhouse.' Should he not also have added that there is one in the Bodleian library and the British Museum? An acquaintance with the distinguished persons above mentioned is certainly creditable to Mr. Beloe; and such gentlemen, in their literary characters, are unquestionably entitled to respect; but bibliographical works should aim to be useful, rather than complimentary, as they are addressed to inquirers who would be better satisfied in being informed that such an edition is lodged in a public library, where it may be perused by the public, and examined at leisure, than that it is in the collection of a private gentleman, where it may not be accessible, at least only to a few friends. This hint is dropped in reference to the general character of this volume. The words quoted by Mr. Beloe from Maittaire we shall quote again, not merely as a testimony to the excellence of the *Editio Princeps* of Homer, but as a specimen of excellent remark, in reference to that edition.

'Maittaire, who unlike the generality of bibliographers, is not contented with giving a dry and accurate description of the book before him, but improves us by his learning and interests us by his taste, is elevated almost to rapture when speaking of this first Homer. "Milan," he observes, "and Venice, had some reason to be proud, as having produced the first Greek books, but Florence could not bear to be outdone (*erubuit vinct*), and accordingly produced what made ample amends for her delay.

'What had hitherto been done in Greek typography might be said to resemble slight skirmishings before a great battle; for what is a single sheaf compared with the fulness of the harvest?

What is the Grammar of Lascaris compared with the Homer of Florence? Whilst other cities were making feeble and immature efforts on the threshold, as it were, of learning, Florence, by one mighty effort, arrived at once at the summit, and produced what defied all competition."

Mr. Beloe expresses a difference in opinion from Panzer and other writers, relative to Bernardus Nerlius, the author of the Latin epistle prefixed to this edition, 'who has usually been supposed with his brother Neris, to have been the printer of this book.' Mr. B. supposes them to have been men of rank and learning. His opinion seems right; though his reasons are not quite conclusive. The first printers were men of respectability and learning, qualified to write as good Latin prefaces as this, and in the habit of doing it, and in the habit too of receiving as handsome compliments, as Nerlius here receives from Chalcondylas, in his Greek preface, as witness the Aldi and the Stephani and others. The Colophon at the end certainly confirms and decides the opinion: it is the language adopted in Colophons to distinguish the patron of literature from the mere printer. *Αναλωματι μου των ιερων και αγαθων ανδρων και περι λογους Ελληνικας σπουδαιων βιβλιαρων και Νηριου Τανταιδος του Νηριλιου Φλωρεντινου· ποινι δε και δεξιότητι Δημητρίου Μεδολαιου Κρητος.*

Seeing *Alexandrian MS.* in Mr. Beloe's table of contents, knowing that this is deemed one of the most curious MSS. and by many the most valuable Greek MS. any where extant, and that Mr. Beloe, formerly one of the librarians in the British Museum (where this MS. is lodged) could at any time gain access to it, we naturally looked for some agreeable information: how were we disappointed in finding nothing but the following account!

'Ten copies only of the Alexandrian manuscript of the Greek Testament in the British Museum were printed upon vellum. They were subscribed for by the following individuals: his majesty, Duke of Grafton, Lord Sandys, Mr. Peachy, Mr. Burrell, Rev. Mr. Cracherode, Rev. Mr. Rose, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Nicolls (Gr. Nicol), and Rev. Dr. Lort.

Dr. Lort's copy was purchased by the bishop of Rochester. Mr. Jackson's copy was sold by auction at Leigh and Sotheby's rooms.'

Mr. Beloe should have said nothing on the subject, or ought to have said something more.

Next, with respect to Latin books, Mr. Beloe wishes to make his readers some compensation for a former error, in regard to the first edition of Virgil. This he hopes to do by

the various information he has endeavoured to collect concerning the earlier editions of that poet, which he is better able to do through the kindness of Lord Spencer; his lordship having permitted him to examine and describe at his leisure his most valuable assemblage of Virgils, not to be equalled in this nor any other country.

Mr. Beloe has accordingly given a correcter and completer account of the first editions of Virgil, than is found in some preceding bibliographers, particularly Fabricius and Dr. Harwood—though he has been much forestalled here by Mr. Dibden, who seems to have had access to the same valuable library, and whose account of the different editions of Virgil discovers considerable pains. Mr. Beloe closes his account of the dated editions of Virgil in 1479, with a short account of editions without a date, and of select parts of Virgil in the library of Lord Spencer, of extraordinary rarity and value. At p. 320 he proceeds to give an account of the Latin poets of the 15th century, and closes it with a brief account of the Latin translations of the Greek poets, and a New Testament in Latin hexameters.

Under this head also should be noticed the earlier editions of the Latin translation of the Bible. This account he brings down (p. 10) to 1471, when the commentary of Lyra was first published: but, somewhat confusedly, he gives an account of some others, p. 29, 39; several of them are certainly very rare, seldom to be met with in either private or public libraries. Under this head (in Mr. B.'s book, called *Biblicals*) he gives an account of a 'very uncommon book, a great literary curiosity,' a *POLISH BIBLE*.

There is a *Polish Bible* of more modern date in some of our public libraries; but this was published in 1563. It was printed at the expence of prince Radzivil, palatine of Vilna, under the direction of the *Fratres Poloni*. Mr. Beloe says, 'it was entirely superintended by the Socinians, among whom was the celebrated Michael Servetus.

The fact is there were two editions of the Socinian Bible. When the Socinians first formed their churches in Poland, several learned men met, as for other purposes, so also for that of translating the Scriptures; and their Scriptures were revised and re-published in 1572. Now it does not really appear that Servetus ever was in Poland; nor is it likely, *prima facie*, that prince Radzivil should have employed a Spaniard on such a work, more particularly as he had many learned men about him of his own country, zealously attached to his sentiments. But to be short, it is impossible:

Servetus was born in 1509, and burnt in 1569. Mr. B. therefore has confounded this edition with one that actually was edited by Servetus at Lyons, in 1542, and unfair means having been taken to suppress both editions, they became extremely scarce.

Mr. B. says of this Polish Bible, I am informed, that the famous text 1 John v. 7. is to be found in this translation, from whence it is to be inferred, that the Vulgate was the original from which the version was made.

Surely this is too hastily inferred: the Vulgate has 1 John v. 7, but has not the third edition of Erasmus? Has not Beza's? Has not Robert Stephens's? and all preceded the Polish version. And is it probable, that Socinians, and allowedly men of learning, would have translated from the Vulgate? Besides, how reads the title? *Biblia Polonica a Pinczonianis edita et a Socinianis publicata, ex Hebraicis & Græcis fontibus, &c.*

Under this division of Biblicals, Mr. B. puts Guhelmi Durandi Rationalis Divinorum Officiorum celebrandorum—Canones & Decreta Concilii Tridentini—S. Cypriani Opus Epistolarum—Lactantiani Opera—J. Hieronymi Opus Epistolarum—Divi Hieronymi Expositio in Symbolum Apostolorum—Sancti Augustini in Civitate Dei, &c. &c. a little out of order certainly; as they would have come more properly under the head of THEOLOGICALS. As this sort of books was first printed by the foreign printers, they may certainly be considered curious, as specimens of early typography; but many of them are not very rare, at least they regularly fall in the way of those who look into public libraries, or the libraries of private gentlemen.

As to the English books described in this volume, they certainly characterize the times to which they belong; though many, as works of literature, are of little account: and in two instances where Mr. Beloe deals most in assertion, we think him a little mistaken.

Speaking concerning king Edward the VIth's catechism, he says, 'the internal evidence of the book warrants us to assign it to Nowell; for upon a comparison of it with that of which he is the acknowledged author, which he drew up at Cecil's request, and presented to the convocation in 1562, and published in 1570, it will be found that the latter is only an enlargement of the former, of which the plan, the matter, and the doctrines are regularly followed, and frequently the same words and expressions are used: he thinks the material doctrinal difference between Edward's catechism and that of 1570, is found in the exposition in the petition of the Lord's

prayer, thy kingdom come, as it regarded the millennium, and that these catechisms do not give countenance to the Geneva doctrine, i. e. the doctrine of absolute predestination.

But let us attend to Edward the VIth's catechism, for with that only we are at present concerned. It is a dialogue between master and servant; and a few quotations will shew that Mr. Beloe is not correct in his assertions:—'as many as are in this faith steadfast, were forechosen, predestinated, and appointed to everlasting life, before the world was made.'—'The Holy Ghost, is called holy, not only for his own holiness, but because the elect of God and the members are made holy by him.' Christians, who have the *witnessing spirit* in them, are called 'the forechosen, predestinate, the appointed to everlasting life before the world was made;' and the whole tenor of the first catechism, and consequently of the second, according to Mr. Beloe's confession, runs in the same vein, up to the full import of the five points of John Calvin.

Who the writer of this catechism was, is a question of a private nature, of no great concern; of the two, Poyne, and Nowell, we think with Mr. Beloe, the stronger reasons are on the side of the latter. But the presumption is, notwithstanding, the *a pio quodam et erudito viro composita*, the whole perhaps being written out, and arranged, and the greater part composed by Nowell, that it was the joint production of Ridley, Cranmer, and other leading reformers, and that Bishop Poyne might have furnished his share. Cranmer, and the whole synod, that passed it, subscribed it; the king himself prefaced it; and Bishop Ridley being charged on his trial at Oxford, as being the author, acknowledged 'that he noted some things in it.' Bayle is, and he has been followed by others, who ascribes it to Bishop Poyne; and it is probable that he furnished a part. Dr. Fuller gives it to the same persons, *who drew up the articles relating to the convocation*, as the authors.

But with respect to the question, what is the doctrine taught in this catechism, that is of a much more public nature, as it relates to the national sentiment, at the time; and the Corpus Confessionum, and other theological writings of that age, and particularly this catechism, all enforce the doctrine of Geneva. Burnet and Hume both allow that the reformers taught that doctrine: in Queen Elizabeth's reign, when the enlarged edition of this catechism was published, the same was confirmed as the national opinion; and there was a petition addressed to her majesty, by Mr. Talbot and a few others, denounced as freewillers, merely imploring liberty of conscience, and to suffer no punishment for differ-

ing a little from this Geneva doctrine. It is not intended by all this to defend that doctrine, nor to wish it revived in the church, but merely to say, that such was the doctrine of the times, and that such, contrary to the assertion made by Mr. B. must have been, and is, the doctrine taught in both these catechisms. This catechism, though written in Latin, has been classed among the English books here, because we have quoted from the translation.

Among the English books, Mr. B. mentions Martin Mar-prelate, a coarse book certainly, and perhaps not worth mentioning. He speaks of it as written 'by a junto, of whom the principal were John Penry, one John Udal, and Humphery New.' This John Udal, of whom Mr. B. speaks so cavalierly, was a respectable man, whom King James, a learned man himself, pronounced of good erudition and fruitful travels in the church (in a letter to Queen Elizabeth). Neither was he the author of Martin Mar-prelate, as appeared from two public examinations, and its differing from him in some essential point of doctrine; and Mr. Udal, and others well acquainted with the writing of Mr. Penry, pronounced them written in an entirely different style and temper from that of Martin Mar-prelate. In short, the author of this piece was never known: and as the writers of party, on one side and the other, are accustomed to go all lengths, Mr. Beloe, in a book of literature, should be cautious of following their assertions.

Mr. Beloe has given us two or three specimens of old English poetry; or more properly one of English, and another of Scotch; the former from Mr. George Withers; the other from a volume of Scottish poetry, published in 1621.

G. Withers was a writer in James the First's reign, called by Pope, in his *Dunciad*, *wretched Withers*. He appears however, to have been an honest enthusiast, a bitter satirist against others, and not sparing himself. There are some things of his better entitled to notice than his 'hymns and songs of the church,' as particularly his volume, containing abuses whipt and stript, the scourge, &c. and the *dedication to himself* has more sense in it than his highflown strain of panegyric in the form of dedication addressed 'to the high and mighty Prince James,' &c. &c. Some pieces of Withers are elegant and very smart. However, the volume here noticed more properly belongs to theologicals; and Mr. B. has probably selected from that volume what is as creditable to Withers, as any thing contained in that performance.

The Scotch poem, quoted from 'ane compendious book of godly and Scriptural songs, collectet out of sundrie partes of the Scripture, with sundrie ather ballates changed out of prophaine songes, for avayding of sinne and harlottrie,' &c., Edinburgh, printed for Andro Hart, 1621; and Mr. B. recommends us, for an account of this rare and curious book, to Mr. Arnot's History of Edinburgh.'

Though we give credit to Mr. Beloe for being much at home in Greek, Latin, and English, and therefore have not noticed a few errors, which, we doubt not are mere errors of the press, yet he seems to be less familiarly versed in Scottish literature. We therefore take the liberty of pointing out a few mistakes. From some strange blunder, 'I came from hevin to tell,' is jostled in, in two places, to the utter confusion of all sense and rhyme.

'He sall him find but mark or *wying*.'

should be,

'Ze (or ye) sall him find but mark or *wring*.'

Z, in old Scotch books and MSS. is used for Y, and *wring* means *deformity*; there no such word as *wying*.

'So lvis hee quilk *now* lies wrocht'

Here again *now* should be either *zow* or *you*. In the next verse Mr. B. has,

'Let us rejoyce and bee blyth,
And with the goe full swyth,

leaving a blank in the middle, where *hyrdes* should be supplied. In the following is rhyme, but not a word of sense:

'Welcum now gracious God of my clit,
To sinners *byle pure* and unrichtit,'

read,

'Welcum now, gracious God of mycht,
To sinners vile, pure and unricht.'

Pure means poor; unricht, unrighteous.

'That on the hay and stray will lye
Among the asses, *Grin*, and Kye,

should be,

'That on the hay and stray will lye,
Among the asses, *oxin* and kye.'

'The sylke and sandell thee to eis
Are *Nay* and sempell *swedding* clais,

should be,

'The syſke and ſandell thee to eis,
Are Hay, and ſemple ſwerling clais.'

Swerling is swaddling.

This book was re-published in 1801, in two volumes of Scottish poems of the 16th century, and therefore ceases to be a rare book.

P. 244, Mr. B. gives a brief account of a few of the early printers. Mr. Beloe's summary of the prefaces, prefixed to his edition of the classics, by Joseph Andreas, the learned bishop of Aleria, is well executed, nor less so the account of Pomponius Lætus. The names of these two eminent men are certainly interesting in a history of learning, and connected with the introduction of the art of printing into Italy; but we do not think it correct to place them, who belonged to the class of eminent critics, in a list of typographers.

Some of the books which are mentioned by Mr. Beloe we do not think either very rare or very valuable, and certainly he should be advised to study correctness, and to guard against following party writers of little authority: writers too on this sort of subjects, should be cautioned, till they have seen every thing that is to be seen, and read every thing that has been written, to be on their guard in speaking of *uniques*; and in proclaiming that they are describing books for the first time. This volume, however, is certainly not useless nor unamusing; and we wish Mr. B. to enjoy every opportunity to complete his work. But writings of this kind are very numerous, thrown into a variety of forms, and dispersed through a variety of publications; and with respect to many a one, Mr. B. should take the benefit of the advice contained in a line that is quoted by himself:

'Si vis certior fieri, id legito: Vale.

ART. VI.—*M. Fabii Quintiliani de Institutione Oratoriâ*, l. xii. *recisis, quæ minus necessaria videbantur, &c.*—*Curante Jacobo Ingram, Coll. Trin. Oxon. Soc. Oxonii, 1809.*

THIS edition of Quintilian is professedly the work of Mr. Ingram, the late Saxon professor at Oxford; and, as he is a 'wiccam alumnum' in good breeding and loyalty, he dedicates this re-publication of an esteemed author to Dr. Huntingford, bishop of Gloucester.

In a short preface, more modest than he need have prefixed to the trouble he has taken in his revision, he brings our recollection back to the Gottingen impression of Gesner, and gives his reasons for the compendious mode which he prefers in the present instance. The reader need not be told that Rollin has published a castrated Quintilian; and will readily suppose that his is the ground-work of the present. Mr. Ingram, however, from the collation of MSS. and early printed books, in notes contained in a small compass, has amended, as he avers, about six hundred errors. Among the rest he has collated a valuable MS. of D'Orvilles, lately added to the Bodleian library; which, although of no higher date than the 15th century, seems to have been copied from a MS. of considerable antiquity. The proof of this is its agreement with the MS. in Gothic characters, whose value (as the most excellent copy of Quintilian now existing) is too well appreciated to require our comments. This scholar-like and unassuming preface concludes with a declaration that Mr. Ingram has not adhered in omission, or insertion, exactly to Rollin.

It is our wish to prove the excellence of this text-book by a few quotations from Mr. Ingram's remarks in his notes, which are occasionally, but not ostentatiously, scattered through the volume. Many indeed of them are simple marks of reference; others point to verbal beauties, perhaps not as generally valued or acknowledged as they should be; others are critical. We will give an instance of each—*in voce Opitergium*.

' 86 (1) *Opitergium*, oppidum Italiae, non procul à Venetiis: ex quo mille juvenes, bello inter Pompeium et Caesarem exorto, in parvâ rate circumventi, mutuis ictibus concidere maluerunt, quam se hosti trucidandos relinquere. *Vid. Flor. Epit. 4, 2, 33.*

As far as it goes, this note is very well, and we can hardly suppose Mr. Ingram to have forgot Lucan's spirited account of this strange suicide (if it may be so called), but we certainly should have expected a reference to the poet, who adds so much vigour to the historical truth which he relates. Quintilian, the contemporary of Lucan, or rather his junior, could not be ignorant of that sublime passage, which we conceive induced him to make the example, and to unite it with that of the Saguntines. We do not mean to blame Mr. I. but merely to suggest that this and other notes of reference might be more copious without adding six pages to the bulk of the volume; and we think this sort of illustration would be very acceptable to the student.

CRIT. REV. Vol. 19, February, 1810.

N

We next subjoin a specimen of the attention Mr. Ingram gives to the immaculate beauty of his author's text, and his just discrimination in discarding vague and unnatural alteration. The text has (p. 84) 'Qui verò imaginem ipsam eloquentiæ *divinam* quadam mente conceperit, quique illam (ut ait non ignobilis tragicus), &c.' Mr. I. notes, after Rollin.

'(9) Legi fortasse possit *divinam* quadam, ut referatur ad imaginem eloquentiæ. R. Nihil mutandum.' O.

'35. (1) Eurip. in Hec. vers. 816.—*πειθὸν δὲ τῶν τυραννέων ἀνδραποισμῶν.* R. Insulsi hie Gesnerus, non ignobilis, ait, elogium est simile illi, quo Polybium mactavit Livius non spernendus auctor, &c. Particulam negativam, non frequentissimè significare nequaquam, ne minimè quidem, &c. nemo vel mediocriter Latini, Serronis elegantiss versatus non illico videt.' O.

It may here be proper to remark that O stands for the editor *Oroniensis*. We will call our readers but to one more illustration of our opinion, where, on a critical point, Mr. Ingram successfully combats Porson himself. We could not produce a stronger proof of his sagacity, or the confidence which his abilities justly give him.

The point to which we allude is early in the 6th book, and marked in Ingram's edition, p. 165, l. 5. To the passage we refer the reader, as it is too long, in all its bearings, to extract. The note is as follows:

'(2.) Ità verò affectu Talthybius loquitur apud τραγικωτάτοι των Παιστων Euripiden, Hec. v. 492.

Ω Ζευ, τί λίσσω; ποτέρα σ' ἀνδραποισμῶν δρᾶν, κ. τ. λ. ubi vide, *sic*, quam importunè et frustra adverbium ἄλλως, primo sensu accipiendum, vexarant alii, atque ipse Porsonus!' O.

The line to which Mr. I. alludes is

ἢ διζῶν ἄλλως τινὲς κικτῆσθαι μάτην.

Reiske and Musgrave prefer *αὐτῶς*; from whose joint conjectures, Brünck so edits the verse. Porson is certainly dissatisfied with the word without adequate cause, and, if he were to change it, would prefer *ἡμῶς*.

To the subject of this book we have little farther to call the attention of our reader; Mr. Ingram's revision is *primâ facie* so useful, that it cannot but be considered a valuable aid to university studies. In his research amidst Saxon annals, and the literature of our ancestors, he has received not only the commendation, but the thanks of all who are able to appreciate the intensity of, and the deduction from, such application. When we met him in the field of ancient criti-

cism, we little expected so puissant a champion. Much as Oxford has been embellished by her classical efforts during these last hundred years, we are convinced that she is climbing to her acme, and not hastening, as some of our contemporaries assert, to a rapid decline. Though the discrimination and genius of Mr. Ingram are the highest topics of our praise, his modesty, and his knowledge of the *ne quid nims*, are most laudable. Let Heyne and his nine philological pupils blush at the inferiority of their laborious and egotistical efforts!

ART. VII.—*Journal of a regimental Officer during the recent Campaign in Portugal and Spain under Lord Viscount Wellington. With a correct Plan of the Battle of Talavera.* London, Johnson. 8vo. pp. 137. 4s. 6d.

THE author of this journal informs us, that the different incidents of which it is composed were noted down as they occurred, and that the original narrative has received no subsequent correction. We shall abridge or extract a few of his details which are either calculated to amuse, or to throw light on the state of Spain, and on the conduct of the French or the British troops. The officer, whoever he may be, writes with vivacity and ease.

On the 24th of December, 1808, the author of the journal landed near Lisbon, and proceeded to take up his quarters at the suburb of Belem. He inspected the palace of Belem; which exhibited a sad memorial of the barbarous ravage of the French. These admirers of the arts had not only stripped it

of every picture and ornament at all portable, but mutilated the very walls in their rapacious efforts to rob them of all that was valuable. Only two inferior rooms, and a small chapel, remain in any tolerable repair. A variety of packages lay scattered about the hall, which Junot, in his hurry, had not time to dispatch.

Our author visited Cintra, and was captivated with the rich and varied scenery of that place. He inspected a palace of the PRINCE REGENT, which was latterly the country seat of Junot, and will perhaps long be celebrated as the house where the Convention of Cintra was signed.

The building is modern, and one of the best constructed in Portugal. From the front you look through groves upon the rocks, and the sight is rather contracted; but the back part

brings you to a sudden descent, and stands so high above every thing in this direction, as to afford one of the most extensive prospects in the country. The sea appears to the left, and the convent of Mafra far in the back ground to the right.

At Alcobaca our author was more than usually fortunate in his quarters, as he happened to be billeted at the house of a very hospitable personage. He speaks of the entertainment which he experienced here with much complacency.

'Our Don's style of living,' says he, 'was sumptuous: we commenced with an elegant dinner, and (what is not always the case) continued to partake of one equally good every day.—Although our host was unable to converse with us, he contrived to keep us constantly amused; particularly those fond of music: he played the piano and guitar, and had great taste in singing. In order to promote a conference, the apothecary of Alcobaca, who spoke French, was invited to spend the afternoon, and requested to act as interpreter. This was one of the drollest fellows we had met with: he kept us in a roar of laughter all dinner-time. Indeed his very look was enough to promote mirth:—he had a constant smile on his face, which was embellished with a nose and chin nearly meeting, though between them he could just conveniently pass a walnut. The cut of his coat and general appearance was completed by a tremendous periwig; the summit of which was capped, *à la pictoresque*, with a triangular cocked hat.—Our landlord seemed so delighted at seeing the party thus entertained, that he gave him an invitation to meet us every day at dinner, which the doctor most readily accepted. Our good host gave routs, inviting all his neighbours to meet us. After tea and coffee, we had music, vocal and instrumental; with cards; followed by a pleasant dance; and concluding with a hot supper, where our friend the doctor was in great force.'

As the author advanced towards Oporto, the country appeared more wooded; and the roads, instead of exhibiting only a bad and broken pavement as in most parts of Portugal, bore a nearer resemblance to an English post-road. At the little hamlet of Redinha, where he was billeted, he informs us that the houses,

'like all others in the country of inferior quality, have nothing but square holes, without glass, by way of windows: so that you have your choice of being exposed to the wind and rain, or sitting in total darkness by closing the shutters. My birth was on the floor of a room where there were three doors that could not be kept shut, and broken boards to the high-holes. These, with a plentiful supply of chimneys in the walls, rendered it as airy as being in an open field. Generally speaking, to

make a remark respecting the vermin (from which scarcely a bed, from the best to the worst of houses throughout the country, is free) would be like the barber at Lisbon informing *Baretti* that "grapes grew in Portugal;" but *here* the fleas and bugs abounded to a degree worthy of memorandum. They kept me constantly employed nearly all night; and on the welcomed approach of daylight to the crevices, I sprung out of bed:—but making any *lacock* was of no avail:—the bugs were crawling about, and the fleas swarming like ants.

At this place the author was present at a Portuguese funeral.

'The corpse was laid on the back, with hands crossed, and tied together; the face quite exposed: and the body, covered with nothing but a shroud, was carried on an open bier with a sort of taster; and thrown into a hole like a dead dog. Instead of any solemnity at the moment of interment, the fellows around were in argumentative conversation: and one of them jumped into the grave, which was but just deep enough to bury the deceased, covered the face with a cloth, and began filling up the hole with the skulls and bones which were torn up and thrown around in digging it.'

At Coimbra the army was received with great demonstrations of joy. Flowers were scattered by the ladies from the windows on the troops as they passed; and illuminations were continued every night during their stay. After passing the Vouga on the 9th of May, 1809, the army had the next day a skirmish with the advanced posts of the French, who retreated to Olivera, which they almost immediately abandoned. They then took refuge in Oporto, after having blown up the bridge over the Douro. On the 12th the English army effected the passage of this river about a league above the town. The enemy were driven from the city and suburbs after a sharp contest. 'The streets were strewn with dead horses and men, and the gutters dyed with blood.' The British troops pursued the French to the frontiers of Spain. The road was marked by the ravages of the retreating enemy. They had set fire to the cottages of the peasants as they passed. 'Dead men, horses, cattle, and every thing that could forcibly depict ruin, were strewn for leagues along the road.' The British troops did not proceed farther than Chaves. Our author was desirous of having a peep at Spain, but had like to have paid dear for the gratification of his curiosity. After reaching the village of Padraira and mounting the hills, he became enveloped in a fog, and lost his way. He met several Portuguese, from whom he expected no better fate than had befallen some

straggling Frenchmen whom they had murdered in every direction. Just as he reached the borders of Galicia, his horse was seized with the staggers, the night was setting in, and he was ten miles from his quarters. General Silveira's Portuguese troops fortunately appeared soon after this, who were marching to Monte Legre. He proceeded with these troops to that place of destination. On his return to Salamunde, the road, which was formed round the mountains by the side of immense precipices, was in many places so narrow as hardly to admit a loaded mule. He proceeded nearly the whole day in a chain of mountains, among woods, rocks, and waterfalls, and was highly pleased with the landscapes which caught the eye between the heights. The passes were strewn with dead bodies, the majority of which were in a putrescent state. Many of the horses belonging to the French had been precipitated down the heights.

Our author proceeded with the British troops, by Thomar, Villa de Rea, Cortesada, Larzidas, Castello Branco, Lodoeiro, till he crossed the river Elga (Ella), and entered Spain. On the 21st of July, says the author,

'we were passed by the whole of the Spanish army, amounting to at least forty-two thousand. Their infantry, in part only, had a good appearance: but many of their cavalry were in a ragged state, without boots, and some of them literally with bare feet. Their horses, though slight, were in other respects good: yet with bad appointments, ill put on; insomuch, that their stirrups were so long as hardly to be reached with the toe pointed down.'

At the battle of Talavera we are told, that 'during the night-engagements our battalions as well as those of the enemy fought with such determined fury, as frequently to close in, and beat out each other's brains with their muskets.' The author throws out various insinuations against the bravery of the Spaniards, and their conduct on the two days (27th and 28th July) of this memorable battle. But we should remember that the Spanish were for the most part only raw and undisciplined troops, under very bad officers; and that the French, even under better officers, often turned their backs on their opponents at the commencement of the revolutionary war. But it appears to us, that in the battle of Talavera, the Spaniards evinced more firmness than has been ascribed to them: and it is pretty clear that if they had evinced less, and abandoned their position on the right of the British lines, the army of Sir Arthur Wellesley must have been turned, and probably put completely to the rout.

The officer who drew up this journal allows, that a vigorous attempt was made to break through the Spanish lines, and that the enemy were repulsed. Was this no service rendered to the common cause, or had it no effect on the issue of this conflict at Talavera? Would the event have been the same if the Spaniards had shown less firmness and intrepidity? Of the victory therefore which Sir Arthur Wellesley, since Lord Wellington, gained over the French at Talavera, part of the honour certainly belongs to our allies. Though the Spaniards did not manifest any great enterprize or heroism, yet they kept their ground: and by keeping their ground they not only defended the right of the British lines, but they prevented the whole accumulated force of the French from acting against the army under Lord Wellington! The British troops certainly displayed the most resplendent intrepidity: but let not the Spaniards be deprived of the praise which is their due. When the amount of the Spanish troops is added to that of the British, it appears that the combined army was superior in numbers to the enemy. We do not say this to detract from the military merits of Lord Wellington; but to show, that if he had not received more support from the Spaniards than some of his friends seem willing to allow, he would probably have paid dear for his temerity in advancing into the interior of Spain.

The grand total of the British killed, wounded, and missing, at the battle of Talavera, amounted to 5307:—an almost unparalleled deduction from a force which entered the field only eighteen thousand three hundred strong!

The author of this journal received a wound in the muscles of his back on the second day of the battle, which was not extracted till he embarked on board an English ship in the Tagus. He effected his retreat from Talavera to Lisbon with great difficulty and considerable suffering.

ART. VIII.—*A History of the County of Brecknock.* By *Theophilus Jones, Esq.* (Concluded from p. 19) *Vols. II. and III.* 1809.

FROM the slight sketch which our limits admitted us to give of the historical chapters of this work, our readers must have perceived that, in many parts, the annals of the county of Brecknock are not easily to be separated from those of the principality at large. In the chapters which follow, and which relate to the 'religion,' the 'laws,' the 'language,'

manners, popular opinions and prejudices, &c. &c. of the county, it is obvious that the individual condition of the district must be still more confounded with the general state of Wales; and that few observations can be made upon the former which do not equally apply to the more extensive region of which it only forms a part. This constitutes one of the great objections to what are entitled *general histories of particular districts*. For example, if the history of every county in Wales were to be written on the same principles, that the historian of Brecknock has adopted in the work before us, what a fund of repetition should we have to encounter! To a certain extent each of the eleven historians whom we suppose to undertake these separate operations would have to tread in the very footsteps of Mr. Jones; and it is thus, that writings are multiplied without end, and that the task of selecting what is really new and important from the mass of general information becomes next to impossible.

These remarks apply to the present publication, if at all, only in common with all works of the same description. The originality and freedom of research which distinguish it, are peculiar to itself. Of these we have given many examples in the course of our preceding extracts and animadversions; nor do the chapters now under our review afford fewer than those we have already noticed. Still, as they have less of *individual application* to the county of Brecknock, we shall the more willingly only skim their surface, which the press of other matter compels us to do. The chapter of 'religion' is introduced by a long discussion concerning the origin, the name, the tenets, and habits of the Druids—a subject of very extensive inquiry, but which is so far from relating to Brecknock, that it does not relate even to Wales, or to Britain itself, *exclusively*. We do not deny Mr. Jones a great share of praise for the ingenuity and acuteness of reasoning connected with this branch of his subject; and think that he has shown himself well qualified to enter the lists, not only with Pinkerton (whose extravagancies and contradictions he very fairly, and sometimes with much humour, exposes), but with the first and most learned of our British antiquaries. With respect to the origin of this famous institution, he argues, forcibly and well, against the *existimatur** of Caesar (which has

* 'Doctrina in Britannia reperta, atque inde in Galliam translata esse existimatur.' (De Bell. Gall. l. 6. c. 12.) To the commentaries of Caesar, regarded as evidence of the religion, manners, and customs of our early ancestors, which our historians have been too much in the habit of copying as conclusive and indisputable, Mr. Jones very properly affords a general and

been hastily set up by some other writers as a *conclusive assertion*, and which, even as an assertion, cannot be regarded in the light of *proof*), that the Druids first crossed the channel from the continent to our island, and not from our island to the continent. With respect to the character of the religion and of its professors, he is of an opinion, which he very stoutly maintains and ably defends, that the imputations of cruel and degrading superstition are false, and are universally the result of ignorance or malice. He denies the reality of human sacrifices, and justly ridicules the absurd conclusions which some have affected to draw from an arbitrary hypothesis concerning the form and use of the ancient *gronick*, with regard to which he thinks entirely with those who believe it to be exclusively sepulchral. The story of the massacre of the bards, by king Edward, he justly regards as *exploded*. This, indeed, is a point which we conceive to be so completely settled on the basis of circumstantial evidence, that it affords a good answer to those who accuse the framers of *historic doubts* of weakening the faith of mankind as to the general credibility of history.

There is nothing, either in the history of Druidism, or of the earlier ages of christianity, to distinguish the county of Brecknock from the rest of the island; nor even, afterwards, is it easy to separate what relates to the district from the general narrative of ecclesiastical occurrences throughout the principality. The life of Giraldus affords several curious anecdotes and materials for entertaining observations; but since the first volume of this history was published, Giraldus himself has become familiar to the English reader. We do not find much deserving of notice in the short memorials that are here preserved of the fanatic days of Cromwell; and shall finish our survey of this chapter with the concluding paragraph of the historian, which (together with the accompanying note) deserves a great deal more attention than we fear it is the spirit or temper of the age to afford it.

At present, to form an estimate of the religion of Brecknockshire, it may be said that two parts out of three of the inhabitants call themselves of the established church, the other third consist of anabaptists (a sect which has rapidly increased here of late), methodists, presbyterians, and independants; of the two latter; the presbyterians are the most numerous: but in this calculation

ry. "How far he (Cromwell) had leisure to contemplate, or inclination to attend to, these subjects we know not." We do know that the few weeks which he spent in the island were tolerably well-occupied by military operations, and may suppose that little leisure was left him for philosophical inquiries.

of the numbers of the Church of England,* I include a sect who may (if it be not a sectum) be called no religionists; persons, who, when it is necessary to make a profession of their faith, say, they are of the protestant, established church, but who, in fact, never attend the worship of the church, or indeed any other place of worship; it is much to be lamented that this sect (if I may so call those who are neither *gregarious* nor *systematic*) are yet increasing very fast, particularly in towns, some are corrupted by superficial writers, and superficial thinkers; these constitute the majority of this description; others again are led into this error from indolence and thoughtlessness; both are equally mischievous to the community, independent of the doctrines of rewards and punishment in a future state; it is with sorrow I observe, that this example of inattention (to call it by no worse name) is most frequently seen among those of superior stations in life; in which, however, they will find they are followed closely by those below them, down to the dapper tradesman and his spruce apprentice and shopman; a consequence which naturally follows, and which, sooner or later, in proportion as the evil increases with more or less rapidity, must terminate in infinite mischief to the peace and happiness of society." p. 229.

Is it possible for the most bigotted admirer of 'things as they are,' to read such observations as the preceding (which the good historian of Brecknock certainly does not mean to confine within the boundaries of his own county), and not to exclaim, 'these are among the blessed effects which we derive from our existing test laws. This is the policy of bribing men to the profession of an uniformity which cannot exist in the heart!'

The next chapter is devoted to the 'laws of Brecknock,' a subject which admits of still less restriction within the regular

* Without meaning the most distant reflection upon the establishment of the church of England, I cannot help observing that there is a very great defect in the general system of education of youth intended for holy orders in our grammar schools in Wales," (qu. will this apply no where else?) "and to which I attribute the increase of sectaries; those who are brought up as candidates for ordination are taught the Greek and Latin, but not the vernacular language of their own country. They can read Homer, Xenophon, or Grotius's works fluently, but they sleep over the Bible, hesitate at every other sentence, or continually mislay the accents in English or Welsh; the consequence of which is, that their audiences are either inattentive, or what is, if possible, still worse, the service of the church sounds ridiculously. Persons intended for the ministry should be taught daily to read publicly and in an audible voice the church service as well as other religious publications in Welsh and English, and their errors should be corrected by the master, so that they may be habilitated to officiate in a manner which may attract the attention of their hearers; for a vicious and faulty mode of pronunciation of words or sentences once contracted (it is well known) is seldom got rid of."

limits of a county historian than the foregoing. Even the most antiquarian researches into the 'laws of Brecknock' cannot be attended with any discoveries exclusively appertaining to the district itself. Accordingly the former part of this chapter is a sketch of the laws by which Britain in the most ancient times, and Wales in those immediately succeeding, was regulated while existing under independent governments; and the remaining divisions of it relate only to such enactments of the English parliament, since Wales became a province, as particularly affected its provincial condition down to its final union and incorporation with the whole mass of the empire.

We shall have nothing to say, on the present occasion, to the laws enacted by that prince with a hard name, Dyfnwal-mad, commonly called Dunwallus Mulmutius; nor do we think it more incumbent on us to discuss those of the good Howell. The old universal custom of gavelkind affords room for a disquisition of a different nature, and plunges us again into the pleasant vortex of etymology. Most of our lawyers are, probably, well satisfied with the derivation given by their great patriarch, Coke, who says (1 Inst. 5. 210) '*en gavelkinde*, that is, *gave all kind*; for this custom giveth to all the sons alike.' This grave pun, as well worthy of the Solomon of England as of its lord chief justice, is countenanced by the antiquary Lambarde, and is moreover sported by Verstegan as an original flight of fancy. Somner, in his treatise on gavelkind, adheres to the Saxon derivation given by Blount in his law-dictionary. Dr. Powel seems to have been the first who asserted its British origin; and gives *gafael* (a holding or tenure) as its root. '*Strangely*,' however, as Mr. Jones thinks, he passes over the termination *kind*, without notice. This final syllable has been assigned by Taylor (*on gavelkind*) to *cenedl*, a clan or family; and Edward Llwyd, in his Welsh dictionary, has the word *cine*, a family. Mr. Jones has a much happier conceit of his own to substitute '*gynt*, formerly.' 'If so,' he adds, 'the interpretation will be, *tenura antiqua*, or *ex antiquo*.' This, to be sure, *might be* the case (though *gynt* into *kind* seems an unlikely kind of corruption) supposing *gavelkind* to be an appellation only introduced at a period when other tenures became more frequent throughout the country, i. e. after the Normans had obtained possession of it. But in that case it is highly improbable that the whole nation, adopting this distinctive appellation, should have borrowed it from the Welsh language; in other words, that it should then be universally called, not *tenura antiqua*, or the ancient tenure, but *gafael-gynt*; and, on the contrary,

there is every reason to suppose the term to be a great deal older, if it was not the original appellation for the tenure; in either of which cases, Mr. Jones's derivation cannot, in our opinion, be admitted as entitled to any attention whatever. In short, we cannot think that any thing but (what Pinkerton calls) 'the sheer phrenzy of celtic etymology' could have made Mr. Jones renew a disquisition which is, to all reasonable ends, intents, and purposes, completely settled already.

Notwithstanding our intention to abstain from much quotation in this part of the work, we shall extract the curious account given by Mr. Jones of 'the practice of the ancient Britons in questions as to land,' both because it seems to correct some errors in the statements of Powell and Warrington on the subject, and as it serves for introduction to an ingenious inquiry respecting the origin of our 'common recovery.'

'In causes of this nature the whole of the proceedings were had and held upon the lands in dispute. The king, or the person who represented him, presided and sat with his back to the sun and wind, lest he might be incommoded by them: the judge of the palace, or senior judge of the Cwmwd being placed on his left, and another judge on his right hand; next to them sat the priest or priests, then two elders, and the great men of the country. In the middle, or immediately before the king or his representative, was left a lane or entrance into his court or presence, on the right of which stood the demandant, his council and attorney, and behind them the summoner, and on the left the defendant, his council, attorney, and summoner, in the same manner; pledges being first taken from both parties to abide by the decision of the court; and silence being proclaimed by the cryer, upon pain of forfeiting three cows or 120 pence, the judges proceeded to hear the cause. The demandant was first called to name his council or attorney; this done, the judge asked him, 'do you place your entire confidence in them to gain or lose? are you also determined to abide by the decision of this court?' being answered affirmatively, he put the same questions to the defendant, and upon his agreeing to abide by the directions and conduct of those he employed, and to obey the sentence of the court, the demandant orally declared, 'I am the true proprietor of the lands in dispute, and if any one will this gainsay, I have here those who are ready to maintain my right and inheritance, from which I have been wrongfully put out; I therefore pray the aid of the court to be rightfully restored,' &c. &c. His witnesses were now produced, and the whole of his proof gone through before the defendant was heard, who, now being called upon for his defence, said, 'Truly I am the proprietor of the land by right and inheritance; and because my title to it is perfect and secure, do I hold it, and if any one will this gainsay, I have here sufficient witnesses, &c. &c. and if they were formerly possessed of this

soil, then went afterwards rightly ousted,' &c. &c. His witnesses being then examined, the judge asked both parties if they had done, or if they chose to amend their plaint or plea, which it seems either side had a right to do in this stage of the business; if they declined it, the judge recapitulated the evidence, explaining or commenting upon it, when he thought that necessary, and afterwards departed or retired to some little distance from the place where the court was held, accompanied by the rest of the court (the parties and their advocates excepted) and by the summoner, whose business it was to take care that no one overheard their consultations, under pain of forfeiting six cows to the king, or in his absence, three to his representative; when they had retired, the priest in a short prayer craved the interposition and direction of Providence to guide them to the truth, and enable them to decide rightfully, and then chanted the paternoster, upon which the judge again summed up the whole of the proceedings, in which if there appeared any defect of evidence, or any circumstances requiring farther explanation, two of the judges appointed a conference with the parties and their advocates; this was called 'gair cyfarth,' signifying 'an address;' after which proceeding no witnesses could be produced by the parties. This rule was adopted upon sound policy, and was the result of good sense and experience, as it would have been highly improper to have permitted either the demandant or defendant, after a hint from the court as to any error, insufficiency, or contradiction in the evidence, to amend the defect by additional proof, which would make the cause endless; indeed their practice, as here related, seems in some measure to be liable to that objection; especially when we learn that when this conference was not appointed, the parties might have another and another day to bring further witnesses, if they required it, even after the judge had retired, upon bringing pledges into the field for their punctuality; which pledges generally were confined in prison until the day assigned for hearing further witnesses, or as the Welsh call it, 'the day of gaining or losing;' when that day arrived and the witnesses are examined, the pledges were liberated, and the judges proceeded to decide in favour of that party with whom the weight of evidence preponderated; if that was doubtful, from contrariety of testimony or any other cause, the land in dispute was divided into moieties, and assigned, one half to the demandant, and the other share to the defendant. The fee to the chief justice in a cause of this nature was 48 pence, and to every other judge half as much.

Mr. Jones adds that he

'has been thus tediously prolix in describing this form of trial, from its striking resemblance to the practice of arraigning a recovery in the English law; a ceremony which frequently provokes a smile from the unlearned by-stander, and sometimes

discomposes the gravity even of a barrister, while he repeats his antiquated lesson in unmeaning monotony.

That this singular form, now so frequent and indispensable in conveyancing practice, is of British origin, we have always thought highly probable; but are inclined to differ from Mr. Jones, who would attribute its general introduction into our English courts to a period posterior to the expeditions into Wales made by Edward the First. The fact is, that none of our lawyers venture to assign a particular period for its first usage among us. Blackstone, indeed, hastily and superficially asserts that it was *invented* by the clergy for the express purpose of frustrating the Mortmain act of 7 Edward I. (Vol. II. p. 270.) But that this account of it is quite absurd, must appear evident upon the slightest examination; since a statute *antecedent* to that last mentioned, viz. the statute of Gloucester, 6 Edward I. expressly provides "that a termor for years may falsify a *feigned recovery* suffered by the owner of the inheritance." (See Cruise on Recoveries, p. 3.) This sufficiently proves, not only that the form of recovery was known, but that it was very generally practised in England before the year 1278; and five or six years at least before the conquest of Wales. Nor had it been even then of very late introduction; is it likely that it would already have become necessary to provide statutable remedies against abuses in the practice. The evasion of the statute *de Religiosis*, 7 Edw. I. by the clergy, was evidently then only the adoption of a practice already in use to serve their own particular purposes; nor can any probable deduction be made from that circumstance with a view to fix the period at which the practice was actually brought into our country. Perhaps it may be unnecessary to go into Wales for its origin; nor are we aware of any circumstance which renders it an improbable supposition, that the form from which the practice arose was never wholly out of use among us from the earliest times of our history.

On the very curious and interesting subject of the ancient lords marches of Wales and their legal jurisdiction, the reader will next find a great deal of valuable information; but the space we have already traversed warns us to confine the extent of our following remarks:

The statute of Rhuddlan (12 Edward I.) is the first law-record of the subjugation of Wales. Barrington is here properly corrected in his statement, that "this act recites the *total conquest*" of the principality. The preamble states, "that Wales, which was formerly subject by *feudal right* to the crown of England, was then by the mercy of Provi-

dence converted and united to the same, as a part or member of it;" but the lordships marchers at this time formed no part of the country here said to be thus united. Mr. Jones here takes occasion to notice the haughty and characteristic answer of Earl Warren (one of these marchers) when, in the latter end of his reign, and not before the Conqueror began to inquire *Quo warranto*, by what right some of these tenures, claims, and privileges were held and supported, "By this right," clapping his hand on his sword, "by this warranty did my ancestors win my lands, and by this do I hold them." It was not till the 28th of Edward the Third, that an act was passed, determining "that all the lords marchers of Wales should be perpetually attending and annexed to the crown of England, as they and their ancestors were at all times past, and not to the principality of Wales, in whose hands soever they should be, or thereafter should come." On a survey taken in the reign of this last-mentioned monarch, the revenues of Wales were found to amount to the sum total of 468l. 18s. 5d.

The cruel, impolitic, and iniquitous laws of Henry IV. to which he seems to have been entirely actuated by the spirit of revenge for the rebellion of Glendower, come next under discussion. The same flagitious system was kept up during the reigns of his two successors, notwithstanding that the attachment and services of Sir David Gam, as well as many other principal persons among the native Welch, would seem, from common gratitude, to have demanded a different return. Warrington, indeed, asserts, that "the manners of the Welch nation, during this period, actuated by few other springs than their passions, restrained by no regular police, no longer animated by the presence of their princes, nor their minds softened by the influence of native arts, had degenerated into the deepest ferocity;" and Mr. Jones very justly remarks upon this statement, that, even supposing it to be true, "it is to be lamented that the English did not rather attempt to convert the long subsisting enmity between the two countries into friendship, by adopting mild and lenient measures, than to preserve and continue it by sanguinary and oppressive laws." It is, indeed, a fit subject for lamentation, but, alas! not for astonishment or wonder, that men should be so habitually blind to their best interests, which are *universally* the interests of humanity, liberality, and justice. Can the reader find no parallel, in these our days of philanthropy and illumination, to the oppressions of Wales under the House of Lancaster? When will feeble and narrow-minded politicians learn, that the "ferocity," which they affect to deplore, while they cherish the imputation of it as the only defence of their wicked

and imprudent measures, is not by any thousandth part so much the legitimate cause, as it is the infallible and natural consequence, of those very measures? Give to the conquered, manufactures and commerce, to restrain or alter the course of their "passions," and afford them new "springs of action"—send them the "regular police" which they so much want—afford them "the presence of their princes," or at least preserve to them that of their nobles and great landed proprietors. Encourage and foster "the native arts by which their minds may be softened," and then, but not till after repeated, and long, and patient experiment, if they continue savage and ferocious, pronounce their ferocity innate and incurable; lay on the iron rod again, and make the whole country a place of confinement for irretrievable madmen!

It is not to be supposed that the cold and illiberal conqueror of Richard would, in the administration of a province so ill treated, deviate from the system pursued by those princes, whose legitimate heir and successor to the crown of England he affected to style himself. Gratitude for the most signal services done his cause, nay even for his possession of the crown so highly valued, might have weighed something with a man not entirely wrapped up in selfish schemes of avarice and aggrandizement; but Henry VII. is not to be classed among the benefactors of Wales. Perhaps he was, like our canting "No-popery" hypocrites, afraid of innovation, and thought it dangerous to interfere with existing prejudices. Henry VIII. was fortunately possessed of a better head than his father, whatever we may say of his heart. Accordingly, to him, and him only, of all our princes, is Wales indebted for justice and equality. He was the lawgiver and pacificator, the only real conqueror, of that part of the British dominions. Since his time, its interests have been one and the same with those of England; and since then it can no longer attract attention, or provoke inquiry, as a separate province. We do not by any means recommend the example of Henry VIII. as worthy of general imitation by a sovereign of the House of Hanover; but the worst of princes may, in some respects, present the best of lessons; and we cannot help remarking how much more glorious than the celebration of a Jubilee would be the adoption of a fearless, generous, and confiding policy towards the people of our sister-nation. With how pure and genuine a lustre would the *pacification of Ireland* gild the declining years of George the Third!

"Language, manners," &c. form the miscellaneous subject of the next division of Mr. Jones's work. The observations here made on the first of these heads are not very peculiar or inte-

resting. It is the remark of a late respectable historian, "that nations which have long been seated in the same country, and have had little intercourse with strangers, commonly retain the same national character, manners, and customs, through a long succession of ages ; they become proud of their antiquity, fond admirers of their ancestors, and fondly attached to their sentiments and prejudices, their follies, errors, and vices, not excepted." Mr. Jones adds, that even now

' This is very remarkably the characteristic of the native yeomanry of Wales ; as to those of superior rank or the constant inhabitants of towns, they are now by habit become so wholly English, that no distinction is observable between them and their fellow-subjects eastward of the Severn ; but the sequestered peasant who rarely quits the vicinity of his mountain, who speaks no other language than his mother-tongue, still adheres with infinite attachment to all the habitudes and customs of his ancestors ; on all occasions he adopts their sentiments, and dwells with fond delight upon the traditions of old times. Arthur, Llewelyn, and Glyndyfrdwyford will ever be the themes of Cambro-British admiration, whilst Offa, Edward, and Henry will never cease to excite disgust.'

Mr. Jones has given a satisfactory account of that apparent fondness of the Welch for long names and genealogies, which has caused so much merriment in our English theatres.

' I have stated in a former part of this volume, that we are almost reconciled to the English laws ; the same may be said as to their customs ; but there are some particularly unmanageable by the mere Welchman ; amongst others they entertain a great dislike to surnames. When a complaint is made to a magistrate against a neighbour, his worship is entreated to grant a warrant against " Twm o'r Cwm," i. e. Tom of the Vale. " What's his surname ?" " I never heard he had any other name," is the common reply. If the honest native be compelled reluctantly to adopt the English custom, and to introduce these expletives (as he conceives them) into his family, he and his children are absolutely bewildered for the two or three next generations. Suppose the name to be Cadwaladr Griffith, his son, in endeavouring to imitate the English fashion will call himself John Cadwaladr Griffith—his son will be William John Cadwaladr Griffith ; until fatigued with dragging after him the long chain of cognomina and agnomina, his descendant submits to be called, a l'Angloise, Thomas Williams, by which surname his family will ever afterwards be distinguished. Our Saxon and Norman conquerors do not seem to be aware of this difficulty, for they conceive that a fondness for a multitude of names is one of the characteristic foibles of Welchmen ; when they describe them by Thomas ap Davydd ap Shenkin ap Shon ap Thomas ap Wil-

liam ap Evan, &c. It is true, genealogists, whose business it is to register descents, will inform us that John was "ap" or "the son of" Thomas, the son of William, the son of Evan, &c.; but in the common intercourse of life, they were known to each other only by their christian names and residences," &c. &c.

The last chapter, comprehending several heads of statistical and agricultural statement, deserves, as it will attract, the attention of those whose minds are principally directed towards such useful and important topics. But room is not now left us for more than a very hasty and superficial survey of what the two last volumes of this work may contain deserving of our particular notice.

These remaining divisions, to which we must now proceed, are composed of a very diffuse and minute survey of the county in its present state, through every different parish, beginning at the county town. In following this detail, it is obvious that the reviewer can have little to comment upon. To attempt an abridged statement would be little more than to present his readers with a catalogue of names of places and persons equally devoid of amusement and instruction. The pages which remain for us to fill up will be principally occupied, therefore, by a few extracts from the biographical notices and other matters of more general interest with which the history abounds, after which we shall take our leave of Mr. Jones, with feelings of considerable esteem for his talents and industry, and with the warmest recommendation to future topographers to take example from the method and spirit which he has displayed in the conduct of his labours; at the same time it must be understood that this recommendation, though expressed in general terms, is not intended for literal application in every particular. There certainly are details in this voluminous work, which might have been spared with advantage to its consistency, and with still more benefit to the patience of its readers, as possessing no peculiar reference to the district which they profess to illustrate; and we own it would mortify us if, in consequence of a too close adherence to the letter of our advice, we should hereafter be visited by three thick quarto volumes for every region in Great Britain of extent commensurate with that of the county of Brecknock. Of this, however, we entertain no serious apprehension, as very few persons possess the perseverance and learning which have enabled Mr. Jones to set the example of his county history.

The foundation of the venerable church of Saint John the Evangelist at Brecon, may, as Mr. Jones says, be safely as-

cribed to Bernard Newmarch ; for though he admits the Saxon font and "some slight remains" of Saxon architecture in parts of the building to afford evidence of a prior existence, yet "he so far improved and enlarged it, and, as he says, caused it to be dedicated to the honour of St. John the Evangelist, that he may very fairly and properly be said to be entitled to the appellation of its founder." In this edifice, so interesting from the associations of our early history, it is melancholy to relate, that the fury of "architectural innovation" has not spared her usual ravages.

The survey of monuments and inscriptions in this venerable depository, is of considerable extent, but contains in proportion very little that is singular or interesting. Churchyard's "Worthiness of Wales" (a very curious old poem, published in 1587, and reprinted at London in 1776), affords some interesting quotations, which are very properly introduced into this work ; but from the commentary of Mr. Jones on the monuments mentioned by this ancient writer, we shall select a single article, as evidence of a liberality of spirit and soundness of reason far beyond the general character of the age to which it refers:

* Meredyth Thomas was of the profession of the law, and a notary public; perhaps deputy registrar of the archdeaconry of Brecon; he was eight times bailiff of Brecon, and died in 1587, and though we have lost that good store of verses, formerly recording his merits, fortunately he still lives in his will, a copy of which is preserved in my office ; this document recites his wish (in an age when such a wish was thought almost impious) that his body should be opened, in order that the cause of his disorder might be known, and posterity benefited by the discovery, and proves that he had more benevolence and profundity of thinking than, I am sorry to observe, many wise and sensible men even of the present day possess. A short extract from it may not be unacceptable, as it portrays his character ; it was proved in 1585, and he describes himself therein by the name of Meredith Thomas ap David Goch : "I desire to be buried in the parish church of Saint John the Evangelist, in the chapple there, where my father, my brother, and sisters, were buried, hard by the wall, and I will that mine executors do erect a stone by the wall syde, or the syde of the same, to be in the wall close as high as a man's brest, that any of the parishioners may lean upon ; and I will that mine executors shall cause a surgeon or physician to open my body, and extract my bowels, that the cause of my sickness may be known." &c. &c.

And after appointing his wife Elinor and his son Daniel his

executors, in another part of the extract here given, there is the following clause.

"Also I wille that myne executors shall joine together in all actions concerning my will, and that they shall dwelle together and spende in all honest means all such *talments* that I leave or bequeath to them in mayntaynyng my house and family, and *re-lyeing my friends that come unto them without grudge or variance.*"

The word *talments*, as here used, Mr. Jones supposes to mean "dues or debts owing to the testator."

In the account of Brecon Castle, built by Bernard Newmarch about 1094, some curious pieces of antiquarian anecdote occur; but we were very sorry to meet with a little piece of levity, in speaking of an ancient dungeon there, which we know not how to construe consistently with the respect which we wish to feel for Mr. Jones's benevolent liberality of sentiment.

"In this hole," says he, "though the sentimental sympathizing sensibility of the present day, *which is more actively engaged in promoting the comfort of criminals, than in the prevention of vice*, would hold it cruel to immure a dog, drunkards were sometimes confined for a night," &c. &c.

He makes some amends, however, by a good story, for this misplaced ridicule. For

"To this dungeon," he adds, "tradition tells us that a lord lieutenant of Ireland narrowly escaped being committed in the reign of Elizabeth; his name is forgotten, but it was probably either the Earl of Leicester or Essex, who, in his journey to or from England, dining with the bailiff, aldermen, and common council of Brecon, at one of their feasts thought proper to assert his claim to precedence at the table. "*Sing the bell*" * (says the testy Welchman, who then presided over the corporation) and take him to Porth bach." The viceroy saw the imprudence of resistance, apologized for his conduct, and submitted to become the second subject in Brecon."

This is a stroke of manners, whether the tradition be strictly true or not, strongly characteristic of the sturdy independent spirit of our ancient burgesses, just at the period when we were beginning to break the bonds of feudal tyranny.

* Meaning the bell to call the constables together. *Sing the bell* is the literal translation of *Canwch y gloch*, and is frequently heard in Wales.

In the parish of Garthbrenny is Peytyn Gwin, where was formerly situated the principal mansion of Sir David Gam, the hero of Agincourt. The heralds have recorded that this estate was purchased by Sir David's father of William Peyton, the descendant of William Peyton (*Gulielmus Pictaviensis*); a knight to whom Bernard Newmarch gave the land more than three centuries before, and whose name it still retains; so say the heralds: but Mr. Jones, with his accustomed hardihood, gives the heralds the lie, asserting, and, for aught we know to the contrary, proving, that the Peytons had long before emigrated from this their original settlement, and left no trace behind them, except that of their name, in the county of Brecknock. Many of our readers may be ignorant of the character and exploits of the knight whose name occasioned our mention of Garthbrenny. Let them then take the following abridged account of him from Mr. Jones's own words.

Sir David Gam was probably born about 55 or 60 years previous to that celebrated action which is the foundation of his glory to posterity. This statement, if correct, will make him about five or ten years younger than his great contemporary and rival, Owen Glendower, the period of whose birth is fixed at 1350.

'He was athletic in person, his hair red, and he squinted, from whence he was called Dafydd Gam: Gam generally means crooked,* but from long habit and a perversion of the language, when applied to the person, it implies any defect in the limbs or features. Powel, in his History of Wales, has taken care not only to record this deformity, but he wishes his readers to believe that nature has perpetuated it, and that all his family continue to squint to this day!!'

Sir David Gam was, as has already been remarked, personally attached to Henry the IVth. as earl of Hereford and lord of Brecon; and he carried this attachment so far as to become the perpetrator of some very black actions in favour of his protector. In 1482, while Owen Glendower was holding his parliament at Machynlleth, in Montgomeryshire, 'he narrowly escaped assassination.' Pennant's account of this business is as follows:

"Among the chieftains who came to support his title was a gentleman called David Gam, or *the one-eyed*; notwithstanding he had married a sister of Glyndwr, yet such was the furious

* 'From hence, as I conceive, the vulgar English phrase of a game leg, meaning a crooked or bandy leg.' This is a whimsical, but certainly not improbable, piece of conjectural etymology.

hatred he had conceived to his cause, that he appeared at the assembly with the secret and treacherous resolution of murdering his prince and brother-in-law. Carte says he was instigated to it by Henry, but gives no authority; party zeal, or hopes of reward, probably instigated him to so nefarious a deed; he was a fit instrument for the purpose, a man of unshaken courage, which was afterwards put to the proof at the battle of Agincourt.

This statement, Mr. Jones observes, is in some respects incorrect. David was not one-eyed, he only squinted; and, what is perhaps rather more important, Glendower was not his prince, nor was he related to, or connected with him, in any degree whatever. The plot, nevertheless, was of a most heinous nature, and, upon its failure, the perpetrator, though he escaped the death which his crime merited, sustained an imprisonment of ten years, and was at length exchanged only on a solemn engagement 'not to bear arms or oppose the measures of Owen.' This engagement he kept just as sacred as might be expected from one of his character; that is to say, by a continuance of the same flagrant hostilities which had led to the necessity of imposing it. Some time after, in vengeance for repeated insults, Owen made a sudden inroad into his domains, burnt his house, and, on his return, meeting one of his tenants, tauntingly told him in the Welsh language,

'If a squinting red-hair'd knave meet thee, and perchance
should crave

To know what fate his house befell, say that the cinder-mark
will tell.'

Shortly after his release from imprisonment for an attempt to commit murder, he actually perpetrated the crime on the person of one of his kinsmen, Richard Jawr, lord of Slwch, whom he slew in the *High street* of Brecon. The power and favour of the house of Lancaster protected him from the consequences due to this second crime; and no more is known of him till the period when he embarked with Henry the Fifth in his expedition to France.

'And here such a blaze of glory bursts around him as he resigns his boisterous existence, that the English historians are dazzled with its lustre, and the Welch have agreed to wink at his vices. Sir W. Raleigh has an eulogium upon his bravery and exploits in the field of Agincourt, in which he prefers his greatness of soul to that of Mago, and compares him to Hannibal; while his countrymen, in consideration of this day's good services, have unanimously determined to forget his treachery to-

wards Glendwyr, and to pardon the murder of Richard Jawr. His reply to the king on reviewing the French army, his courage and gallantry in the battle, in which he is said to have saved the king's life by the loss of his own, his son-in-law's, and his kinsman's, are so well known that it would be superfluous to repeat them: Hugh Thomas says he was knighted for his exploits after the battle, but that he soon died of his wounds; the general opinion is that he died during the heat of the action, and that the king knighted him as he was expiring in the field.'

From the third volume of this valuable work, of which we have not room to detail the contents, we can hardly make an extract of more general interest than the following, as it is illustrative of a remarkable passage in Clarendon's History, upon the faith of a contemporary manuscript correspondence. It relates to the murder of Ascham, a parliamentary envoy, by one of the family of Proger, of Gwernvale, in this county.

'Henry Proger, together with his brothers, James and Edward, followed the fortunes of Charles the Second while in exile, to whose person they were warmly attached, and whom they served with unwearied fidelity; the zeal of Henry, however, hurried him into excesses, from which he ought to have been restrained. While in Spain he was in the suite of lord Cottington and sir Edward Hyde, the king's ambassadors at that court, and he has been accused of having acted as a principal in the assassination of Ascham, the republican envoy sent thither by Cromwell. One of our historians (Clarendon) thus relates the circumstance, "This year (1650) the parliament sent Mr. Ascham, a person concerned in the king's trial, as their agent or envoy to the court of Spain, though the king had before sent the lord Cottington and sir Edward Hyde as his own proper ambassadors. This new agent was no sooner arrived at Madrid, but the next morning some English officers and soldiers who had served in the Spanish armies, went to his lodgings, and without asking any questions, walked up directly into his chamber, drew their swords, and, besides their intention, killed a friar, the interpreter, as well as the agent, and so returned to their companions with naked and bloody swords and some expressions of triumph, as if they had performed a gallant and justifiable piece of service. The king's two ambassadors abhorred this action, but had the misfortune to have one of their own servants concerned in it." Howel, the author of *Epistolæ Hoellianæ*, accuses one John Gwyllym and William Sparks, of having committed this murder, but says that *Valentine Proger*, as well as Henry Proger, was of the party; and that the latter, after a concealment for some time in the house of the Venetian ambassador, made his escape into France. Lord Cottington, in a letter to Mr. Edward Proger, dated Madrid, 27th April, 1650 (MS. penes the Rev. H. T. Payne), notices the arrival of Ascham in the following remarkable passage: "The

agent sent by parliament landed at port St. Mary by Cadiz, where he still remaineth sick and with no small apprehension, *as he hath reason*, for he cometh from people abhorred by these." In another letter dated from Valladolid, 20th June, 1651, he says, "if there be anie thing els to be told you from hence, this scribe (alluding to James Proger, another brother who remained in Spain with his lordship) will doe it, *who grows a very good Spaniard*, and soe much that way affected, as hee will sometimes confess there is better food here than in Wales, though withal hee will be angry if that bee not accounted the better country; when you write to *Harry*, commend me to him, and tell him I wish him to be as industrious as his two brothers, without which he will hardly thrive." Upon the restoration Mr. Henry Proger was appointed one of his majesty's equerries, and nominated one of the knights of the royal oak, which order, however, was never instituted, it being feared that such a distinction might occasion animosities and open wounds which were but newly healed. Mr. Proger was soon afterwards knighted, and by some letters to his brother, it appears he sometimes made Gwernvale his residence, though he still continued to hold his residence at court. When he died is not known, but his will is dated in 1686.

The remaining history of the family is what might be expected from so *loyal* a commencement. Charles, the only son of this assassin cavalier, soon dissipated the whole of his father's property by his extravagance; and Edward, his uncle, after profiting by his nephew's follies to the advancement of his own fortune, advanced it still higher by still meaner practices. It is he, of whom Andrew Marvel, speaking of Charles the Second's most infamous favourites, thus writes,

'Then the procurers under *Progers* filed,
Gentlest of men and his lieutenant mild;
Bronkard, love's squire, through all the field array'd,
No troop was better clad or better paid.'

This noble Sir Pandarus had no male issue, and Gwernvale, upon his death, fell to Dr. Croxall, the collector of *Æsop's Fables*, and author of several poems, in right of his wife Philippa, the eldest of the daughters.

Our general opinion of Mr. Jones's merits as a county historian may be sufficiently collected from what has been already said on this subject, and from the extracts we have made. Some of his occasional remarks on other authors may be deemed a little too flippant, and some of his jests a little too coarse; but the originality and freedom of his opinions may plead in excuse for much greater defects of style or of reasoning, while we are disposed to think that, to jest at all in a work of this description, where almost every

writer holds himself privileged in unbending gravity and dullness, is a merit sufficient to bury in oblivion all the faults into the commission of which it may, now and then, have betrayed him.

ART. IX.—*Hints on the Economy of feeding Stock and bettering the Condition of the Poor.* By J. C. Curwen, Esq. M. P. of Workington Hall, Cumberland. 8vo. pp. 364; 10s. Crosby, 1808.

MR. CURWEN had for many years kept in his own hands a farm comprising upwards of five hundred acres, and of the estimated value of 1000*l.* a year. He paid little attention to the management of his land, but confided in the discretion of a bailiff, only enjoining the cultivation of turnips, which root he first introduced into his neighbourhood. However, on the failure of the hay crops, in the year 1801, he was roused from his indifference, and was compelled to turn his thoughts to the provision of a substitute; which he found in *steamed potatoes*, mixed with cut straw. His success in this experiment induced him to communicate his mode of procedure to the Board of Agriculture; and to their rewarding this his first adventure we probably owe his continued attention to the subject, and the publication of his future remarks on the cultivation of land; which do credit to his judgment and industry, and convey much useful information to the practical agriculturist.

Before we remark on his experiments, it may be useful to those gentlemen farmers who by their personal neglect, or ignorance of the principles of their pursuit, have given occasion to the vulgar and not unfounded opinion that *a gentleman can never farm to advantage*, to give the author's account of the profits of his farm in the year 1801.

‘I was surprised beyond measure, at finding that not only the whole produce of that year was swallowed up in expences, but a debt of seven hundred pounds incurred in addition; yet this proceeded entirely from my own ignorance.’ p. 217.

It would be tedious, and without a plan, almost impossible, to convey to the reader a correct idea of the apparatus which Mr. Curwen used in steaming his potatoes: it is sufficient for us to state, that they were first carefully washed by inclusion in a rotatory cylinder resembling a barrel churn, which office was found best performed by manual labour;* that

* A water-power was tried, but did not answer so well.

they were afterwards boiled by steam, then bruised and mixed with chopped straw, and whilst warm given to the horses, the portion of oats being incorporated with them whilst in the manger.*

We must not omit remarking, that Mr. Curwen insists very strongly on the necessity of *bruising* grain before it is given for food. To prove the expediency of this practice, we need only refer the farmer to his own vegetative dunghills, or hot-beds whose growing crops of oats are a convincing proof that much of the corn passes unaltered through the stomach of the horse, and consequently cannot have afforded any nourishment. For those who are not easily convinced by ocular and every day observations, it may be of service to quote part of an account illustrative of this necessity, from a letter of a British officer who had served in India.

During a want of their usual food, the horses of the cavalry were fed with a proportion of barley, which not being sufficiently bruised, was so little impaired in its nutritive quality in passing through the stomach and intestines of the horses, that the writer

'witnessed for weeks together, many hundreds of all ages and sexes coming into the lines of the cavalry, and anxiously collecting and carrying away the excrement as it fell from the horse; this they exposed for a few hours to the sun, and by rubbing and sifting it procured a large supply of good food.' p. 32.†

We will return to the more immediate object of the first division of the work, by stating the economical advantages of 'steaming potatoes as a substitute for hay.'

In the first place they are more convenient for carriage, especially by water. But above all other advantages, they possess the important one (according to Mr. Curwen's calculation) of saving two acres and a half out of three. They also, if we may credit a cloud of respectable witnesses, perform their office of food (especially for old horses), much better than hay. Lastly, in a year of scarcity, this increased growth of so productive a vegetable may avert the horrors of a famine, by being diverted from their intended use to the support of the human species.

With all these advantages, it appears almost necessarily to

* The Carron Company added a proportion of *salt* in pursuing the experiments of Mr. Curwen.

† The same letter contains the information, that the Hindus have for many ages practised that method of shoeing which Mr. Coleman judiciously recommends, and which is the first rational mode practised in this horse-loving country.

follow, that the American root will, in course of years, almost supersede the production of its rival vegetable in this country, at least, in the neighbourhood of populous towns. The obstacles to this great saving of land are the inaptitude of particular soils for the production of potatoes, the liability to a failure of the general crop, and the expence of erecting and conducting the proper apparatus for steaming. The last objection we know does not apply to large concerns; but it amounts to a prohibition in moderate farms, and therefore can never be generally adopted. Modern improvers will probably recommend, since the object is inapplicable to present circumstances, to adapt those circumstances to the object, by throwing together several small farms into one great farm. There is little doubt that such a measure is attended with great national advantages, independent of that of "steaming potatoes." We need state no more than that the tenant chosen for the occupation of such an extensive farm would be well acquainted with the recent improvements in agriculture, and disposed to give them a fair trial; that one family only would be supported on an estate which formerly was encumbered by five or six. These are very favourable circumstances both to the nation and to the landlord; but among all these changes and ameliorations, what is to become of the five tenants who are to give place to the overwhelming sixth? Or rather what *has* become of them? The race is in many parts of the country almost extinct; the honest sun-burnt farmer who holds out his brown jug to the weary traveller, is now scarcely to be met with, except in plays and romances. His place is usurped by the purse-proud speculator, whose ostentatious winepipes exhibited under every spout, or more proudly ranged side by side at a corner of the house, inform the wandering tourist that there is no welcome without a letter of introduction, and hint to him what will be the subject of conversation if he has one.

We are so far convinced of the advantages of substituting potatoes, carrots, &c. for hay, as to hope that the usual provision in leases, *that the tenant shall not plough up grass lands*, will give place to the greatest encouragements for the cultivation of these vegetables. Our national good sense is impeached by the unaccountable partiality with which we survey the scanty national produce of our climate. We have long since given up our acorns and crabs, in favour of more productive and more palatable fruit, but we have not reconciled ourselves to exchange a moderate portion of our almost profitless sward, for crops of much greater profit, sixfold greater produce, and as a national object, of incalculable importance.

Let us not be Calvinists in agriculture, and think that Providence is to do every thing for us, and we nothing for ourselves : nor like certain old women, fancy that whatever is not the natural produce of a country, must be deleterious to its natives.

We will conclude our observations on this division of the work, by adducing an instance of the great advantage of employing potatoes as a substitute for hay, when the failure of the general crop in 1897 had raised that root to the price of seven pence and eight pence a stone, with a just alarm lest it should be much higher. Mr. Curwen in this time of dread gave up the steaming of potatoes, and had remaining for the consumption of his fellow-creatures thirty thousand stone ; though he at first had but half a crop, and had been supplying his 100 colliery horses with them till the middle of winter. These horses, "being accustomed to warm food, would have suffered much from an entire change of system," they were therefore fed with steamed straw, cut, and mixed, with their bruised oats.* From the short experience which the author had of this method, he augurs well of its success.

Now had these horses been accustomed to feed on hay instead of potatoes, five times the quantity of land would have been occupied, the produce of which would not have been convertible to the use of man.

The next division of the book before us relates to the means of "supplying *milk* for the poor."

Mr. Curwen's situation near a large town, and the knowledge that a regular supply of milk, so essential to the health of children, was much wanted by the poor, and the not illaudable wish, that his endeavours to obviate this evil would meet with the honourable acknowledgment of the Board of Agriculture, induced him to make the experiment, and to adopt the plan which has so well answered the end of his benevolent intentions. He has not only gained his principal objects, but he has shewn that this mode has the indispensable advantage of affording an adequate profit.

We have no reason to dispute the accuracy of Mr. Curwen's general results, but we do not find in every particular that extreme accuracy of detail which a longer acquaintance with the subject has no doubt enabled him to exhibit. After quoting the opinion of Mr. C. Mason, "one of the most experienced breeders and feeders of cattle in the county of Durham," on the inexpediency of feeding cattle on hay, he

* We must give our readers one caution—potatoes do not supply the place of *oats*, but of *hay*.

proceeds to state the effects of appropriating twenty-two acres of land, within a mile of a town containing eight thousand inhabitants, to the "raising of green crops for the purpose of supplying it with milk, and for the support of his other stock during the winter months."

The success of the experiment, in some respects, fell short of expectation; but it would take up too many of our pages to give his tables of expenditure and receipts, and we shall therefore satisfy ourselves by stating some of the profits, and quoting the author's remarks on them. The value of twenty-two acres of green crops, on the supposition of its being sold to the cow-keeper, is estimated at 220l. the expences are calculated at 118l. 10s. the gain is consequently 101l. 10s. The author observes "the improvements in the land, and value of succeeding crops, is supposed to be adequate to the rent and taxes."

The expence of feeding twenty-two milch cows for 200 days is supposed to be 246l. 0s. 8d. and the profit upon this in milk is 47l. 2s. 8d. This certainly appears a very small gain, and the author is probably correct in his remark upon it. "Had the cows been tolerably well managed, the profits would have been double at least." We do not understand why Mr. Curwen should add to his profits 45l. for the sale of manure; as on the debtor side of his account the expence of manure is not noticed, though if it be added on one side, it ought to be added to the other.*

The gain of feeding stock upon fifteen acres of green food for 200 days was 86l. 16s. 10s.

The daily sale of milk during this time was eighty-seven quarts a day; in the winter of 1807, it was one hundred and eighty quarts per day.

'I have formed my estimate,' (says Mr. C.) 'on what I am told would be a fair average, one year with another.' 'Had the whole been well conducted, the profit should have been 300l. out of which taxes, rent, &c. must be deducted.' p. 64, 65.

From what we have quoted, the reader will observe that there is a good deal of conjecture—much of what *ought to have been*, mixed with what *really was*, so that it is difficult to draw a very correct conclusion from these mismanaged experiments. It is notwithstanding sufficiently evident that the gain on land thus cultivated, must, when experience has cor-

* It is perhaps understood, and added to the estimated cost of each particular kind of food; if not an inaccuracy, it occasions a want of clearness.

rected the judgment of the experimenter, prove a sufficient inducement for its adoption, especially in the neighbourhood of populous towns; and we do not accuse the sanguine author of exaggeration, when he infers, that during the 200 days of the above-mentioned experiment, twenty-two acres of land (of the value of 40s. per acre) performed the office of eighty-two acres of grass land.

We unwillingly pass over the interesting experiments made by the Durham Society for Agricultural Experiments, on the relative advantages of each kind of turnip on particular soils; only remarking, that the yellow bullock broad-cast was universally the most productive, but liable to injury from the frost.

Mr. Curwen combats the arguments of Mr. Malthus against the advantages of new enclosures, endeavours to prove that the recent enclosures have been productive of an increase of victual, and appeals to "the one thousand three hundred enclosures of wastes which have taken place within the present reign." Now we apprehend that many of these enclosed lands were only nominally *wastes*, and that a great part of them was actually under the plough at the time of their enclosure; and that consequently, the great call for labourers in husbandry did not, and does not, bear a proportion to the land enclosed. It is fortunate for the country that this is the case, for considering the continued drainage of the kingdom of its best strength (we are indignant to think *how disposed of*) we should, were Mr. Curwen's idea of the increased necessity for labour well founded, absolutely want hands for the usual preparations for our harvest.

From a calculation of the number of horses used in Great Britain, Mr. Curwen is confident that one million two hundred thousand acres might be saved from the land appropriated to the support of them and of cattle, were we generally to adopt the plan of feeding them on potatoes, carrots, &c.

Considering this work, as we have before observed, as not generally interesting to all our readers, we have not devoted so many pages to it as we could have wished, but we should think ourselves deserving of most serious blame, if we neglected to make them acquainted with the author's prophetic observations on the state of this country, as it respects the internal means of our support.

‘However unbounded our capital, can the country be esteemed really flourishing and secure, whilst it is not possessed of the means of feeding its inhabitants? The temporary loss of our stu-

periority at sea, hostile influence, or a combination on the continent, might effect by famine what their attempts by open war, I trust, can never accomplish. Is there wisdom or policy in suffering the empire to remain dependent on circumstances distinct from its courage and love of liberty?" p. 86.

"At the moment of writing the above observations, it was far from my contemplation to suspect that such a fatal combination of circumstances would arise as should threaten the total deprivation of our resources drawn from the Baltic," &c.

"The Baltic is now proved to be no more free from the power, than she has formerly been from the influence, of our inveterate enemy; and may not the same intriguing spirit labour to involve us with America, should the moment of scarcity make us dependent upon her for the support of our necessities?" p. 92.

Mr. C. then proceeds to state his doubts of suffering an indirect commerce with France for the supply of corn, as taking away an inducement for our own exertions to produce the necessary quantity; and, on the other hand, adding to her resources. He adds these queries, we fear, with too much foresight. "Can a foreign supply, and least of all, a supply from France, be relied on? Were the demand pressing on our part, would it not be withheld?" p. 93.

This publication is intended to prove, and we think does prove, that the soil now under cultivation in Great Britain is, by a particular management, capable of supporting its own population. That the particular mode of culture which is to insure this most desirable object is not abstruse or particularly liable to failure; and that its practice is recommended by the emolument which it holds forth to the farmer.

We have not often perused a work of greater importance to the community; and present circumstances have unhappily rendered it doubly interesting.

Mr. Curwen has shewn himself a true patriot by consulting the real interest of his country, unmixed with any of those popular gratifications, which often cast a shade of suspicion on the motives of the most exalted characters. He has pursued with acute and patient investigation the philosophy of agriculture; not with a view of producing uneatable monsters, but of discovering by what means a given portion of land may support the greatest possible number of his fellow-creatures.

ART. X.—*Practical Observations on Strictures of the Urethra, with Cases illustrative of the comparative Merits of the Caustic and common Bougie; also Remarks on the Fistula in Ano, and an improved Method of treating Tinea Capitis, with annexed Cases. By Thomas Luxmore, Surgeon Extraordinary to the Prince of Wales, Surgeon to the Eastern Dispensary, &c. &c. 8vo. Highley, 1809.*

WE always feel some concern when a man of respectable talents thinks it necessary to write a book, merely with a view of increasing his professional employment. Why should a man, who has taken care to lay in a stock of knowledge, fear that he will pass unnoticed? The effects of regular industry, however slow, are stable and certain. Bankrupts in fortune are those who are in a hurry to be rich; bankrupts in reputation are those who are in a hurry to distinguish themselves, by writing on subjects on which they have really nothing to say. We wish Mr. Luxmore may not find himself in this situation. He has thought it worth while to detail a number of cases of stricture of the urethra, mostly relieved or cured by the use of the common bougie. This was indeed a needless task. He has even made it somewhat ludicrous, by adding remarks on each case, in which he commonly informs us how many other practitioners had been consulted and failed; and details, with the appearance of infinite self-complacency, his own proceedings and views of the case. Mr. Luxmore, however, may defend this laudable custom by the authority of very high names. The great Frederic Hoffman himself rarely relates a case without first sneering at the ignorance and blunders of the medicasters and old women who preceded him; then beginning to wax warm, he proceeds, *sed ego in concilium vocatus*, &c. &c.

‘Himself the hero of his little tale.’

We must content ourselves with one extract. It shows the inefficiency of some far famed drugs in the treatment of a scirrhus prostate. In this point we agree with Mr. Luxmore, and think that the same sentence of condemnation may be passed upon the whole tribe of specifics in analogous cases. But to our extract.

‘In this case the symptoms of diseased prostate were strongly marked; the weight in perineo and disagreeable sensation in the rectum, may be considered, in this affection, as denoting it more certainly than in any other. The circumstances in voiding

the urine are more doubtful, and will attend every case where there is an obstruction in the discharge, whether from stricture, diseased prostate, or even spasm of the passage. Having ascertained the case to be a diseased prostate, I determined to push mercury and cicuta to such a length, as to give the medicine a fair chance of success; and I am fully satisfied from this, and a number of other cases, that no advantage is ever derived from this plan of treatment; but, on the contrary, that the patient becomes debilitated by its continuance, and the symptoms of irritation are increased rather than relieved. Whatever merit may be attached to cicuta alone, I have never seen it prove beneficial in the present disease; it is a remedy which is more prescribed from habit, and the authority of some great names, than from any good effects experienced from its administration. In this case the prostate displayed little or no sensibility to the touch, when compressed; and was apparently in that confirmed scirrhus state which admits of no relief from the powers of medicine. On finding the deobstruent plan abortive, and that the constitution of the patient had suffered under its continuance, I changed the method of treatment, and gave him the steel and sal sodæ, considering that the amendment of the general habit, by giving the organ more power of action, would benefit the local affection. The application of a blister to the perinæum was not attended here by that alleviation of symptoms experienced by Mr. Hunter, in some cases he describes; nor was the insertion of a seton more fortunate, for though it afforded some relief for a short time, this did not extend to weeks, as stated in the cases of some authors. Perhaps this may be attributed to the confirmed state of scirrhus, and the same application might be successful, where the prostate was simply irritable or inflamed. The warm sea-bath was certainly useful here. On the whole the sufferings of the patient were diminished, and I have reason to infer that the progress of the disease was somewhat suspended.

Mr. Luxmore next presents us with a set of cases of *tinea capitis*, all cured. These cases must get well in time. The last practitioner is therefore in luck. We have a set of formulæ, which are mostly very unscientific. Take the very first. 'R. Ung. Sulph.—Picis.—Hydrarg. nitrat. a. a.' p. 89. 'Ol. amyg. q. s. ft. Ung.' When substances of different qualities are so huddled together, how is it possible to determine which is of service, and which not?

Some observations on fistula in ano conclude the volume. They are quite of a piece with the rest.

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CRITICAL MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 11.—*A Sermon preached in his Majesty's Chapel at Whitehall, January 21, 1810, at the Consecration of the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Chester. By Francis Haggitt, D. D. one of his Majesty's Chaplains in Ordinary, Prebendary of Durham, and Rector of Nuneham Courtenay, Oxfordshire.* London, Faulder, 1810, 4to.

WHEN we read the first sentence of this sermon, in which we are told that 'many pious and reflecting men have long contemplated the state of christendom with much alarm for the safety of religion,' we began to fear lest Dr. Haggitt should prove one of these alarmists; and we wondered how he would be able to make out the position that that religion was or could be in danger from the assaults of man, which was confessedly the work of God. We thought that a preacher might as well say that the firmament was not safe because the atmosphere was tempestuous, because the lightnings flashed, and the thunder roared, as to express any apprehensions for the safety of the church of Christ, because a few noisy polemics called one another hard names, or some contemptuous sceptics laughed and jeered at the indecent fray within its walls. But, as we proceeded in the perusal of this discourse, we were happy to find that Dr. Haggitt is not one of those theological alarmists, but that he is comforted, in this stormy period of religious feuds, by the assurance that the church of Christ is built upon a rock. Dr. H. therefore seems fully convinced that this edifice cannot be beaten to the ground either by impetuous zealots, or infuriate infidels. But the pious author does seem to be perturbed by some little inquietude of mind, lest the basis on which the church of England is erected should not be quite so solid and immovable as that on which the church of Christ stands. 'Though,' says Dr. Haggitt, 'the gospel cannot be overthrown, it by no means follows that the church of England is secure. If indeed the latter were subverted, the cause of religion would be hurt by the failure of its purest channel; but the very existence of christianity is not dependent on the safety of any one establishment, or branch of it: other sects, less immaculate, might survive, and flourish on its ruins, till it should please heaven to restore 'a worship, the fittest for man to offer and the Almighty to accept.' We fully agree with Dr. Haggitt in the above extract, that the existence of christianity is not dependent on that of any one, nor of all the establishments in the world. But when the reverend author talks of one of these establishments, (videlicet, the church of England) as containing 'a worship the purest for man to offer, and the Almighty to accept,'

he, in fact, identifies our national establishment with christianity in its purest form, or with the church of Christ itself. In this case, and allowing, for a moment, the panegyric to be just, the author might, with as much reason, have expressed his doubts for the security of the church of Christ, as for that of the church of England. The fall of the church of Rome, in this and in other countries, was not owing to her practising, as her votaries might have said in the language of Dr. Haggitt, '*a worship the fittest for man to offer, and the Almighty to accept,*' but directly the reverse. The church of Rome was full of heathenish abominations, and her worship was, in many particulars, an insult to the reason of man, and to the majesty of heaven. But are there no abominations either in doctrine or in practice, in the church of England? Is the creed of St. Athanasius an *immaculate* composition? Are the anathemas with which that creed abounds, such a worship as is '*the fittest for man to offer, and for the Almighty to accept?*' If such a mode of adoration should, as Dr. Haggitt supposes not totally unlikely to happen, be subverted, would the Almighty work a miracle to restore it as the fittest and the best? Surely not.—If then those learned persons, who are fed by the manna of the church, do, like Dr. Haggitt, indulge any pious fears lest some sect, *less immaculate* than themselves, should force their way into their goodly heritage, what is the best mode of prevention which they can adopt? Our advice is, as it has always been since the Review has been under its present management; perfect what the reformation left unfinished; revise the liturgy and the articles; divest both of their unscriptural absurdities, and let the establishment become a sanctuary in which all sects may worship the Father of spirits, in the communion of charity. Such a mode of public worship would indeed be, in the language of Dr. Haggitt, '*the fittest for man to offer,*' and as far as our imperfect reason can judge, the most likely for the Almighty to accept. If the church of Christ be founded on a rock which no external force, nor internal dissensions can overturn, the only way of conferring any thing like the same immoveable perpetuity on any national establishment, is by rendering the edifice as close and perfect a copy as possible of that of the church of Christ. The church of Christ is founded on the basis of UNIVERSAL CHARITY. Is such a broad base incompatible with the existence of the church of England, or of any other national church? Certainly not. Does the church of Christ, the foundations of which are those of universal charity, authorize any malevolent anathemas on speculative differences of opinion? Certainly not. Ought then the church of England, if she wishes to approximate the form and consequently the security of the church of Christ, to admit such uncharitable imprecations? Ought she to assert that those, who do not believe, what no reasonable man ever can believe, shall *perish everlastingly*? The church of Christ prohibits all narrow and illiberal

tests, such as have a tendency to generate hypocrites and to violate the rights of conscience. Ought then the church of England to sanction such abominations? Ought the state to say that a man shall not exercise even the menial office of an exciseman, till he has performed a solemn farce at the altar of the establishment? However sacred any rite may be in itself, yet, the more sacred it is, the more ridiculous it becomes, when a man, for some sordid purpose, is compelled to put on a mask of gravity and conform to it against his conscience. The church of Christ says in express terms that, all which it is necessary for a man to *believe*, in order to participate in the benefits of her communion, is to acknowledge Jesus to be the Christ, or to confess his mission to be divine. But the church of England says that, before a man can be saved he must believe the Athanasian creed, with the addition of thirty-nine articles, of which some are incomprehensible, and others contradictory. Who, then, will venture to affirm that the church of England does not require a *second reformation*? Who will be so presumptuous as to affirm that, in this enlightened and inquisitive age, she can be long safe from the attacks of her enemies without the introduction of a more diffusive toleration and benevolence into her communion? In inculcating these momentous truths, we trust that we prove ourselves among the most zealous friends which the church ever had. We are not indeed time-serving sycophants to her caprice, but we are intrepid advocates for the timely removal of those errors which are incorporated in her worship, and which prevent many of the most upright and erudite part of the community from holding out to her the right hand of fellowship; and exerting their virtues and their talents in her defence.

Dr. Haggitt ascribes the present dangers which threaten the church, to three causes;—1, the malignity of enemies; 2, the coldness of conformists; 3, the dissensions in the church itself. If these be the specific perils, to which the establishment is exposed, the means of prevention are in our power. If this be the bane, the antidote is at hand. It consists in what we have just most earnestly recommended, a reformation of the liturgy and the articles. This, if conducted in the spirit of accord with the great precept of ecclesiastical union which Jesus so affectionately enforced (*By this, shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye love one another*) would place the church of England on that rock of charity and truth, where if she still had any enemies, they could be only few; and their hostility must be impotent. The ‘coldness of conformists,’ which is principally caused by the unreasonable prolixity, and unscriptural tenets of the established service, would subside in the devotion which a more enlightened and tolerant mode of adoration would inspire. ‘The dissensions in the church itself’ must be abated by removing these controversial topics, by which they are occasioned; and which make, what ought to be the house of peace, the noisy abode of wrangling, rancorous, and turbulent polemics.

ART. 12.—*A few Words on the Increase of Methodism, occasioned by 'Hints' of a Barrister, and the Observations in the Edinburgh Review.* London, Miles and Hunter, 1810, 8vo. 1s.

THESE few words contain some shrewd remarks. They are evidently the product of a man who thinks for himself, and we are always pleased with perusing the sentiments of such writers whether they be, or be not, in unison with our own. The author condemns the use of the term Methodist, as indefinite and invidious. "Thus," says he, "the ignorant in politics, misled by John Bowles, and other unprincipled scribblers, stigmatize the opposers of a ruinous ministry, as jacobins and republicans; and thus the ignorant in religion, misled by the Warburtons and Horsleys, denominate atheists all who venture to scrutinize the veracity of the popular creed."

The author afterwards remarks, that 'opinions on speculative subjects are unconnected with practical morality; and that a man may be an atheist with Spinoza, a sceptic with Bayle and Hume, a deist with Voltaire and Lord Kaims, or a methodist with John Wesley and Rowland Hill, and yet prove himself a virtuous and useful member of society. 'It is not by the tenets or forms of a sect that we should appreciate its character.' Of any sect of religionists the prominent characteristic must be, according to our notions, the peculiar tenets which they profess. These tenets, either considered as different from those of other religionists, or, as in the case of the methodists, from being more *exclusively* propagated, and more zealously cherished, constitute the distinctive badge, as far as *speculative principles* are concerned, of the sect by which they are espoused. Now the author seems to think that these speculative principles may be immoral in their tendencies, and yet not render their votaries immoral. This we allow, and we have more than once made the remark. A physician may mentally cherish or may orally defend a very delusive and pernicious theory of pharmacy, and yet regulate his own health by the principles of common sense. In the same manner a disciple of Whitfield, or a man who in speculation embraces, with obstinate tenacity, the five points of John Calvin, which Whitby has so ably discussed, may still govern his conduct by the plain rules of truth and honesty like other men. Virtue is habit, and habit is an aggregate of individual acts. Now from the good effects of early impression, from the force of example, from the dictates of prudence, or from a certain happy combination of circumstances, a man will often form virtuous habits in spite of a theological theory, which, *if acted upon*, would inevitably stunt their growth, if it did not entirely prevent them from taking root in the heart. But the question is not whether a large mass of religionists do not act in opposition to the general tendencies of their speculative principles; but what are the principles, whose tendencies, *if followed in practice*, are, and must be, pernicious? Now will any impartial man in his

sober senses, tell us that a person may *sincerely* believe in the doctrine of absolute unconditional predestination to future felicity, or in the full free gratuitous expiation of all the enormities which he can ever commit, and that he can *act upon this belief*, or make it, as in gratitude he is bound to do, *a rule of life*, without having his conscience seared against remorse, and becoming an obdurate perpetrator of iniquity? If any religionists do in speculation hold such opinions, and do at the same time, in practice, make them a rule of life, the most lamentable depravity must ensue. But the Author of nature has wisely ordained that the laws of moral obligation shall be *always inwardly revered*, and *in the majority of instances* outwardly practised, notwithstanding the speculative absurdities, or what may not inaptly be called *theoretical vice* of a certain class of variegated sectaries.

We entirely agree with the author of this pamphlet, that all the main tenets of methodism are incorporated in the articles of the established church; and this is one of the reasons on which we ground the necessity for an immediate revision of those articles, and for expunging such as contain nothing but matter for polemical dispute, or whose tendencies, *whenever they do operate in the conduct*, are and must be unfavourable to individual virtue and to public happiness.

POLITICS.

ART. 13.—*Cursory Remarks on the Correspondence between Lord Melville and Mr. Perceval.* London, Hatchard, 1810, 1s. 6d.

THE author of this ingenious pamphlet strenuously contends that as Lord Melville was solemnly acquitted by the judgment of his peers, his character was perfectly unsullied by the trial, that the public obliquity with which his lordship has been loaded is unfounded and unjust, and that no false deference to public opinion should have deterred Mr. Perceval from introducing him into the administration,

We shall not hazard any opinion on the subject, as we have not room to discuss the question in its several bearings and relations. We shall only say, that whatever may be the merits or demerits of Lord Melville, his lordship has, at least, no equal in the *present cabinet*, in point of political ability.

ART. 14.—*Letter from the Right Honourable Lord Grenville to the Earl of Fingal.* London, Stockdale, 1810.

THIS letter has already appeared in the public papers; and it is so well known, and has been so much the subject of conversation, that it is needless for us to expatiate on the contents. We shall only remark, that Lord Grenville is a great master of English style; that he writes with force, with precision, and with elegance; and proves that he combines what are not always found in the same person, great ability both in oral and in written eloquence. The two talents, though they appear similar, are very different, and require different habits of intellectual operation. Some persons can concentrate their thoughts in the

midst of a crowded assembly, who, wanting the same mental stimulus in solitude, find their attention more vagrant and desultory when they are alone ; and there are others whose attention, like that of many mathematicians and other deep thinkers, is dissipated in a crowd, while it is vigorous and compressed in solitude. When Mr. Fox spoke he never wanted words ; and as he could not stay to choose, he made use of the first that came ; but when he wrote, he had leisure to be nice, and from want of habit, though his mind was fastidious, his selection was not always made with taste. He spoke with facility, but he wrote with toil. Of this he was himself so conscious, that it prevented him from writing well. There is not the same enthusiasm in the oratory of Lord Grenville, as was in that of Mr. Fox—but still there is more beauty in his written compositions.

ART. 15.—*England the Cause of Europe's Subjugation, addressed to the British Parliament.* London. Johnson. 1810, 1s.

THIS pamphlet contains some temperate and sensible remarks. On the third coalition against France, which was effected in the second administration of Mr. Pitt, the author says,

‘ Mr. Pitt proposed that Austria and Russia should furnish a certain number of men for a certain sum of money to be supplied by England. It was agreed that the generals of these men should be appointed by the government which furnished them. To these generals all military operations were then left, and Mr. Pitt sat down a spectator of the storm he had raised. The admirers of Mr. Pitt attribute the failure of the enterprize to the weakness of the Austrian General Mack, and the precipitate submission of the Emperor of Austria ; but who rested the execution of the enterprize on the talents of General Mack and the fortitude of his master ? Mr. Pitt. If the situation of Europe could not have been made worse, it might be prudent in Mr. Pitt to embrace the remotest chance of success to lessen the power of France. But an object may be desirable, which it is unwise to attempt—the evil to be hazarded may be greater than the evil endured—the means of accomplishment may be precarious and inadequate. It will be hard to discover, on what rational expectation of success Mr. Pitt employed the mercenary troops of Austria and Russia to attack France. He did not rest his hopes of success on soldiers more brave, more disciplined, more attached to their cause, to military glory, and to their leaders, than those of France. He did not rest them on generals more active, more skilful, more fortunate. Russia, in answer to the objections of Austria, unwilling at first to become a party in the coalition, tells us, on what Mr. Pitt *did* rest his hopes of success. In the papers laid upon the table of the House of Commons, after the death of Mr. Pitt, which disclose the treaty of coalition, Russia tells Austria that “ the French army is far from complete, and

that the conscripts (never ending theme of delusion and misfortune to England and Europe) strive in all possible ways to avoid service, that England by menacing the coasts of France, Holland, and Germany, would employ many French troops; that France can never be in condition to employ five hundred thousand men, and that a diminution of one third of that number may be confidently reckoned upon. The disproportion then of two hundred and fifty thousand Austrians, and one hundred and fifteen thousand Russians which can be brought into the field, will be considerably lessened." It was not, we see, even on superior numbers that the hopes of Mr. Pitt were founded. That men should be furnished for money seemed his only consideration, concluding that as soon as they were collected in the field, they would be as ready to shed their blood to overthrow Buonaparte as he was that it should be shed in such a cause. The genius and character of his leading opponent, the interests and character of the men to be brought, and the men by whom they were to be opposed, were all forgotten or set at nought in the calculation. His angry mind, for to what else can we attribute such fatuity, forgot that the people forced into the armies of Germany and Russia might not be altogether insensible to the oppressions of their own rulers, and possibly had no natural appetite to revenge the quarrel of England, and enter into her resentments. In the same treaty it was stipulated, that a certain proportion of the Russian troops should watch the motions of Prussia, which shews that there was no hope of assistance from her. Mr. Pitt, then, is convicted in the last political act of his life, of being a man whom experience could not teach wisdom, of being ignorant, where it was his bounden duty to be well informed, and of having left nothing in the eye of reason dispassionately exercised, to explain his measures or discover his motives, but the idea that he yielded to the vulgar prejudices he had encouraged in the nation, against the person of the first magistrate of France, whose character, power, and pacific overtures, it probably not a little increased his resentment to recollect he had uniformly treated with contempt.

Mr. Fox always ascribed the aggrandizement of France to the various coalitions which this country had formed to prevent it. If war have made France great, the effect of what peace will do remains yet to be tried. In the present condition of France this is an experiment of *uncertain benefit*, but is not the continuance of the war a *certain evil*? And is a certain evil to be preferred to an uncertain good? Pacific councils *may be beneficial*; but at any rate, they cannot lead to such disastrous consequences as our present ill-concerted, prodigal, and sanguinary expeditions. The principal dread of peace seems to arise from the great exertions which Buonaparte is likely to make to increase his navy during the continuance. But if Buonaparte were thrust off the political stage to-morrow, would not France make the same exertions under any other system of government which might arise?

Would not the naval superiority of Great Britain be still an object of jealousy to France? But cannot our maritime exertions keep pace with those of France in a time of peace as well as in a time of war, when every species of naval stores might be obtained at a cheaper rate? Or if the councils of both countries are animated by the *spirit of peace*, cannot the number of ships which each party shall build be limited by treaty? But all this is matter of speculation. What is certain is, that the *experiment of peace must sooner or later be tried*; and it seems also certain, from the instructive history of the war since 1793, that the longer it is delayed, the more perilous this experiment must be.

POETRY.

ART. 16.—*Poems by Sir John Carr.* London, Mathews and Leigh, 1809, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

THE worthy knight seems to think that these poems may claim a place among the *vers de société*. By this we suppose, he thinks that if they have no other merit, they may at least serve to while away the hour of vacuity and relaxation. We shall select a few specimens, and leave our readers to judge whether the perusal be stimulant or narcotic.

Verses on an Autumnal Leaf.

Think not, thou pride of summer's softest train!

Sweet dress of nature, in her virgin bloom!

That thou hast flutter'd to the breeze in vain,

Or unlamented found thy native tomb.

The muse, who sought thee in the whispering shade,

↳ When scarce one roving breeze was on the wing,

With tones of genuine grief beholds thee fade,

And asks thy quick return in earliest spring.

I mark'd the victim of a wintry hour,

I heard the winds breathe sad a fun'ral sigh,

When the lone warbler, from his fav'rite bow'r,

Pour'd forth his pensive song to see thee die;—

When, in his little temple, colder grown,

He saw its sides of green to yellow grow,

And mourn'd his little roof around him blown,

Or toss'd in beauteous ruin on the snow;

And vow'd throughout the dreary day to come

(More sad by far than summer's gloomiest night)

That not one note should charm the leafless gloom,

But silent sorrow should attend thy flight.

LINKS—upon reading the journal of a friend's tour into Scotland, in which the picturesque scenery and the character of the people are fairly and liberally stated,

Much injur'd Scotia ! was thy genuine worth,
 When late the surly Rambler * wander'd forth
 In brown surtout, with ragged staff
 Enough to make a savage laugh !
 And sent the faithless legend from his hand,
 That want and famine scour'd thy bladeless land.

That with thee nature wore a wrinkled face,
 That not a leaf e'er shed its sylvan grace,
 But harden'd by their northern wind
 Rude, deceitful, and unkind,
 Thy half-cloth'd sons their oaten cake denied,
 Victims at once of penury and pride.

Happy for thee ! a liberal Briton here,
 Gentle yet shrewd, tho' learned not severe,
 Fairly thy merit dares impart,
 Asserts thy hospitable heart,
 Proves that luxuriance smiles upon thy plains,
 And wit and valour grace thy hardy swains.

Song—upon the admiration of the amiable qualities of Lord Nelson, expressed by Junot, now Duke of Abrantes, who, by the chances of war, was for a short time the British hero's prisoner.

A wreath from an immortal bough
 Should deck that gen'rous victor's brow,
 Who hears his captive's grateful praise
 Augment the thanks his country pays ;
 For him the minstrel's song shall flow,
 The canvass breathe, the marble glow.

Lines sent with some Indian Rouge to Miss W—

Go, faithless bloom, on Delia's cheek
 Your boasted captivations try ;
 Alas ! o'er nature would you seek
 To gain one moment's victory ?
 Her softer tint, sweet look, and gentle air,
 Shall prove you're but a vain intruder there.
 But go, display your charms and taste ;
 Soon shall you blush a richer red,
 To find your mimic pow'r surpass'd,
 And whilst upon her cheek you spread
 Your vermiel hue, tell her ingenuous heart,
 'Tis the first time she ever practis'd art.

* Dr. Johnson, author of the Rambler.

MEDICINE.

ART. 17.—*A Treatise on Local Inflammation, more particularly applied to Diseases of the Eye, wherein an Improvement in the Treatment of those Diseases is recommended, which has been confirmed by numerous Cases under the Author's own Care.* By J. B. Serny, M. D. Oculist. 8vo. London, Bickerstaff. 1809. 3s. 6d.

THERE is a sort of men who seem really unable to join a nominative case and a verb; who, if they would express the most common idea, use words in so strange a sense, or put them in an order so perverse, that it is a perfect riddle to a plain man, who affects no more than to understand his mother English, to find out what they would be at, or to ascertain that they have any meaning at all. Every page of this doctor's treatise is an exemplification of this observation. Let us take a sentence at hazard. 'The reason that in mortification, arising from a severe bruise, no great pain is felt, is in consequence of the nerves being deprived of their sensibility, the violence of the injury not admitting the smallest quantity of arterial blood into them, by which they cannot *immediately* inflame, and acquire an increased sensibility.' Again, 'The absorbents, by their glands being irritated, contract and do not suffer the injurious substance to pass into the general circulation, till it has been properly diluted by those absorbents from other parts leading to the same gland, and pour their mitigating contents from more distant parts into that which is affected, producing obstructions, swelling, and inflammation,' &c. Once more, 'inflammation in the eyes, produced by corroding substances of a chymical nature, act first by destroying the texture of the external surface of the part, and the whole, if they are suffered to remain long in contact.' We presume our readers have seen enough of the treatise of J. B. Serny, M. D. Oculist. The matter and the style are quite of a piece. We have looked in vain for the improvement *which has been confirmed by numerous cases under the author's own care.* The secret is a secret still, and we advise the writer to suffer it to remain so. Dr. Serny may be a good oculist, but we entreat him never to attempt authorship again.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 18.—*Onesimus examined; or Strictures on his Accounts of Popular Preachers.* By an Evangelical Minister. London, Sherwood, 1809. 1s.

THIS evangelical minister animadverts on the accounts of popular preachers which have been given by Onesimus, in the

style which is peculiar to the school to which he belongs. Onesimus had bestowed a high commendation on Bishop Porteus. But the author of the strictures says, that the deficiencies of the bishop were such 'in some of the grand essentials of vital godliness, as to make it dubious, whether he loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, or not.' We have our doubts on this subject as well as the author of the strictures, but rather from the act of persecution which disgraced the closing scene of his life, than from any other cause. 'I know many persons,' says the author of the strictures, 'who constantly attend the Philanthropic Chapel, and I know them to be as far from the kingdom of heaven as any of the human race. They are malignant enemies of the cross of Christ,' &c. After this specimen of dogmatical uncharitableness, it is needless to pause in order to appreciate the merit of these Strictures on Onesimus.

ART. 19.—*Perambulations in London and its Environs; comprehending an historical Sketch of the ancient State and Progress of the British Metropolis, a concise Description of its present State, Notices of eminent Persons, and a short Account of the surrounding Villages. In Letters designed for young Persons. By Priscilla Wakefield. London, Darton and Harvey, 12mo. 1809. pp. 503. 6s. 6d.*

THE juvenile tourist will find this a very amusing and instructive guide to the curiosities of the capital and its environs.

ART. 20.—*A friendly Address to the free Burgesses and other Inhabitants of Newcastle upon Tyne. Second Edition, corrected and enlarged. By Joseph Clark, Author of 'the Newcastle Freeman's Pocket Companion.' London, Longman, 1809.*

ACCORDING to this statement of Mr. Clark, great abuses prevail in the corporate body of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. They are said to possess a revenue of more than 36,000*l.* a year, which ought to be applied to purposes of public utility for the benefit of the town. But this large fund is supposed to be grossly mismanaged, and engrossed rather by objects of private convenience or personal gratification, than of general advantage. In the Freeman's hospital, the aged inmates of this charitable asylum are reported to have experienced the most terrible privations; and Mr. Clarke mentions instances of some persons who have died for want. Some reforms to prevent these and other crying abuses, have been proposed by the author and his friends; but which have been hitherto defeated by the opposition of those who are interested in the continuance of things as they are. A general inquiry ought to be instituted into the funds and charities of corporate bodies throughout the kingdom; into their origin, their increase, and their present application.

ART. 21.—*Lindley Murray examined; or an Address to Classical, French, and English Teachers, in which several Absurdities, Contradictions, and grammatical Errors in Mr. Murray's Grammar are pointed out; and in which is likewise shewn the Necessity of 'the Essentials of English Grammar.'* By a Member of the University of Oxford. London, Law, Ave-Maria Lane, 1809. pp. 66.

THE author of this pamphlet has made some very acute remarks on the grammar of Mr. Murray, which are well worthy the attention of that gentleman.

ART. 22.—*An Abridgment of Universal History, adapted to the Use of Families and Schools; with appropriate Questions at the End of each Section.* By the Rev. H. J. Knapp. London, Law, 1809. 12mo.

MR. Knapp says, that 'the object of this little work is to supply the young mind with clear and leading ideas on history in general, which future diligence should work into a complete picture. It has been endeavoured to render it concise and useful; and if that endeavour has been attended with success, it will stand in need of no better recommendation.' That the work is concise we can readily allow; but we have long doubted the utility of this and similar abridgments.

ART. 23.—*The Rudiments of Chymistry; illustrated by Experiments, and eight Copper-plate Engravings of Chymical Apparatus.* By Samuel Parkes, Author of the Chymical Catechism, &c. London, Lackington, 1810, 12mo. pp. 291. 5s.

MR. Parkes has made his excellent Chymical Catechism, which was noticed in the C. R. for February, 1807, the basis of the present work, which is adapted to the present state of chymical knowledge, to which such important accessions have been made by the discoveries of Mr. Davy. The primary chymical truths, which the author says should be considered as axioms, are printed in a larger letter than the illustrations and experiments. Those who are entering on the study of chymistry, or who wish to obtain a general idea of the leading facts in this delightful science, will find this a most useful elementary publication.

ART. 24.—*Rudiments of Chymical Philosophy; in which the first Principles of that useful and entertaining Science are familiarly explained and illustrated.* By N. Meredith. London, Hatchard, 1810. 12mo.

THE increase of elementary books of chymistry is a pleasing proof that the study of this science is becoming more general and popular. This work of Meredith is written in a very agreeable and perspicuous style.

ART. 25.—*A Calendar of Flora, composed during the Year 1809, at Warrington, lat. 53° 30'. By George Crossfield, Secretary to the Botanical Society of Warrington. London, Wilkie and Robinson, and White. 1810. 1s. 6d.*

MR. Crossfield, the author of this very useful little work, informs us that it contains 'a list of upwards of eight hundred British plants, comprised in the twenty-three first classes of the Linnæan system, growing either wild, or in a cultivated state, in the neighbourhood of Warrington, and arranged according to their earliest periods of inflorescence during the year 1809.' We should be happy to see similar calendars adapted to the different variations of latitude in this island, as far as the change of temperature has any sensible effect on the vegetation.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are obliged to M. de Montyon for the extract from the Courier de Londres respecting his work on taxation, which we noticed in our last Appendix. M. de Montyon informs us that this work was printed at Paris without his consent; and that it contains numerous typographical errors.

The editor of the C. R. has received a letter, with the Bath post-mark on the cover, enclosing two Bank-notes, and designed as a bribe for the favourable mention of a particular publication. The editor begs leave to inform this writer that the praise of the C. R. is not a saleable commodity; and that the only way of obtaining it is to write so as to deserve it.

The above letter, with the enclosures, is left at the publisher's in the Poultry, to be returned to the writer, whose ignorance seems to have been misled by artifice.

List of Articles, which, with many others, will appear in the next Number of the C. R.

Letter on the Genius and Dispositions of the French Government.

Baron Masereu's occasional Essays.

Hodgson's Sir Edgar, &c.

Bigland's View of the World.

New Edition of the Supplices of Euripides.

Laycey's Life of Erasmus.

Graham's British Georgics.

*Alphabetical Monthly Catalogue, or List of Books published in
February, 1810.*

Age (The) a Poem, moral, political, and metaphysical. 8vo. 7s. 6d.
Adultery analyzed; an Inquiry into the Causes of the Prevalence of that Vice. 8vo. 6s.

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THE CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE THIRD.

Vol. XIX.

MARCH, 1810.

No. III.

ART. I.—ΕΥΡΙΠΙΔΟΥ ΙΚΕΤΙΑΕΣ. *Euripidis Supplices Mulieres ex optimis exemplaribus expressa et variarum lectionum delectu, in usum Scholarum.* Oxonii. 1809, apud Mackinlay.

IN the detail of instruction, the tutors at our universities, the masters of our principal seminaries, and students of confined means, have frequently felt and lamented the want of single Greek plays. A term at college, the interval between two vacations at school, the time which the scholar in his plan of study may allot to himself for a particular pursuit in Greek, are not unfrequently filled up by the perusal of some drama; which, for many reasons, would be most convenient, when separately printed. The object for instance, in a college, during the short half term residence of its fluctuating members, is to inspire with the sublimity of Æschylus, the sweetness of Euripides, the majesty of Sophocles, and the attic elegance of Aristophanes, the minds of the pupils, by combining these authors as much as possible, and by adding variety to the other *stimuli* of instruction. At schools, the expense of Johnson's or Brunck's Sophocles, to say nothing of a Beck, or a Kuster, is intolerable to many parents; and among the boys creates only the same sensation which they feel for any other school book; and, like any other, it is torn, damaged, lost, and not replaced again without a heavy tax drawn from the father. To the student also, whose pocket shrinks from German commentators, and who is averse to the paying an additional pound for an index, the *disjecti membra poetæ* are particularly agreeable. We shall be glad if this feeling would urge some of our young scholars to increase and extend the circulation of single dramas.

Our thoughts have been led to this subject not perhaps more from the causes above stated than from two others,
CRIT. REV. Vol. 19, March, 1810. Q

of equal, if not superior interest. The first is, the difficulty of examining the notes in a body, in any complete edition of a tragic or comic Greek writer. In Beck's *Euripides*, in Kuster's *Aristophanes*, in all the editions of Brunck, in our own Cambridge *Æschylus*, published last year by Butler (though we are aware that this edition, by typographical chicanery, may be said in 8vo to be divisible into single plays), we are fatigued and harassed by reference after reference to different parts of the volume. Hence the most sanguine scholar is apt to grow jaded, and frequently gives up, in disgust, a pursuit which, leading him through such intricacies, they ultimately bring with it no satisfaction. Our second objection to the plan on which the above mentioned commentators have proceeded, arises from the Latin accompaniment to the Greek text. We are persuaded that Greek literature is not only degraded among the aspirants, but rendered among all much less efficient than formerly, from this cause. If we did not fear to waste too long time in these prefatory remarks, we should pursue the subject farther. We promise, however, to recur to it shortly, when we give our opinion on the darkness and annoyance with which classical learning is threatened by modern German taste; a taste, unfortunately transplanted into this country with too great success, and which we feel it our bounden duty to counteract and suppress by those weapons, with which we will flatter ourselves we are gifted.

The *Supplices* of Euripides, which play is under review, was, we understand, printed with a few compiled notes and still fewer genuine remarks, as a school and college text-book, by Mr. Gaisford, an eminent Grecian of Christ Church, Oxford. Before we inquire into its merits, a question which will lie in a short compass, it may neither be unamissive nor uninteresting to revert to the single plays of most celebrity or use which have preceded this. It is not our intention to produce a regular *notitia literaria* of these, but to examine a few of each cast: to give our opinion on their merits and demerits: to try Mr. Gaisford's edition by the same rule; and to suggest what appears to us the best mode to be adopted in the publication of a single drama.

That Valcknaer's critical remarks on Euripides are unrivalled, except by Porson, will not, we presume, be called in question; but the *Phænissæ* and *Hippolytus*, though separately published, are too bulky for the general use to which we affirm such extracts should be applied. We are ready to allow that the Latin *metrical* version by Grotius has not the objection lately stated, of facilitating the comprehension of

the text, without compelling the student to investigate the lexicographers; it is unquestionably more difficult and inverted than the Greek; but then it adds nearly a moiety to the expense of the volume. While we are about the admeasurement of quartos, we will apply our rule to two more; Morell's *Prometheus*, and Egerton's *Hippolytus*. Morell's title-page would satisfy most readers with the ponderosity of accompaniments assumed by the editor, and deter the instructor from attempting to *break* the minds of his pupils by such a weight. Here we have not only every note, Greek and Latin, perhaps ever written on the *Prometheus* before the year 1773, and a Latin translation, but an English into the bargain. We need waste few more words on this edition, which abounds not only in false criticism, but in the worst taste. Having thus dismissed Morell, what shall we say to Egerton? The paper is clean and white—the margin large—the text legible—the insertion of Valcknaer's notes (*by themselves*) judicious; but the notes of the editor, and other decorations of eastern quotation, and sundry other coxcombries are absurd, puerile, and contemptible to the lowest degree.

The editions of single Greek plays, printed by Mr. Pote for the use of Eton school, during the latter years of the last century, had some good commentators for their prototypes. But the kindly Latin would have alone spoiled the benefit intended, had not the tasteless mutilation of good notes, and the frequent suppression of the best, joined to such nearly *verbatim* mistakes of the press; that these frequent errors were said by the scholars to be '*potice*' (for '*pollice*'), entirely destroyed the value which might otherwise be derived from these publications.

Of the gentle Germans, whom we designate for future correction, we have little at present to say. Those notes which (in their single plays) are not devoted to the most trifling verbal criticism, are generally filled with petulant abuse against their fellows, or their superiors. We have not, by quotation, leisure to support our assertion; but will, in the few instances we here bring, ingenuously refer the reader to the book itself. Herman, one of the most successful drivellers of the German school, made his *Hecuba* a mere vehicle for snarling at Porson; and it is a doubt whether, throughout, his language is more unmannerly, or his abilities more contemptible. [Vid. ed. Lipsiæ, 1800.] We now come to a dirty little volume, printed on *charta cacata* by one Facius (the editor, we suppose, of Pausanias) with a preface by that arch-charlatan Heyne. [Coburgi, 1778.] This Facius was a

pupil of Heyne's in the *Seminarium Philologicum*, but we perhaps need go no farther in examination of this nasty little book than in quoting the tutor, who says, '*priores saltem pagellæ MULTIS inquinatæ sunt VITIIS.*' Who, in his senses, would purchase such a book, or give it to his pupils to read? The Latin adjunct is in prose, cheek by jowl with the Greek text. The Phœnissæ by Schütz, the merry Schütz, who afterward tried his hand at Æschylus!!! The notorious deficiency of this commentator, not merely in metrical nicety, but in the commonest quantity, at a more advanced period of his life (this play was edited, Halle, 1772), requires from us no farther elucidation of his absurdities. The same apology will suffice to Beck, for withholding, in pity, any other mention of his AVES, than that the play was published, with, God bless him! his '*perpetua adnotatio*' at Lipsick, 1782. We should tire our reader to disgust if we pursued this catalogue, which it were easy to do, much farther. We will therefore conclude with Hoepfner, the editor of the Cyclops and the Trachinæ. The latter, inasmuch as it contains a republication of Brunck's notes, deserves some commendation; more so, than from the patronage of the gentles to whom it is dedicated, FRÉDERICO LUDOVICO WURMB et CHRIST. GOTTHELF BARONI DE GUTSCHMID. (Lipsiæ, 1791.)

'*Festinare ad nostros*' is now become a duty; neither after this '*festinatio*' will our limits permit us to enlarge on the evident and universally allowed merits of the late much lamented Cambridge Greek professor in his publication of the few separate plays of Euripides, which the contracted sphere of his life, or, alas! his learned indolence, and his too learned nicety, permitted him to indulge us with. Whole volumes we could write in praise of what he *has* done, and in regret for the discontinuance of his labours. One short paragraph will suffice to give our opinion of what he has *not* done; and our lamentations at his omission. He has not, to our mind, combined sufficiently the expositor with the scholar; he has not considered the '*studiosa juvenus*' in whom he professes to be particularly interested, as sufficiently his inferior, and consequently he has not appropriated enough of illustration to his subject. Though he addresses himself to the youth at the season of initiation, his address contains mysteries adapted to the more experienced, accurate, and abstruse scholar. There is, moreover, too much of what we may call the *manuscript lore*, too much sarcasm towards the minor critics, (and who are not minor critics compared with him?) and a facility of expression which too readily preconceives every

reader acquainted with the *data* on which he builds his strong, may his infallible arguments. Still we positively recommend to all schools and colleges *in limine* the professor's editions, as the *sine quâ non* of initiation, not only in Euripides, but in the range of all Attic Greek.

The youth and inexperience of a Cambridge gentleman (who, we hear, challenges 'the blockheads of reviewers') shall save him from a diatribe on his Trôades. At a very early age he seems inclined to break a spear with Porson. We unfortunately possess his mass of conceit on large paper; it is dedicated to Dr. Raine of the Charter-house, and may fairly be called 'a Smithfield bargain' to the purchaser. If, as we understand, the author, Mr. Burges, really intends to republish the Phœnissæ, already commented on by Porson, *with improvements*, we shall take great delight in setting forth his merits as an editor. At present, *Βασιλεὺς ἀχρῆμων*.

Westminster also, alack! hath started a candidate for metrical honours. Not, good reader, in the compositions familiarly and facetiously ycleped prologues and epilogues to the Latin plays acted in the dormitory, but in Greek plays. The Alcestis, Electra, Andromache, &c. are already published: but they are most meagre performances. We are willing to give credit, however, to the spirit which has rectified and supplied a scarcity, the complaint of which has furnished matter for this Review; having said this, we can allege nothing farther in their favour. Abbreviations in Greek, as the Etonian Porson could inform Dr. Carey, are a most unsightly disfigurement, as well as a useless difficulty in the modern text. To the scribes, whose time was measured out, to the early printers, whose fonts of types were from natural causes deficient, these symbols were necessary; but common taste requires their explosion in the present day. Whether on account of the jealousy of Eton, so constantly shewn by Westminster; from the perversion of quantity to the rivalry of cricket; or from inability, we know not; but except in the columnar form of printing, there is not the slightest resemblance in the annotations of these separate plays, even *longissimo intervallo*, to the maxims, latinity, or acuteness of Porson.

The *Cædipus Tyrannus* was published in 1809, for the use of Harrow, in a form similar to the above. As it was merely a reprint of Brunck, we have nothing more to add about it, than that it appears a very neatly printed volume. We shall hereafter give our reasons, why we do not approve, in these cases, Brunck's notes *per se*. Next, however, to Porson's plays, this is the most useful edition we have seen.

Mr. Gaisford's play professes merely to be printed from the best copies, with an assortment of various readings. We could have wished the editor to have made Porson, and Porson's canons, more substantially the rule of his publication than he has done; we could have wished for the notice of several readings of Musgrave in the margin; though of course we should have quarrelled with unwarranted insertions in the text. It is well known to all scholars how far Musgrave overshot himself, in his general aim at conjectural emendation; but it is equally allowed by all, and sanctioned by the *Magnus Apollo*, Porson, that he took many a successful level. Explanation and parallel illustration are equally discarded from this volume, which, at the best, if we partially allow it the praise of accuracy, we must style a dry performance, set forth in the Westminster garb.

The *Supplices* is a play which forms the ground-work for the 12th *Thebaid* of Statius, an author not sufficiently known to our youth. Are we not all convinced that, at schools and college especially the buoyant mind is enraptured with comparison? A few, only a few passages to direct the attention to this double study (we instance only of Statius what of course would apply to numerous other authors whose aid might be brought in to relieve the agony of fagging at dochmaics, dactylics, and what not) would have added mightily to the interest of the book. How much more inviting, for instance, than the following, and a thousand such notes:

' 29, *Videsis*, monente Musgravio, Suidam ν $\Pi\rho\alpha\nu\phi\alpha\sigma\iota\varsigma$ Schol., Aristoph. *Equit.* 725.'

Who, in the name of patience, can be expected to undergo this labour, in the sixth form, or in a state of freshmanhip? where are the books to be had? Let us keep in mind that the book before us is but a school and college text-book.

The choric metre is sometimes arranged by Burney's rules. To this we can have no objection; but applaud (p. 7) the text and the note of reference

If our opinion be esteemed of any weight, in discussing the mode that should in future be adopted in the publication of separate Greek plays, we will not hesitate to say, it is this. Let two commentators be selected by the student who is about to publish; suppose $\kappa\alpha\tau'$ $\epsilon\lambda\acute{\epsilon}\chi\eta\iota$ we say, Porson and Brunck; let a play be chosen—any play in the range of the tragic and comic writers—let the editor, leaving himself only a casting voice, compare the repugnant notions, and the agreement of the two, and (without the hummerly of MSS. A. B. C. &c. chart. bomb. memb. and such useless trash) elicit what

is good in remark, or deficient in authority from both. Thus the scholar will see the excellencies, and avoid the errors of those whom he will studiously look on as his first lights. His mind will be guided by the best possible impulse, and he will be allowed, from the premises set before him, his own natural right of conjecture, and the exercise of rational criticism.

There are other, though inferior qualities, which our editor must possess. He must not be above the labour, if he has no taste for the study, of eliciting parallel passages from ancient and modern lore;—although, like Mr. Egerton, he need not dabble in Persic and Hebrew, he is called on to examine wide and far, and to select the best. Although he need not write so long a note as Porson, in quizzing humour, has done on Tantalus, yet it behoves him not to consider even mythological annotations as wholly superseded. After this avowal, we need not add the delight we shall feel at each little historical and topographical notice. With these abilities and these determinations, not only Mr. Gaisford, but all commentators (save the great original critics) who have come to our hands, will be left far behind; and however they may boast the utility of their plan in some cases, they must allow the general nullity of it.

The Acharnenses of Aristophanes, published at Oxford, will form the subject of a short future reviewal. It would have been added to the title of the Supplices, but its character is of a different nature, and requires different treatment.

ART. II.—*Occasional Essays on various Subjects, chiefly political and historical; extracted partly from the public Newspapers during the present Reign, and partly from Tracts published in the Reigns of Queen Elizabeth, King Charles I. King Charles II. and from Bishop Burnet's History of the Times.* London, White, 1809. 8vo. pp. 607.

THE first piece in this collection is the draught of an act of parliament, which is prefaced by some excellent preliminary observations in reference to the case of Mr. Wilkes, to disabie outlaws and persons legally confined in prison from being chosen members of the Commons house of Parliament; and at the same time to declare that any person who is qualified to be chosen by the known laws of the land, shall not be rendered incapable, by any previous expulsion of the house, of being re-elected for the same place, or for any other.

The editor of this volume, and the author of the bill in question, whom we understand to be Mr. Baron Maseres, remarks that, though no act of parliament of this kind has ever been passed, yet, as the resolution of the House of Commons of 1769, for the exclusion of Mr. Wilkes after his expulsion, was rescinded by a subsequent House of Commons, during the short administration of the Marquis of Rockingham,

‘it seems reasonable to conclude that, as the law now stands, an expulsion of a member of the House of Commons by the House, does not render the person expelled incapable of being elected again to serve in the same parliament.’

The next tracts in this collection from number ii. to ix. are principally relative to the disputes between Great Britain and her North American colonies; and tend to throw great light on the causes of the American discontents. In number iv. we find a very ingenious paraphrase on a passage in a sermon preached by Dr. Markham, on the 21st February, 1777, before the Society for propagating the Gospel. In this sermon the archbishop very clearly intimated the necessity of an established hierarchy in the colonies, and menaced the Protestant dissenters with civil restrictions and disabilities, similar to those which had been imposed upon the papists. The sentiments of the archbishop on this occasion were most ably exposed by Mr. Baron Maseres, in a luminous paraphrase of his arguments and deductions.

Number x. is ‘an account of the noblesse, or gentry, in Canada, in the year 1775.’ In number xi. we are presented with a translation of a letter of M. Lally Tolendahl, giving an account of the shocking acts of cruelty committed by the peasantry in *Franche Comte*, and other provinces in France in 1789. Number xii. contains an account of some opinions which Dr. Adam Smith entertained respecting several eminent *literati*. As the sentiments of a great man on other great men have always something to interest, and as Adam Smith was certainly an original thinker, we have no doubt but that one or two extracts from this part of the work will be amusing to our readers.

Of the late Dr. Samuel Johnson, Dr. Smith had a very contemptuous opinion. “I have seen that creature,” said he, “bolt up in the midst of a mixed company; and, without any previous notice, fall upon his knees behind a chair, repeat the Lord’s Prayer, and then resume his seat at table. He has played this freak over and over, perhaps five or six times, in the course of an evening. It is not hypocrisy, but madness. Though an honest sort of man himself, he is always patronising scoundrels. Savage,

for instance, whom he so loudly praises, was but a worthless fellow; his pension of fifty pounds a year never lasted him longer than a few days. As a sample of his economy, you may take a circumstance, that Johnson himself once told me. It was, at that period, fashionable to wear scarlet cloaks trimmed with gold lace; and the doctor met him one day, just after he had got his pension, with one of these cloaks upon his back, while, at the same time, his naked toes were sticking through his shoes."

'He was no admirer of the Rambler or the Idler, and hinted, that he had never been able to read them. He was averse to the contest with America; yet he spoke highly of Johnson's political pamphlets: but, above all, he was charmed with that respecting Falkland's Islands, as it displayed, in such forcible language, the madness of modern wars.'

'He had an invincible contempt and aversion for blank verse, Milton's always excepted. "They do well," he said, "to call it blank, for blank it is; I myself, even I, who never could find a single rhyme in my life, could make blank verse as fast as I could speak; nothing but laziness hinders our tragic poets from writing, like the French, in rhyme. Dryden, had he possessed but a tenth part of Shakspeare's dramatic genius, would have brought rhyming tragedies into fashion here as well as they are in France, and then the mob would have admired them just as much as they now pretend to despise them.'

'Beattie's Minstrel he would not allow to be called a poem, for it had, he said, no plan, no beginning, middle, or end: He thought it only a series of verses; but a few of them very happy.'

'He was fond of Pope, and had by heart many favourite passages; but he disliked the private character of the man. He was, he said, all affectation, and mentioned his Letter to Arbuthnot, when the latter was dying, as a consummate specimen of canting; which, to be sure, it is. He had also a very high opinion of Dryden, and loudly extolled his Fables. I mentioned Mr. Hume's objections; he replied, "You will learn more as to poetry, by reading one good poem, than by a thousand volumes of criticism." He quoted some passages in Defoe, which breathed, as he thought, the true spirit of English verse.'

In number xiii. we have some excellent remarks on the 'doctrine of libels as it has been represented by some judges,' which were written by Mr. Baron Maseres, in February, 1792, before the debate which took place in the House of Commons on Mr. Fox's bill "*to remove DOUBTS respecting the FUNCTIONS OF JURIES, in cases of LIBEL.*" "Lord Mansfield," says Mr. Baron Maseres,

'has called the opinion, which a reader will form of the bad tendency of the paper, and of the wicked intention of the writer of it, from the perusal of it, an inference of law; as if the knowledge of the law were requisite to form such an inference. But

surely, this may be done without the smallest acquaintance with either Lord Coke's Institutes, or his Reports, or Plowden's Reports, or any other such recondite learning, and by the mere assistance of common sense, and an ordinary acquaintance with the business and transactions of the world, such as a juryman may be supposed to be possessed of. And, therefore, I should think it ought rather to be called *an inference of reason*, than *an inference of law*, and to be left to the cognizance of the jury; in the same manner as, in a charge of burglary, or house-breaking by night, with an intention to commit a felony, the jury are to determine not only whether the prisoner at the bar broke into the house by night, but whether he did so with an intention to commit a felony. These are inferences of reason and common sense, and not of law, as Lord Mansfield, and some other judges, have represented them, for the sake of taking them out of the cognizance of the jury: though, in truth, if they were inferences of law, it would not follow that the jury would have no right to determine them; because "every point of law that is accidentally intermixed with matters of fact, in the complicated issue or question referred to the determination of a jury, is within their cognizance," as Littleton (the great oracle of the law) has expressly declared, and all subsequent lawyers have allowed. But, this is a point not necessary to be insisted on in considering the doctrine of libels, because in those prosecutions, all the points to be determined are mere matters of fact: to wit, 1st, Whether the man published the paper—2dly, Whether he had a bad design in publishing it—and 3dly, Whether the paper has a bad tendency, or is likely to produce bad effects; which last point is as truly a matter of fact, as, "whether a man who is charged with wounding another with a sword, touched him with a sword, or touched him with a fencing-foil with a button at the end of it," or as, "whether a person who is charged with poisoning another, by giving him a glass of wine, gave him a glass of mere wine, or a glass of wine with arsenic in it."

The author then proves that this doctrine of Lord Mansfield, and some other judges, was not that which was laid down in the trial of the seven bishops, in the year 1688, nor by the lord chief justice Holt, in the trial of Mr. Tutchin, in the reign of Queen Anne. These remarks are followed by a copy of Mr. Fox's bill; which is remarkable for a succinct brevity, and forms a very striking contrast with the loose and confused verbosity of modern Acts of Parliament.

We have next a republication of Milton's 'Areopagitica': a speech for the liberty of unlicensed printing; which the editor had never seen published in a separate pamphlet. Mr. Baron Maseres has rendered this republication more valuable, by means of marginal abstracts; which are very useful in any argumentative treatise, and particularly in a writer whose sen-

tences are so long as those of Milton, whose diction is so embellished by rhetoric, and yet so pregnant with sense.

Numbers xvi. and xviii have a reference to the events of the French revolution. Mr. Baron Maseres from the beginning, and before the publication of Mr. Burke's *Reflections* on the subject, looked on the French revolution with an unfavourable eye; and particularly as it seemed to countenance the most lawless attacks on the lives and properties of individuals. That his dislike of this revolution was not owing to any sentiments unfavourable to the cause of civil and religious liberty is well known to those who have read his '*Moderate Reformer*;' and to those who have not, it will be very apparent from the following extract from page 258 of the present publication.

'All just government,' says Mr. Baron Maseres, 'is for the people, and ought to have their welfare and happiness in view as its grand object, and not the happiness of the governing few, otherwise than in common with the governed, or inferior members of the society; and, secondly, all just government is derived from the people, or founded on their consent, either expressed or implied, since no man, or body of men, have received an express commission from the Supreme Being to govern their fellow-creatures; but, thirdly, it is equally true that all good government ought to be vested in a select part of the people, with the choice and consent of the rest, and not in the people at large, and that it should be administered by such select part, and should be submitted to by the rest of the people with cheerful, respectful, and grateful obedience, which is commonly called *loyalty*, till some enormous abuses of the powers of government, by the governing part of the society, have been complained of, and petitioned against, by the persons who have suffered from them, and yet have not been corrected and reformed, but insolently persevered in and repeated; in which case there lies in the people at large a moral right, not to govern themselves, but to dissolve the government which they had before adopted, dismiss their governors, and choose better men in their stead, and, if necessary, a better form of government than they had before; and then submit to such new governors and new form of government with the same deference, respect, and humility, with which they had before submitted to the former government, while it had been justly administered, and before the existence of the abuses which had given occasion to its overthrow.'

These are the sentiments of a true English Whig, who generates the principles which elevated the house of Hanover to the throne.

Number xvii. contains some reflections on the policy of enlarging the provisions of the marriage act, and of allowing

the legality of some other modes of marrying besides those which are prescribed by the church of England.

'All persons,' says Mr. Baron Maseres, 'who are permitted to live in England, ought to be permitted to marry there; and it is likewise certain, that, according to the principles of the Protestant religion, marriage is not a sacrament, but a civil contract. It seems, therefore, to be reasonable that an act of Parliament should be passed to this effect, to wit, 1st, To make all the marriages celebrated in the meeting-houses, or chapels, of Protestant dissenters (duly licensed according to the Toleration-act), lawful: and 2dly, To declare all marriages celebrated by Quakers, in their meeting-houses, and by Jews in their synagogues, to be also lawful: and, 3dly, To declare that all marriages that shall be entered into before the justices of the peace of any county, at their quarter-sessions, or other general sessions, and perhaps even before any two justices of the peace, shall also be lawful. This would accommodate persons of all religions, and of all different sects of religion,' &c.

No. xix. is on a legislative union of the kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland. Number xx. contains some very just remarks on the eligibility of the clergy to a seat in the House of Commons. The arguments, which were adduced in the house against the eligibility of the clergy in the debates on that subject, in the year 1801, always appeared to us most irrelevant, frivolous, and unjust. Much was said about the *indelibility of the priestly character*; but those members of the House of Commons who used this language only uttered sounds to which they could not annex one particle of sense. For let us ask these gentlemen, what they meant when they asserted that the priestly character was indelible?—That is indelible, of which the stain, or impress, of whatever nature it may be, cannot be effaced. Thus the colour of a native of Senegal is indelible. The marks which are left by the small-pox are also indelible. But what is there like this in the character of a priest? Does the imposition of episcopal hands on the skull of the ecclesiastical novice leave either a stain or a mark which can never be removed? Strip a priest of his gown, his cassock, and his sacred habiliments, and what do you find in him or see about him, which may not be discerned in any other man? Show us either in his mind or body one *indelible* mark which constitutes him a being of a different species, and belongs to him exclusively as a priest.

A priest, according to our notions, has nothing more *indelible* about him than a lawyer, a physician, or any other professional man. And we might as well say that a man cannot

cease to be a lawyer, or a physician, as that he cannot cease to be a priest; or, that because he is a lawyer or physician, he is totally disqualified for any other occupation. If we say *once a priest and always a priest*, we might as well say *once an exciseman and always an exciseman*. For both are servants of the state though in different capacities, and for different services. One is to collect the revenue, and part of the duty of the other is to teach the people to pay it without grudging.

Since the reformation, which abolished both the spiritual and temporal jurisdiction of the pope, a clergyman of the established church is to be regarded merely as a servant of the government, in precisely the same manner as a justice of the peace, or any person who discharges any political trust under the controul of the state.

A clergyman is invested with a particular office, for the performance of which he receives a certain benefice or salary. But one office, whether it be lay or ecclesiastical, is, according to our view of the subject, which is only that of common sense, no more *indelible* than another. The office of a man who reads or speaks a sermon in a pulpit is no more *indelible* in a physical or metaphysical sense, than that of a man whose office it is to brush the cobwebs off the pews. To talk of the office of a priest or a deacon, the performance of which is voluntary, as communicating a certain *indelible* unknown quality to a man's character, which renders him too holy or too profane for any civil occupation, is a sort of theological legerdemain which might have suited the language of the dark ages, but was totally unworthy that of a British House of Commons at the commencement of the nineteenth century. In our review of Meadley's *Life of Paley*, (see C. R. for August 1809, p. 410) we mentioned that that able and enlightened theologian was an advocate for the eligibility of the clergy, under certain restrictions, to a seat in the House of Commons; and we are happy to find our own sentiments on the subject supported by the truly venerable authority of Mr. Baron Maseres. 'I will venture to assert,' says he,

'that the character and condition of a priest or deacon, though retained, is no legal bar to the exercise of many lay-employments, which are as different from the proper duties of a priest, as that of representing the electors of a parliamentary borough in the House of Commons. Of this I will mention a few examples: Dr. Williams, bishop of Lincoln, was lord chancellor of England, in the Protestant reign of King James the First; Dr. Juxon, bishop of London, was lord treasurer of England in the following reign of King Charles the First; Dr. Robinson, bishop of

Bristol, was one of the three ambassadors of Queen Anne at the treaty of Utrecht; the Rev. Mr. Frederick Harvey, now^{*} bishop of Londonderry, in Ireland, and Earl of Bristol, was, for a great part of his life, and until he was made bishop of Derry, a clerk of the privy seal, and at this day he is permitted to sit in the House of Lords by virtue of his temporal peerage, as Earl of Bristol: and the Rev. Mr. Cholmondeley holds to this day the employment of auditor-general of the king's revenues arising in America; and hundreds of clergymen throughout England are justices of the peace, that is, criminal judges of great authority, which is surely an employment as different from the proper duties of the priestly character, as granting money to the crown, or proposing good laws for the better government of the people, in the capacity of one of their representatives in Parliament. Farther, many persons in holy orders have been known to practice physic as a profession; and amongst others, the famous Dr. Willis, to whom the nation has great obligations for his successful exertions in that capacity about twelve years ago; nay, some persons in holy orders have even held commissions in the army, of which one remarkable instance occurs to me at this moment; I mean that of the Rev. Dr. Walker, the rector or vicar of Londonderry, in Ireland, who so bravely defended that city at the head of his zealous protestant parishioners, in the year 1689, against a Popish army commanded by a French general, who besieged it in the name of King James the Second, after he had abdicated the crown and King William had been appointed his successor. This worthy clergyman, in consequence of the success of his noble exertions in the defence of Londonderry, was seized with a fit of military ardour, which made him desirous of obtaining a commission in the army; and he obtained one from King William, though the king is said to have advised him, at the same time, with his usual good sense and sound judgment, to decline any farther connection with the army, and return to the exercise of his former peaceable profession. But, as the doctor did not think proper to follow this good advice, the king gratified him by giving him a commission in the army; and he was killed, if I remember right, the next year at the famous battle of the Boyne. Now, if clergymen may exercise all these lay-employments without renouncing the office or character of a priest, surely they may likewise accept the occasional and temporary employment of representing a set of burgesses in the House of Commons, during a single parliament, without renouncing that character. If, therefore, they are at present legally incapable of representing a county, or a borough, in parliament, their incapacity must arise from something different from the supposed indelibility of the character of a priest; as, for example, from their being represented in the convocation

* In 1801.

of the clergy, or some such reason. But, in truth, I think that all the reasons that have hitherto been alleged in proof of their incapacity to be elected members of the House of Commons are frivolous and insufficient, and consequently that they are at present legally capable of being so elected. However, I confess, it might be inexpedient to permit clergymen that were possessed of benefices with cure of souls, and, perhaps, even clergymen that were prebendaries of cathedral churches, or who possessed any other clerical preferments, to have seats in the House of Commons; as it might tend to give a wrong bias to the studies and pursuits of clergymen, and thereby render them less respectable in the eyes of the people, and consequently less useful in the line of their sacred profession. And, therefore, though I do not think that, as the law now stands, even clergymen so circumstanced are incapable of sitting in the House of Commons, yet it might, perhaps, be prudent to pass an act of parliament to exclude them from the House of Commons; and also to render them incapable of receiving any benefice, or prebend, or other church-preferment, while they were in the House of Commons, and for a certain time (as for example, six years) after they had been members of it, if they had been admitted into holy orders before they had been chosen members of that house, and then had quitted their preferments, or employments, in the church in order to qualify themselves to become members of the house. 'This incapacity of their receiving any church-preferment while they were members, and for a certain time after they had ceased to be members, of the house, might be useful in preventing services done to ministers of state, by supporting their measures in parliament, from becoming a channel of preferment to bishopricks, or other great stations in the church, which ought in general to be bestowed on those clergymen who distinguish themselves by a faithful and diligent discharge of the pastoral duties of their venerable profession. But to disfranchise a whole body of twelve or fifteen thousand men from becoming the representatives of their countrymen in parliament, and to deprive the electors of members of parliament of the liberty of choosing their representatives out of so numerous a body of well-educated, intelligent men, whose merits may be known to them by their residence among them, and the services they have received from them, without such circumstances as those above-mentioned (which may be thought to render such a measure necessary), seems to be too harsh and vague a method of proceeding, and not agreeable to the caution and tenderness that are usually exhibited by the British parliament in modifying or restraining the rights of their fellow-subjects.'

In the succeeding pieces of this amusing and instructive volume, we have essays on the right of searching neutral vessels—on the slave trade—a re-publication of James Howel's Treatise on 'the Pre-eminence and Duty of Parlia-

ment, written in the year 1646.' In this last treatise we have the following account of the manner in which the kings of France became possessed of the power of imposing taxes without the consent of the three estates, the clergy, the nobles, and the commonalty.

'When the English had taken such large footing in most parts of France, having advanced as far as Orleans and driven their then King Charles the Seventh to Bourges in Berry, the assembly of the three states in these pressures, being not able to meet after the usual manner in full *Parlement* because the country was unpassable, the enemy having made such firme invasions up and down through the very bowels of the kingdom; that powre which formerly was inhærent in the *parlementary assembly*, of making laws, of assessing the subject with taxes, subsidiary levies, and other impositions, was transmitted to the king during the war; which continuing many years, that entrusted power by length of time grew, as it were, habitual in him, and could never after be re-assumed and taken from him; so that ever since, his *edicts* countervail *acts of parlement*. And that which made the businesse more feisable for the king, was that the burthen fell most upon the commonalty; the clergy and nobility not feeling the weight of it, and being willing to see the *peasant* pull'd-down a little, because, not many years before in that notable rebellion, call'd *la Jaquerie de Beauvoisin*, which was suppressed by Charles the Wise, the common people put themselves boldly in arms against the nobility and gentry, to lessen their power. Adde hereunto, as an advantage to the work, that the next succeeding king, Lewis the Eleventh, was a close cunning prince, and could well tell how to play his game, and draw water to his own mill; For amongst all the rest, he was said to be the first that put the kings of France, *hors de page*, out of their minority, or from being *pages* any more, though, thereby he brought the poor *peasants* to be worse than *lacquays*, and they may thank themselves for it.'

In No. xxxiv. we find a very interesting and curious tract, entitled, 'the Interests of England stated; or, a faithful and just account of the aims of all parties now pretending. Printed in the year 1659.' This pamphlet was evidently written by some person of considerable ability, who was well acquainted with the sentiments and views of the different parties of which the country was composed a short time previous to the restoration; and who were either openly or covertly striving for the mastery both in church and state. The author forcibly but sensibly advocates the recal of the king, of whom, however, in conjunction with many other persons at that time, he had conceived a much more favourable opinion than he was found to deserve.

After passing over three intermediate pieces, we come to

the re-publication of two scarce tracts on popery, the last of which is by Anthony Egane, B. D. and contains a very copious and circumstantial register of the different imposts which were exacted by the church of Rome for particular dispensations, or which were levied on the different species of offenders against the canons of the church and the obligations of the moral law. Mr. Baron Maseres has long been known to entertain a dread of the Roman catholics similar to that which was felt by the whigs in the reign of the second Charles or James, and we consequently find him a decided enemy to catholic emancipation. His unwillingness to accede to this measure does not arise from any intolerant propensities, as this and his other works will clearly evince, but from a supposition that the opinions and principles of the catholics are, for the most part, the same as they were a century ago; and therefore that any relaxation of the statutes in force against them is to be deprecated as dangerous to our civil and religious liberties. We cannot subscribe to the premises nor the conclusion, as we think that the great body of Roman catholics have not been either retrograde nor even stationary, while their different protestant fellow-subjects have been progressive in knowledge and in civilization, in sentiments of enlightened candour and of universal charity. No; the culture of reason and benevolence, while it has been so much advanced by other sects, has not been neglected by this. The Roman catholics of this reign no more resemble in bigotry, or its concomitant ignorance, those in the times of the first or the second Charles than the ministers of the Scottish kirk are like the barbarous and intolerant disciples of John Knox, in the reign of queen Mary. '*The times are changed*,' and of this change the papists as well as the protestants have had their share. Individual zealots, and hot-headed enthusiasts, or cold-hearted dogmatists, may still be found; but they are not exclusively confined to the Roman catholic communion, as the annals of the church of England and of other churches will abundantly testify.

ART. III.—*Sir Edgar, a Tale in two Cantos; with serious Translations from the Ancients: and merry Imitations of a Modern.* By Francis Hodgson, A. M. &c. &c. London, printed for Mackinlay, 1810. 8vo. pp. 318.

SCARCELY have we parted with our old acquaintance, Mr. Hodgson, when we meet him again in the same grotesque
CRIT. REV. Vol. 19, March, 1810. R

dress as before. If we admired his party-coloured garb; and negligent costume, in our review of his last publication, we certainly have no reason to find fault with his appearance at present. In fact, our commendation of these poems; though we find it necessary to express frequent disapprobation, will be more warm, in proportion to the visible improvement of the bard.

In measuring the comparative merit of Lady Jane Grey and Sir Edgar, we cannot fail to prefer the latter: for exclusively of the versification, and the sweetness of a stanza, which the author claims as his own, from an intermixture of the melody of Spenser and Fairfax, a tale of chivalry and invention is more likely to please, than a monotonous repetition of historical truths. As a whole, we would decide the plan and arrangement of Sir Edgar to be more delightful than of Lady Jane; and in particular passages, though the latter has its beauties, and even its sublimities, we are convinced the former will be most popular.

An analysis of Sir Edgar, though a pleasing task to ourselves, would be ungracious to the reader whose delight so much depends on the unexpected *dénouement* of the story. The invention of the author, and the interest excited by it will not permit those who read the first stanza or two, to shut the book till they have gratified their curiosity: and in addition to every other encomium, we are pleased and instructed with the solemn religious vein in which the measures flow. The first passage which we give is extracted from the first canto, as a specimen of the stanza.

‘ Oh is it not enough that nature spreads
Her bounteous feasts for every living thing?
That Heaven’s blue arch is stretched above our heads,
Beneath our feet earth’s grassy treasures spring?
That all around the balmy breezes fling
Their healthful odours from the mossy beds
Of flowers with countless hues, that deck the land,
And testify the work of God’s incessant hand?’

Einma, the wife of Sir Edgar, flattered by the handsome and solicited by the elegant, preserves her virtue amidst the wiles of those, whose freedom she does not repress with the dignity of female pride. A knight, whose specious form conceals a villain’s heart, courts her in the following gross strains, and is answered in so manly a tone, that we think the fascination of vice, and the sturdy reply of virtue, are portrayed in the most forcible colours. The change of the stanza too cannot fail to affect the reader of the poem. It will be

seen that it was impossible to curtail the quotation without injuring the whole force of the passage; in consequence of its length, however, we must dismiss Sir Edgar with few succeeding remarks. p. 30.

'Talk not of immortality! The grape,
The grape alone immortal rapture yields!
Who can the grasping fangs of death escape?
Who tastes the nectar of the Elysian Fields?

'Tis but a dream! no ecstasy survives
The Adamantine barriers of the tomb:
God in no future world our guilt forgives;
We die! and wine alone consoles our doom.

'Not wine alone—for woman's melting eye,
For one dear woman's penetrating smile,
Not only soothes our toilsome destiny,
Not only can our hours of grief beguile,

'But makes us fond of life's most worthless scene,
This checker'd darkness of our doubting minds;
These show'rs of tears, with scarce a smile between
But hope—that seeks for all, and nothing finds!

'Oh woman! loveliest work of nature's hand,
Bright are the beams that play around thy charms!
Who can thy fair, thy soft'ning sight withstand?
Who doubt to clasp thee in his glowing arms?

'For him no joy in Eden's bow'rs would dwell,
If Eden's bow'rs were aught but fabled dreams:
To him the myrtle grove of pagan hell,
The black Cocytus, and Avernion streams,

'Are all alike!—for when the fancy strains,
To reach its highest joy in future heav'n,
The bowl of rosy juice it only drains,
It only clasps the fair, and is forgiv'n!

'So sang the slave of Mahomet—but loud
And high, and sudden to the list'ning throng,
Bursting abroad, electrified the crowd
Sir Edgar's unpremeditated song.'

'I will not hear, I will not hear
The sluggard tone of wanton ease;
Strains ill prepar'd for lady's ear,
Strains that the harlot's soul should please!

'Where is the gaze of mutual love,
Where is the kiss of fond desire?
The feeling to our God above
That lifts us with a heav'nly fire

"On diff'rent is the body's glow
 From the pure warmth that fills the soul;
 "Oh! diff'rent is affection's flow
 From rapture kindled by the bowl.
 "Ye sons of cold luxurious earth,—
 And thou, enjoyment's selfish slave,
 Betraying thy ignoble birth,
 The dust that form'd thee is thy grave!
 "But is thy meanness justly brought
 The proof of God's diminish'd pow'r?
 Hast thou not check'd the nobler thought
 That led thee to a future hour?
 "Hast thou not struggled to suppress
 The high indignant soul within?
 By folly lost earth's happiness,
 And lost celestial bliss by sin?
 "Say, hadst thou not the freedom to resist?
 Say, could thy lawless deeds have not been done?
 Soldiers of vice, in virtue's cause enlist!
 Soldiers of vice, the field can yet be won!
 "Advance, ye warriors of the bleeding cross,
 Advance your dauntless bosom to the spear!
 What, if ye lose the battle, is your loss?
 High wealth hereafter, chang'd for sorrow here.'

The description of morning, the trite and familiar study of the highest and lowest bards, is here essayed with no vulgar touch. We regret we can only give a short extract.

CANTO II. St. I.

"The morning breaks—and from the glittering hills
 The clouds, in fleecy volumes, roll away;
 Clear flows the current of the rapid rills,
 As o'er the green and pleasant vales they stray:
 The birds within the wood salute the day
 With grateful music; dewy fragrance fills
 The cool fresh air around; and nature's face
 Lit by the smiling sun, assumes its fairest grace.'

Though praise is much more easily bestowed than censure, in the reviewal of Mr. Hodgson's poems, and is at all times a more pleasing task, yet we cannot but express our disapprobation of that occasional false taste, which urges the author to introduce, sparingly indeed, but very injudiciously, desultory remarks wholly irrelevant to his subject.

The second portion of this volume is dedicated to translations from the classics. We have heretofore upheld by quotation Mr. Hodgson's peculiar ease and success in this

branch of poetry, and every reader of his Juvenal will appreciate his ability. Many of the present *bijoux* are excellent. Some of them were published formerly in ephemeral periodical works; others were contained in the mass of notes attached to the translation of Juvenal. They deserved a more luminous arrangement, and have received it. Many new ones have been added, and few reprinted without augmentation or correction. Some of these versions, as well as other poems in the contents, are said to be the production of friends; however they must be treated impartially, as the works of Mr. Hodgson, since he has incorporated them with his own; and in the praise or dispraise that attaches to them, we can make no discrimination.

The translations commence with extracts from Tyrtæus, rendered in a very free and spirited manner. Statius follows, and we regret that the specimens are only four. Mr. H. is capable of transfusing the fire of the *Sylvæ* into our own language; we therefore lament to hear his avowal, that a projected translation of the *Sylvæ*, 'formerly entertained by a friend and himself,' is now abandoned. A corrected text (for after all his boast, Markland has pretty nearly left it where he found it, or mutilated it still more than the purblind commentators who preceded him), with a translation at the end of each piece, in the manner of Brewster's *Persius*, is a desideratum in English literature. Our limits allow but some short extracts.

P. 92.—The Birth-day of Lucan.

'When youth hath excited the tide of your blood,
You shall sing of Philippi, the grave of the good;
In thunder thy vigorous Pharsalia shall roll,
And the praises of Cæsar, th' usurper, controll.
Nor hath truth e'er before with such lustre express'd
The sternness of Cato's inflexible breast;
Nor with clamour more heartfelt, with love more devout,
It's Pômpey did ever the populace shout,
O'er the crimes of Canopus with pity you'll weep,
And steal the pale trunk from the merciless deep;
Till thy lays and affection have jointly combined,
To build it a tomb—the proud tomb of the mind.'

We might quote the whole with equal pleasure.

There are a few poems in lyrical metre among the *Sylvæ*. The epistle from Statius to his friend Maximus appears to have been written during his severer epic labours, as a relaxation. P. 100, &c. are some spirited stanzas.

'The want of children who can bear
And solace of a wife?
Round such a friend, th' impatient heir
Solicits all the gods by prayer,
To take the dotard's life.

'And when the bachelor shall die,
No grief shall deck his tomb,
But grinning avarice sit by,
And grudge the flames, which mounting high,
His melting bones consume,' &c.

'Thy lisping babe may early pore
O'er deeds thyself hast done—
How erst on hot Orontes' shore
Th' equestrian standard high you bore
Amid the battle won.'

'May know, how erst his grandsire far
'Mid Cæsar's thunder soar'd,
How Sarmatæ in deep despair,
Renounced their desultory war,
And owned a Roman lord,' &c.

This is in a far superior style to the original.

*Tu tuos parvo memorabis enses
Quos ad Eorum tuleris Orontem,
Signa franata moderatus ala
Castore dextro.
Ille ut invicti rapidum secutus
Cæsar's fulmen, refugis amaram
Sarmatis legem, dederit sub imo
Vivere calo.*

The fourth poem of the fifth book of the *Sylvæ*, is a short address to Sleep. Mr. Hodgson's translation of it was published in the notes to Juvenal; and it is a beautiful specimen of his poetical taste.

'How have I wronged thee, sleep, thou gentlest power
Of Heaven? that I alone, at this dread hour,
Still from thy soft embraces am repress,
Nor drink oblivion on thy balmy breast?
Now every flock and every field is thine,
And seeming slumbers bend the mountain pine;
Hush'd is the tempest's howl, the torrent's roar,
And the smooth wave lies pillowed on the shore,' &c.

Again.

'And now some happy, some enraptured boy,
In the full pride of his permitted joy,

Clasping the fair, all blushes, to his breast,
Calls thee not, sleep, nor courts thy worthless rest.
Come thence to me—yet shed not here thy whole
Ambrosial influence o'er the wretched soul,
To that let happier, easier hearts presume—
Touch me more lightly with thy passing plume.'

Claudian succeeds Statius, and the *Senex Veronensis*, or contented old man of Verona, is very well translated, and also parodied. The idea is not a bad one, which aims the parody at an old monkish fellow of a college. There seems, however, to be some local wit which we do not understand in the lines p. 107.

'Yet oft, full two miles out, with line and hook,
By Cam's low bank the patient angler goes;
But once, ah me! himself for fish mistook,
And ran the barbed weapon through his nose.'

Cowley far excells our author in translating seriously the verse.

Æquævumque videt consensuisse nemus.

Cowley.—'And loves his old contemporary trees.'

Mr. Hodgson.—'And the whole forest has grown old with him.'

Parody.—'And walks, like Adam, 'mid coeval groves.'

The original is spoilt by the flat distich at the conclusion; and in the English it was impossible to do away the vileness of the pun entirely. After two short extracts from *Petrinus*, whose beauties, we are told, no translation can exhibit, since they are natural in a Roman dress, and concealed, if clothed in any other; we are introduced to the noble passage of Claudian on *Rufinus*. To this we should not do adequate justice, unless we transcribed the whole.

The contents now lead us to original poems, subdivided into the serious and the jocular. Of the first there are very few; what there are; will neither add to, nor diminish our author's fame. We have not time to quote a ludicrous epistle to a country clergyman, with a present of three dozen of port, which contains somewhat of a novel idea. Each fourth line embraces some Latin proverb. e. g.

'And as thou drinkest the social glass,
And round the bottle passest;
Remember an old proverb was,
"In vino veritas est."

We now arrive at the concluding portion of these poems,

denominated, 'Humble Attempts at Horse Laughs; dedicated to the author (George Colman, esq.) of Broad Grins.' With these the volume terminates. We all remember the success which attended Colman's Broad Grins. The present 'Horse Laughs' are on the same plan, and in some instances, though not perhaps generally, have equalled their predecessors. Colman's province was pun, in which our author always fails: this defect, however, is counterbalanced by the comparative purity of the present poems; and of those, which, we fear, have with some, even had their grossness among their recommendations. It is not necessary that modesty should be shocked, or delicacy disgusted, to promote grinning; this our author has seen, and proved; for although he laughs outright, though there is no deficiency of wit and humour in his tales (save and except as beforesaid, an awkward propensity to punning, which he cannot attain) yet is there no passage which can call up a blush on the cheek of innocence, or cause the father of a family to place this volume out of the reach of his daughters.

A simple story connects the tales. At a club dinner, where every gentleman drinks Burgundy and Sillery Champagne, after some discussion, tales are proposed, which are told with great mirth and good-humour, and which we would not advise a reader, who values his night's rest, to begin late in the evening, convinced that he will not shut the book till he has perused the whole series. The stories are generally new, or at least are turned and twisted in such a manner, that we feel a difficulty in deciding for them any other origin than the prolific brain of our author. They are as follow:—The Tale of Master Francis Rabelais; the Bachelor's Tale, part I. and II.; 'the Turbot and Sauce;' 'the Retort Court-teous;' 'the Marshal and the Barber;' 'Rural Sports;' 'Old Prices.'

On points connected with laughing to that immoderate degree in which a horse is proverbially described as indulging, two people seldom agree; how then can we ancient and sober-minded critics, with any conscience, endeavour to influence the laughs of those who honour our precepts on subjects of deeper investigation? In such abundance of laughs, we can only pick out a laugh or two which may have principally tickled our own muscles; muscles so frequently contracted to necessary severity, so 'unused to the laughing mood,' that we by no means lay it down as a canon, that all must unbend when we sip. To the other tales then we decidedly prefer Master Rabelais—Rural Sports—and Old Prices; and as a specimen, from which authors in future may judge of what

will please us, we shall terminate our favourable quotations with the tale of Master Francis Rabelais, the first, and (in our opinion) the best in the book.

‘Readers! you all have heard; or some of you,
at least a few,
The tale of Miss Jacquetta’s marriage
To Luke Gourdon—it is not very new,
And my excuse for hashing one so old,
Is this—if bad, a tale’s not worth the carrying,
Though coin’d but yesterday;
If good, it cannot be too often told.’

‘The Reverend Master Francis Rabelais
Was curate of—no matter where—
Whether in Perche, or Picardy
In Normandy, or Brittany,
Anjou, Touraine
or Maine,
On the Garonne, Loire, Seine, Isere,
Or any other river whatsoever,
I should have been a staunch petitioner,
To be admitted Rabelais’ parishioner
—Such laughing, jeering, and such fun,
Such bussing chambermaids, such bilking dun,
Such snoring day, such roaring night.
Such wassailing by candle-light,
Such rousing fires, with logs in plenty,
And sippet- brewice to content ye,
So short a grace before you dine,
So little water, so much wine,
Such drawing corks, such spilling liquor.
Gods! what a life did Rabelais lead!
He pleased the son of Semele indeed,
As much or more than any English vicar!
But after all his roaring, drinking,
His roystering, and vintage-thinking,
His laughing, singing, baking, brewing,
He was too good a pastor to his church
To leave a lady in the lurch,
As I’ve been doing.
Lord knows if he had staid so long to prate,
And Miss Jacquetta had so long to wait
Performance of the marriage rite,
While by her side her Luke attended,
They might have changed the ceremony quite,
Beginning where they should have ended.’

' Now whether master Rabelais knew
More than my readers do,

Or only guessed ;

He thought it would not be amiss
On such a grave solemnity as this,

To have his jest.

Therefore, before the noose was tied,

He questioned thus the bride :

" Young woman, I must ask, before you farther go,

" Are you a maid or no ?

" Yes, Lord be prais'd"—thus, simpering, replied
The bride—

" As good a maid as Queen Elizabeth,

" And, but for Luke, will so remain 'till death."

Rejoind the priest—" I'm glad of what you say,

" When maidens chaste and sober marry,

" 'Tis right to pray

" To all the saints that are

" Impannel'd in the calendar ;

" And they need never fear their prayers miscarry.

" But if the bride has been unwise,

" And bartered for her naughty pleasure

" That which an honest girl should prize

" Above all measure,

" Her virgin treasure—

" Our church most sagely doth ordain

" The service of the Magdalene—

" So if the wench hath told a fib—God save her—

" She surely dies within a week :

" And (much I fear) for this her slippery freak

" The devil will have her,

" Therefore be wise, young woman, and confess,

(" Confession cannot hurt you)

" If any vine-dresser's genteel address

" Has undermined your virtue ?"

" So Mary shield me," said the bride again,

" I never knew none of those nasty men ;

" So, reverend father, if you please,

" We'll with the Magdalene dispense,

" And say the prayer " ad virgines,"

" I'll answer for the consequence."

So said the blushing maid—Luke paid the money

Due for his marriage halter—

The priest turn'd o'er his breviary and psalter,

And all was ready for the ceremony—

All—all—except the bride—

Who just reflected
 That by the wise no caution is neglected,
 So took the priest aside,
 And whispered softly in his ear,
 "Although I swear
 That I'm a maid, as chaste as driven snow.
 Yet, as times go,
 A virgin can't be too secure
 And that I'm one—again I do aver it,
 So (come a little nearer to the door)
 Most reverend father, if you please,
 After you've read the prayer "ad virgines"
 Add of the Magdalene a verse or two—
 Pray do!
 But not so loud that Luke may hear it."

It pains us, at parting, to find fault with so diverting a companion, but we cannot wish him adieu with all the good humour we fain would exercise, by reason of his adding to his horse-laughs some most execrable trash, which he is pleased to call '*Specimens of the mock-pathetic.*' The influenza of punning has here drivelled in the lowest strain: and the muse which inspired such thoughts as these here presented to us is not worthy of an office in the scullery of G. Colman's establishment. Read and wonder—

A stock broker thou'lt break his trance!
 The only stocks he ever knew,
 (Except the parish stocks perchance)
 Were stalks that in his garden grew.

There are sixty-six of these witty stanzas—and we are threatened with more!!

ART. IV.—*The Life of Erasmus, with an Account of his Writings. Reduced from the larger Work of Dr. Jortin. By A. Lacey, Esq. London, Lackington, 1809. 8vo. pp. 392.*

MR. LACEY says, that 'the present volume embraces every thing material relative to the life of Erasmus, which is to be found in the doctor's (Jortin's) work, and is offered as a moderate substitute in size to such readers as object to the large quantity of Latin which the doctor has distributed among his copious notes. No authorities are subjoined, but the editor pledges himself once for all that not a fact is adduced which shall (will) be found unsupported by Dr. Jortin's

sanction.' We have been at the pains in reading this reduced life of Erasmus, to compare it with the larger work of Dr. Jortin, and can therefore give our full assent to the assertion of the editor, that no matter is introduced which is not supported by his authority. The language of Dr. Jortin is retained throughout, with only a few occasional, and those trivial, alterations.

The work of Dr. Jortin, which is only a superstructure raised on the basis of that of Le Clerc, ought to have been called annals of the life and writings, rather than *the life of Erasmus*. The letters of Erasmus himself furnished the principal as well as the most amusing and instructive particulars. As the chronology of the life has been principally regulated by the dates of these letters, which have not been always ascertained with any distinctness or precision, but often arbitrarily or capriciously fixed; and as the letters of different periods seem sometimes to have been confusedly jumbled together, the biographical narrative is often very intricate and perplexed. Facts are sometimes made coincident, which ought to have had a different collocation with respect to time or place. It is indeed a very desultory performance, and is rather a collection of materials for a life than a lucid biographical whole.

The editor of this life has left the arrangement of Dr. Jortin such as he found it; and instead of making a judicious selection of his materials, and throwing them into a better form, or giving a more clear and concentrated view of his history, has done little more than re-publish his annals, as they are found in the text, omitting all the amusing matter which is found in the notes, in the remarks on the works of Erasmus, &c.

The parts of Dr. Jortin's life of Erasmus which Mr. Lacey has omitted will probably be thought by many the most entertaining, if not edifying part of the work. But the mere English reader will find fewer impediments to the perusal of the book in its present form; and to him at least it is likely to prove an acceptable performance. It is not our intention to enter at length into the biography of Erasmus, but we will touch slightly on some few particulars of his life and character.

The year in which Erasmus was born has been the subject of considerable controversy. Bayle, who often exhibits the most scrupulous nicety in settling such minutiae in his dictionary, seems to prefer the later date of 1469 to the earlier of 1465. The former period is supported by the authority of the inscription on the statue of Erasmus at Rotterdam.

His father and mother were never married according to the forms of the church. Hence Bayle says, '*Il sera donc mis avec justice, pendant que la monde sera monde dans le catalogue des batards illustres.*' Bayle was perhaps not a little pleased that the benediction of the priest had no share in producing one of the greatest men in either the fifteenth or the sixteenth century.

At the age of nine years, Erasmus, who had previously been a chorister in the cathedral of Utrecht, was sent to school at Deventer. Here his literary progress is said to have been conspicuous; and he soon had Terence and Horace at his fingers' ends. His mother, who had followed him to Deventer, died when he was only thirteen years old, and the death of his father occurred in the following year. The guardians of Erasmus forced him, soon after this, to enter into the ecclesiastical order, to which he felt no small degree of repugnance. Erasmus never seems to have had any relish for a monastic life; and, to his dying day he took no small pleasure in exposing the hypocrisy, the folly, and the ignorance of the monks. He wore the habit of the regular canons of the monastery of Stein. Erasmus afterwards obtained permission to enter into the service of the archbishop of Cambray; but, as he either did not like the character of his patron, or found that his fortunes were not likely to be promoted by his generosity, he repaired to Paris in 1496. Here he passed some time in obscurity and indigence, which operated only as incitements to his industry, and proved one of the causes of the intellectual eminence which he afterwards attained. At Paris Erasmus read lectures. William Lord Mountjoy became one of his pupils, and seems, notwithstanding the parsimony of his disposition, to have remained ever after one of his steadiest friends and benefactors. In 1497 he appears to have been in England, and to have passed some time at Oxford. He became acquainted with some of the persons who were at that time most eminently distinguished in this country for their genius and erudition; particularly with Sir Thomas More, and Warham, archbishop of Canterbury. The friends whom he made here were far from niggardly of their pecuniary contributions, which were very acceptable in his narrow circumstances. He considered England as his adopted country. The English ladies particularly attracted his regard; and in one well-known passage in his letters, he celebrates their courteous mode of salutation* in a manner which shows that his monastic vows had not impaired his regard for the softer sex.

* The words are in a letter to Faustus Andrelinus. '*Sunt hic nymphae divinis vultibus, blandæ, faciles, et quas tu tuis camœnis facile anteponas.*'

In 1510 Erasmus was at Cambridge, where he stayed a considerable time, and was promoted, by the influence of the Bishop of Rochester, chancellor of the university, to the lady Margaret's professorship of divinity. He is afterwards said to have held the greek professor's chair. The generous archbishop Warham strenuously urged Erasmus to accept the living of Aldington in Kent, which he vigorously refused, because, as he said, he was not willing to undertake the office of teaching a congregation who could not understand what he said, and whom he could not understand. The archbishop afterwards conferred this piece of preferment on another person, but charged it with a pension of twenty pounds a year to Erasmus, to which his grace added twenty more. This practice of charging livings with pensions had become very common: Archbishop Warham determined that Erasmus should be the last person on whom he would confer such a favour, and his extraordinary genius and talents might well excuse the infraction of a general rule. Erasmus reluctantly received even this boon from a parish to whose spiritual wants he did not minister; but Warham told him that as his writings benefited the whole church and taught even the pastors how to instruct their flocks, it was hard that he should not reap where he had so liberally sown.

Erasmus, though he cannot be altogether ranked among the *unfortunate literati*, yet was, during the greater part of his life, dependant for his support on the fortuitous contributions of those who esteemed his worth, or who admired his genius. He appears to have been in the constant habit of keeping a horse, and, as Jortin says, probably a servant to take care of him. This added considerably to his expences, but it was requisite for his health, which was always delicate, and in those days it would often have been difficult to find any other mode of conveyance. We have accounts of several of Erasmus's friends, who made him a present of a horse.—To Ammonius, who had very generously anticipated his request, and given him a *white hackney*, he returns thanks in a passage which we have quoted below,* and which shows the facility and elegance with which he could turn a compliment in the language of Latium.

Est propterea mos nunquam satis laudatus. Sive quo venias omnium oculis exciperis; sive discedas aliquo, osculis dimitteris; rediis, redduntur suavia; venit ad te, propinquant suavia; discedit abs te, dividuntur basia; occurritur alibi, basiatur affatim; denique quocunque te moveas, suaviorum plena sunt omnia,* &c. Ep. 65. R.

* 'Video circumspectus tecum agendum: adeo captas omnem donandicenam. Remissurus eram munus tuum, etiam Moro dissuadente, si veritas fuisset ne suspicareris aut parum mihi placere, aut me Ammonio parum libenter debere, cum nulli debeam libentius, et nec amo quonquam effusius.

Christopher Ursewick, a churchman who had been recorder of London in part of the reign of Edward IV. in the time of Richard III. and of Henry VII. made him some time after this a present of another horse; which Erasmus said had carried him twice safe to and from Basle, a long and then dangerous way. He is now, said Erasmus, hardly less wise than Homer's Ulysses, since

“Mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes”.

Erasmus adds, that while he was half killing himself with study at Basle, during ten months, this same animal grew so fat that he could hardly walk.

In 1516 Erasmus published the edition of the New Testament which ever issued from the press, a work which cost him infinite pains, and contributed with his various other labours to destroy his health. For this work alone, in which he so essentially served the cause of genuine christianity, he would have been remunerated with a state of comfortable independence, if there had been any thing like a spark of generosity in the hierarchies of Europe. But this important labour was rewarded only by the calumnies of envy, of malice, and of ignorance. The bad passions are perhaps more rife among divines than any other class of men, and hence the hate of theologians has grown into a sort of proverb expressive of the highest degree of virulence and animosity. We cannot account for this, except it be, that *hypocrisy always infuriates resentment*.—Of this religious hypocrisy, which he had strenuously endeavoured to hold up to ridicule and contempt, Erasmus felt during his whole life the implacable spite.

Among the calumniators of Erasmus none were more loud nor more furious than those who had never read a syllable of what he wrote; and some of whom, as he says, had never seen the outside of the book which they reviled. As religious bodies resemble corporate, and have a point of close cohesion in their mutual privileges and emoluments, the war-hoop of heresy, which is raised by one individual, is soon vociferated by another, till the yell becomes so loud as totally to drown the voice of common sense, and to render every sentiment of reason or humanity ineffectual and vain. Thus it was in the times of Erasmus; thus it has been in our time: ‘the same tragicomedy,’ as Jortin remarks, has been represented by different actors.

Dispeream Ammoni, ni istum tuum animum tam excelsum, tamque amicum, plaris facio, magisque amo, quam universum strepitum pontificie fortune. Perplacet equus candore insignis, at magis animi tui candore commendatus, &c. R.

and upon different stages. The enemies of Erasmus, like the fanatics of a more recent date, wrote like barbarians, and reasoned like idiots; but their savage and senseless jargon for a time swayed the public mind more than his sober, judicious, and elegant compositions.

The frank, open-hearted, and social temperament of Erasmus could not endure the hypocritical austerities of the monks; who accordingly hired calumniators to defame him in every part of Europe. Like a sect in our own times, who may be called the monks of the tabernacle, this righteous band employed every artifice to inveigle the young and inexperienced into their fraternity. They talked, says Erasmus,

‘as if every one who put on their doublet was divinely inspired. On the contrary, most of them have had no other call than stupidity, ignorance, despair, laziness, and the hope of being fed.’

How characteristic is this of the *spiritual pretensions* and the *real merits* of another sect which in our days traverses sea and land to make proselytes!

Erasmus says of the monks that they made christianity to consist in dress, in eating and in little observances; that they considered a man as lost who quitted his white garment for a black, or who wore a hat instead of a hood.

‘Shall I venture to affirm, that the greatest mischief that hath been done to the christian religion arises from these religions, (or religious orders) as they are called, though perhaps a pious zeal first introduced them? They have since been augmented by slow degrees, and multiplied into various kinds. The authority of popes, too easy and indulgent in such things, hath supported them. For what is more corrupt and more wicked than these relaxed religions? Consider even those which are in the best esteem, and you shall find in them nothing that resembles christianity, but only I know not what cold and judaical observances. Upon this the religious orders value themselves, and by this they judge and despise others. *Would it not be better, according to the doctrines of our Saviour, to LOOK UPON CHRISTENDOM AS ONE HOUSE, ONE FAMILY, ONE MONASTERY, AND ALL CHRISTIANS AS ONE BROTHERHOOD?* Would it not be better to account the sacrament of baptism the most sacred of all vows and engagements, and never trouble ourselves where we live, so we live well?’

In another place we find Erasmus uttering the following enlightened sentiments, which are more agreeable to the spirit of the gospel than to the practice of the church of

Rome, or of any church in christendom: 'One thing,' says he, 'might reconcile many persons to the Roman church' (would it not also reconcile many to the church of England?) 'and that is, not to decide so dogmatically upon many speculative points, and to make them articles of faith, but only to require an assent to those doctrines which are manifestly laid down in the holy Scriptures, and which are necessary to salvation.'

'THESE ARE FEW;* and it is easier to persuade men of a few articles than of a vast number. Now out of one article we make a hundred; of which some are such that a man might either doubt of them, or have no notion about them, without endangering his soul or his religion. But such is the nature of men, that what they have once dogmatically decided, they will obstinately maintain. Now christian philosophy, or theology, may be fairly reduced to this; that we ought to place our whole trust in Almighty God, who graciously gives us all things by his Son Jesus Christ; that we are redeemed by the death of this Son of God, to whose body we are united by baptism, that, being dead to worldly lusts, we may live conformably to his precepts and example; not only doing no harm to any, but doing good to all; that when adversity befalls us, we patiently submit to it, in hopes of a future recompense, at the coming of the Lord; that we make a daily progress in virtue, ascribing nothing to ourselves, but all to God. These things are to be pressed and inculcated till good habits are formed in the heart. As bonds, deeds, covenants, obligations, indentures expressed in a multitude of words afford matter for law-suits; so in religion, a profusion of determinations, decrees, and decisions, begets endless controversies.'

In the violent eruption of religious animosity which took place in the time of Erasmus, he preserved as far as was possible a strict neutrality between the Romanists and the protestants. He saw, and he lamented the errors of both parties. His writings prove that he was well acquainted with the corruptions of the Roman church, and that he heartily wished to see them removed; but he did not join the Lutherans, because he disliked their violence, and he was a friend to peace. He was a man of that mild and sensitive temperament, which rendered him adverse to all extremes. He himself says, with a modesty which does him more credit than

* What will Dr. M. the orthodox Margaret professor say to this? Will he not say that the essentials of christianity cannot be reduced to a few simple truths, as Erasmus supposed? and that if christianity be thus generalized, it becomes 'no christianity at all'?

any more ostentatious display of heroism could have conferred, 'Every man hath not the courage requisite to make a martyr; and *I am afraid, that, if I were put to the trial, I should imitate St. Peter.*' This diffidence of his own strength is rather honourable than disgraceful to his memory. He was conscious of his own infirmities, and he talked of them with the humility of a christian.

Erasmus was friendly to the cause of ecclesiastical reformation; but he would rather have seen it begun by those within the church, than by the enemy without. He did not wish to behold the ancient communion to which he belonged, subverted by the burst of intemperate zeal, but to have the unsound parts; its blemishes and deformities, repaired and beautified by a steady, but skilful, and judicious hand. His view of the *essentials* of christianity was more clear and rational than that of Luther himself; and if he had been consulted in the reformation which he was anxious to produce, he would have *simplified the doctrine of the church* of Rome, and have erected her communion on the basis of those *plain and general truths*, which are more intimately connected with the practice of goodness than with the vain subtleties of speculation. Luther borrowed his notions of christianity more from the writings of St. Augustin, than from those of the evangelists; and his doctrines are rather those which were inculcated by this African saint, than the easy, intelligible, and lovely truths which were taught by Christ.

Had Leo the Xth conferred the sale of indulgences on the Augustinian monks instead of the Dominicans, it is probable that Luther would have acquiesced in the extravagant pretensions of the see of Rome, with as much apathy as in other circumstances he opposed them with zeal. His selfish feelings gave the first impulse to his opposition; and these feelings, which are so strong in themselves, were rendered more irresistible as he proceeded, by the violent animosity which in coarse but ardent minds is engendered by the conflict of argument and by the spirit of enthusiastic resistance, which persecution naturally excites. The pride of sway soon mingled with Luther's other sentiments when he found himself the head of a sect, while his ambition became more stubborn and inflexible in proportion as he perceived that he could resist the generally reputed invincible hostility of the Vatican. But, before Luther commenced his attack on the sale of indulgences, Erasmus had exposed the absurdities and depravity of the monks, and had delineated the nature of true religion as opposed to a system composed of verbal subtleties, and idle speculations. At a period when preparations were

making in Christendom for a war on the Turks, Erasmus said,

"If we should conquer them, it is to be supposed (for we shall hardly put them all to the sword) that attempts will be made to bring them over to Christianity. Shall we then put into their hands an Occam, a Durandus, a Sestus, a Gabriel, or an Alvarus? What will they think of us (for after all they are rational creatures), what will they think when they hear of our intricate and perplexed subtilties concerning instants, formalities, quiddities, and relations? What, when they observe our quibbling professors so little of a mind, that they dispute together till they turn pale with fury, call names, spit in one another's faces, and even come to blows? What, when they behold the Jacobins fighting for their Thomas, and the Minorites for their most refined and seraphic doctors, and the Nominalists and the Realists each defending their own jargon, and attacking that of their adversaries? What must they think when they find it so very difficult a thing to know what expressions may be used when you speak of Jesus Christ; as if you had to do with a morose and malicious demon, whom you will call forth to your own destruction, if you use a wrong word in the form of evocation, and not with a most merciful Saviour, *who requires nothing of you but a purity and simplicity of manners?* Tell me, I beseech you, what effects will all this produce when they shall find our lives no better than our divinity, and observe our tyranny, our ambition, our avarice, our rapacity, our lust, our debauchery, our cruelty, and our oppressions? With what forehead shall we dare to recommend to them the doctrine of our Saviour, so directly contrary to our behaviour? The most efficacious way of gaining them would be, to approve ourselves the servants and imitators of Jesus Christ; and to convince them that we covet neither their lands, nor their money, nor their wives, nor their daughters; but only desire their salvation, and the glory of our Lord and master. **THIS IS THE TRUE AND POWERFUL THEOLOGY**, which formerly subjected to Jesus Christ the pride of philosophers, and the sceptres of princes.' 'If the fortune of war, which is ever uncertain, should favour us, the pope indeed and the cardinals will have a more widely extended empire, but the kingdom of Jesus Christ will not be enlarged; *nor cannot flourish except where piety, charity, chastity, peace, and good order flourish likewise.*'

These were the sentiments of Erasmus before Luther had hardly begun the work of reformation, and they evince the probity and good sense of the writer. It is clear from these and numerous other passages in the works of Erasmus, that he had learned to *generalize christianity*, or to reduce the essentials of the doctrine which Jesus preached to a few great moral truths, which both Luther and Calvin were too much addicted to the subtilties of the scholastic theology to

do. They insisted more on points of speculation, which tend only to confound the reason, and to perplex the inquirer; but Erasmus, like a man who had taken a more comprehensive survey of divine truth and of human life, most often and most vigorously inculcated those duties, the practice of which is most conducive to the happiness of social man.

Bayle says that Erasmus prepared the way for the successful attack which Luke made upon the papacy. He adds, 'that he was his John the Baptist.' One Simon Fontaine complains that Erasmus did more mischief than Luther; for that Luther only threw the door a little wider open, but that Erasmus had previously picked the lock. Erasmus seems to have prepared the way for the reformation by his railery; while Luther consummated the work by his invective. If we compare Erasmus with the greatest men among his contemporaries, we shall find none to whom we can justly ascribe greater qualities of mind and heart. He was more timid than Luther, and he was less superstitious than Sir Thomas More, but he was more tolerant than either. He had none of the acrimonious severity of a polemic, and he could not only endure, but could esteem and love men of different opinions. This was not the characteristic of the times in which he lived; and it belonged as little to Luther as to any of the Romanists of that period. It must not be supposed that, when Luther and Calvin left the church of Rome, they became the advocates for spiritual liberty, or the friends of religious toleration in a new communion. No! they carried with them no small portion of the intolerance which had for ages been concentrated in the palace of the popes. Else why was Servetus burnt alive?

If we may judge from the conduct of the early reformers they did not attempt to demolish one pope without contriving to set up many in his stead. The creeds and articles of modern churches are only popery in disguise. They are all so many infringements on liberty of conscience, and in the principle, if not in the practice, are as intolerant as any decrees which ever issued from the Vatican. Luther and Calvin, would as little suffer their dogmas to be gainsayed as the popes would their bulls to be questioned. Hence INTOLERANCE became the ugly characteristic of the several churches which branched from the great trunk of the Romish communion. Even the church of England herself erected a sort of papacy in the body of the Athanasian creed and the thirty-nine articles; and though these have been sometimes thought to have shrivelled into a dead letter, yet a recent instance, to

which we have often alluded, has proved that they are still impregnated with the living spirit of persecution.

At the time when Erasmus lived, he had to choose between the errors, absurdities, and intolerance of the church of Rome on the one side, and those of the Lutherans, on the other. He was placed between the Sylla and Charibdis of the most perilous extremes, and in endeavouring to steer between both he became assailed with the rude invectives of the enemies to the rights of conscience, who were accumulated on either coast.

ART. V.—*The Opinions of different Authors upon the Punishment of Death. Selected by Basil Montagu, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn. 8vo. Longman, 1809.*

THE circumstance which most forcibly arrests our attention, on entering into the Inquiry developed in the contents of this volume, is of a nature extremely mortifying. So early as the year 1520, sir Thomas More records the following conversation as having taken place at the table of Archbishop Morton.

There happened to be at table one of the English lawyers, who took occasion to run out in a high commendation of the severe execution of justice upon thieves, who, as he said, were then hanged so fast, that there were sometimes more than twenty on one gibbet; and upon that he said, he could not wonder enough how it came to pass, that since so few escaped, there were yet so many thieves left, who were still robbing in all places. Upon this, I, who took the boldness to speak boldly before the cardinal, said, there was no occasion to wonder at the matter, since this way of punishing thieves was neither just in itself nor good for the public. FOR, AS THE SEVERITY WAS TOO GREAT, SO THE REMEDY WAS NOT EFFECTUAL.

Three centuries have elapsed since this sentence was published, and during all that time philosophers, politicians, and lawyers have successively arisen, who, in explaining and accounting for the miserable inefficacy of our criminal code, can only comment on the undeniable maxim there laid down, that all punishment, in order to be effectual, must be proportioned to the offence committed. Three centuries have elapsed, and, in theory, we have not advanced a step beyond this obvious truth; while, in practice, our statute book has constantly bid defiance to the maxim, and the severity of punishment has at least kept even pace, in its increase, with the number of the advocates for justice and the weight of their ar-

guments. Three centuries have elapsed, and we can still tolerate a popular writer in turning into ridicule every serious endeavour to improve the code of penal law, and we can still listen with patience to the first law officers of the crown when they oppose to the collected wisdom of ages the single unsupported assertion, that no reform is needed!

If this reflection cannot be presented to any enlightened understanding without exciting mingled feelings of humiliation and wonder, an inquiry into the cause of so strange a perversion of sense and justice will perhaps, if it diminishes the wonder, sensibly embitter the humiliation. It cannot, we fear, be denied that the great mass of society is subject to the overruling influence of a purely selfish principle; and if in any thing the great ascendancy of such a principle be most obvious, it is in the history of legislation. Few men have any interest in the condition of others, but so far as they imagine themselves obnoxious to a similar predicament. The system of criminal law affects, personally and immediately, but a very small part of society, and that (with little exception) the most low and abject part of it. Even of those whom it most affects, no man, while yet out of its reach, supposes that he may ever be drawn within the vortex. The higher orders of society which, virtually, are alone instrumental to the enactment of laws, pay little attention to the nature of such laws as cannot directly come home to themselves. And, though it is certain that all men are really interested in the criminal legislation of their country, because by it all men's properties and lives are eventually secured, yet it is also certain that men think but little about possible injuries; and when an injury is actually sustained, they are *too much* interested in its punishment to weigh dispassionately the just proportion which it should bear to the offence, or by what measure of punishment the recurrence of the offence is most likely to be obviated. A man full of anger for an offence committed against his person or property for which no actual, or no adequate, penalty has yet been provided by the legislature, immediately requires the severest punishment to be enacted for that which his momentary suffering induces him to think the heaviest of crimes. What this man wishes to be done from excess of passion, others concur in doing from the absence of feeling: and thus every unjust law may be attributed partly to the spirit of revenge, and partly to the carelessness of insensibility.

There are undoubtedly those of philosophical minds, and enlarged habits of thinking and comprehension elevating them above this selfish mass of society who may be roused to exertion by the unsophisticated considerations of humanity

and justice. Hence it follows that, under monarchical or oligarchical forms of government, more may be done, and more has actually been effected, towards the emendation of the penal code than where the concurrence of a large popular assembly is required. Nor are we to suppose that men, however actuated in general by selfish motives, have any natural propensity to a preference of evil over plain and acknowledged good; and hence, wherever the influence of inveterate prejudice has not aided the *vis inertiae* of mere indifference, and, from the infant condition of society, it has been necessary that something should be done, more liberal maxims of judicature may be found to have taken effect. From these considerations united, it will be easy to draw our conclusions respecting the efficient cause of so remarkable a phenomenon in politics, as that of all the enlightened nations of the world, Great Britain stands almost single, in her adherence to a system which originated in ignorance, and is perpetuated by prejudice and inactivity.

To awaken the exertions of true philosophers and patriots, it should seem that little more can be required than the dissemination of such a book as that under review, containing the unanswered, and unanswerable, testimony of ages to the truth of the maxim which it is meant to promulgate. But something more seems essential to the implanting in the public mind such a sense of the political importance of reform as shall dispose men only not to resist the efforts of patriotism and philosophy. They ought to be repeatedly admonished that their own immediate interest is at stake on the question; they ought to be perpetually reminded of the number of robberies, and burglaries, and forgeries, and murders which are almost daily perpetrated: lists should be produced to them of such as actually suffer at every goal-delivery throughout the kingdom for these offences; and if no impression is made on their minds by those dreadful catalogues, they should be told that the sufferers do not amount to one in ten of the convicts, nor the convicts to one in ten of those who, for want of prosecution, or of evidence, or of that hardened inflexibility in the juries which can alone carry such barbarous laws into execution, escape conviction. When they are sufficiently made acquainted with the real extent of the evil, it ought to be forcibly impressed on their imaginations, that it is not the interest of foreigners and strangers, not that of friends and neighbours, which they are called upon to protect, but their own; that it is their own properties, their own persons, which are obnoxious to the operation of an evil so extensive; and that the chance of their immediately suffering in some way or other from the extent of the evil is so far from

being a remote or improbable speculation, as that it is, on the contrary, more improbable that any individual should pass through life without incurring some of its consequences. When their minds are at length wrought to a due sense of political alarm, then inform them that the experience of centuries has proved the insufficiency of the existing laws to provide against or to diminish the danger, and explain to them all that has been proved beyond the reach of contradiction by the collected wisdom of the most enlightened philosophers of every age and country. And after, by this tedious, and toil-some, and disgusting process, they have been brought to comprehend at last the grounds and principles of reform, then call upon them with the voice of authority, not to assist, but simply not to oppose, every design for the amendment of the laws, every effort for the melioration of society.

The inadequacy of our penal code to the purposes of justice seems now to be pretty generally acknowledged by men of sense and liberality. The book before us affords sufficient materials for the proofs of it, the result of the patient investigation of men, such as Howard, Franklin, and Bentham. To recapitulate these proofs, or to produce the authorities of Bacon, Coke, Blackstone, and Johnson, or of Montesquieu or Beccaria, in support of the conclusions which they present, would be to offer an imperfect abridgment of arguments well known to many, and which those who wish to become acquainted with them, would do well to read in the originals, and there fully to digest and comprehend. In addition to the authorities already mentioned, this book contains further selections from the useful and excellent works of Colquhoun and Clarkson, Eden, Bradford, and Turner, besides many others, conducive to the same end. All reasoning on this important subject seems to be actually exhausted in the compass of these remarks, and little perhaps remains to be done by the most zealous advocate for the desired reformation more than to circulate as widely as possible his own knowledge of the arguments by which it is to be enforced, and his own persuasion of the importance of its accomplishment.

It may not, however, be altogether useless to re-state the principal arguments (if such they can be called) which have been urged in favour of the existing system, or in opposition to reform (and which Mr. M. has very properly inserted in the same book, with their entire refutation); because many have been influenced by their specious appearance and very general reception among unthinking persons, who may not take the trouble to investigate the foundation on which they rest.

In justification of the criminal law of England, and of the

principles on which it is now supposed to rest, Dr. Paley reasons in the following manner: (See his *Moral Philosophy*, vol. 2, p. 277.)

By the number of statutes creating capital offences; the law of England sweeps into the net every crime, which, under any possible circumstances, may merit the punishment of death; but when the execution of this sentence comes to be deliberated upon, a small proportion of each class are singled out, the general character, or the peculiar aggravations of whose crimes render them fit examples of public justice. By this expedient, few actually suffer death, while the dread and danger of it hang over the crimes of many. The tenderness of the law cannot be taken advantage of. The life of the subject is spared, so far as the necessity of restraint and intimidation permits; yet no one will adventure upon the commission of any enormous crime, from a knowledge that the laws have not provided for its punishment. The wisdom and humanity of this design furnish a just excuse for the multiplicity of capital offences, which the laws of England are accused of creating beyond those of other countries. The charge of cruelty is answered by observing that those laws were never meant to be carried into indiscriminate execution; that the legislature, when it establishes its last and highest sanctions, trusts to the benignity of the crown to relax their severity as often as circumstances appear to palliate the offence; or even as often as those circumstances of aggravation are wanting which rendered this vigorous interposition necessary. Upon this plan it is enough to vindicate the lenity of the laws, that some instances are to be found in each class of capital crimes, which require the restraint of capital punishment; and that this restraint could not be applied, without subjecting the whole class to the same condemnation.*

Now if the whole of this defence can be (as it undoubtedly has been) proved false and unfounded, it will surely be matter of equal surprise and regret that it was adopted by this writer without having been first submitted to the test of an investigation which must have satisfied him of its insufficiency. His work, into which it is so incautiously introduced, has been very generally received for a basis of moral and political education. The university of which the author was a distinguished ornament, admitted its utility without hesitation or reserve; and, in the public lecture-rooms of almost every college at

* By some strange oversight either of the editor or printer, this last sentence in Mr. Montagu's book is printed as if Dr. Paley made a question of his argument—"Is it enough," &c. &c. It may well indeed be stated in the form of a question; but Dr. Paley meant it for an assertion, and so it is printed in the original.

Cambridge; this very argument is explained and enforced, without (as far as we have heard) any statement of its weakness or of the points on which it is liable to refutation and censure. The principles which are inculcated at the university must be supposed to influence the opinions of the individual through life, unless it fortunately happens that he has both leisure and inclination to revise them at any of its successive stages; and it is therefore safe to aver that the very sentence which we have just quoted, together with the remaining observations scattered through the chapter of which it forms a part, has had, and will continue to have, considerable effect in obstructing the natural progress of reason, and procrastinating the hour of reformation.

Setting aside the question, whether all, or most of the crimes which are, by the law of England, punishable with death, can, 'under *any possible* circumstances, merit that punishment,' it is no very difficult task to shew that many crimes which are yet exempted from capital punishment may, 'under *most* circumstances,' be deserving of severer punishment than many, which are rendered capital by statute, can be deserving of 'under *any* circumstances.'

'Under what possible circumstances,' for instance, can a shoplifter or a pickpocket be put on a level, in the scale of his *merits*, with the ruffian who commits a daring assault with intent to murder or to ravish, and who, though he has failed, by the merest hazard, of accomplishing his ultimate design, may have subjected the intended victim of it to every intermediate aggravation of insult, terror, and suffering? Has hell no hotter place reserved for the cool and deliberate murderer, who falsely swears away the life of a fellow-creature at the bar of justice, than for him whom a long series of injury and insult has stimulated to the last act of a desperate revenge, or who, when struggling for freedom, has casually slain an officer of the law?

How many actions are there, which, morally considered, affect the peace of families, the welfare of the state, the honour of religion, much more nearly than most of those petty offences against which the law launches all her deadliest thunderbolts, and which, so far from being made capital, are not even numbered in the list of crimes? Are seduction and adultery less offensive in the sight of God, less pernicious in their consequences to society, less contagious in their example, less frequent in their occurrence, less pregnant with misery and wretchedness to their immediate victims, than the stealing of a horse, or the coining of a guinea?

The next assertion is equally unfounded with the former.

What stranger to the practice of our criminal law would not be led to suppose from it that the circumstances of every offence are subjected to the grave and laborious investigation of all the assembled sages of the law, and that the life of a citizen is really an object of such tender care in the sight of government, as to demand the most vigilant attention lest one unnecessary sacrifice be offered, or one unhappy convict suffer, whose offence, when scrupulously measured, is found to fall short of one undeviating line of guilt and danger? How nearly does this splendid picture approach to our ideas even of Utopian perfection? How far is it from corresponding, in the remotest degree, with what passes daily and hourly before the eyes of the most inattentive observer? Where is this anxious scrutiny, this profound deliberation, this patient and laborious balancing of justice, this tender and compassionate regard for the life of man? It is not enough to allege a few examples which may readily enough be found of extraordinary attention paid to cases of an extraordinary nature, where the public interest has been strongly excited, or powerful intercessions made for the offender, or the royal clemency awakened by these or other fortuitously concurrent circumstances. But how is it with the poor, vulgar, ignorant, unfriended, everyday villains, whose crimes are too clearly proved to admit of argument, whose situations are too abject or too common to awaken curiosity? Can it be pretended that in all, or in most of such cases, the judge has power or opportunity to investigate, and deliberate, and balance; or that he is not often influenced by some casual impression, some circumstance of no actual importance, some partial representation of others, in his determination whether to leave for execution, or extend his mercy to the criminal? We mean to cast no reflection on the judges, but only on the laws. We will admit, for the sake of argument, that there is a moral certainty of having for all our twelve judges, men of the most upright and conscientious as well as of the most extensive and unprejudiced minds. We believe that, in general, this is as nearly the case as can be consistently with the necessary imperfection of humanity. But we say nevertheless, it is impossible that men, however virtuous, upright, and able, can in all, or in most of the cases that come before their cognizance, perform even a small portion of the duty which Dr. Paley would have us believe to be actually accomplished by them.

Could Dr. Paley have been in the habit of reading the public newspapers when he proceeded to declare that 'few actually suffer death?' Is the number of annual sacrifices to the indiscriminate rigour of our criminal law, small in the ca-

timation of the philosopher, or of the patriot? — of any person, in short, but the merest pretender to the science of political economy? If, however, this expression be taken as comparative only, and as if Dr. Paley meant to assert that few victims are made to the utmost severity of the law in proportion to the multitude of offenders who elude its vengeance, we are quite prepared to admit the fact, and to state it as the most alarming among all the consequences of that bad system of policy which we wish to expose. But then, the latter part of this sentence is, we fear, as widely at variance with the truth as, in another view, the former part of it would be. So many are those who escape the law, that the dread and danger of it hang over the crimes of none, as they ought to hang over them. 'The tenderness (that is, the inefficient weakness) of the law is taken advantage of; and, although the life of the subject is unnecessarily and wantonly sacrificed in a frightful number of instances, yet, as the law now stands, it is spared infinitely too often for the salutary purposes of restraint and intimidation.'

We cannot now proceed, step by step, to point out the errors with which the remainder of this celebrated paragraph abounds, and think it sufficient to have shewn that the premises are utterly unfounded; whence it must follow that the conclusions drawn from them are unsupportable by any powers of reasoning. The general argument, however, cannot be too frequently, nor too variously, exposed to refutation. *The number of capital punishments does not prevent, but on the contrary greatly encourages, the perpetration of crimes.* For it is the certainty of punishment, and not the measure of it, that is most efficacious towards deterring men from the commission of them.

In this respect (the certainty of punishment), it is, indeed, true that all human laws must of necessity be imperfect. Many crimes are committed of which there can never be any evidence. The only witnesses to the perpetration of others may die, and leave their tale untold. Vigilance, and disguise, and flight, may prevent, in some cases, the possibility of detection. In others the forms and niceties of law may afford the means of escape; but all these various necessary diminutions from the certainty of human punishment, are not to be compared in their generalizing influence with the probabilities of safety afforded by that peculiar system of injustice, which forms the topic of this writer's unqualified eulogium. It is owing to the severity of our laws, that

the injured through compassion will often forbear to prosecute;

juries through compassion will sometimes forget their oaths, and either acquit the guilty or mitigate the nature of the offence; and judges through compassion will respite one half of the convicts; and recommend them to royal mercy. Among so many chances of escaping, the needy and hardened offender overlooks the multitude that suffer; he boldly engages in some desperate attempt to relieve his wants or supply his vices; and if unexpectedly the hand of justice overtakes him, he deems himself peculiarly unfortunate in falling at last a sacrifice to those laws which long impunity had taught him to contempt.

This is not the hasty opinion of a speculative reformer, but the sound and unanswerable conclusion of an English judge, than whom no man has ever attained a more comprehensive view of our national jurisprudence, and no man was ever more deeply impressed with a sense of its general excellence; whose commentaries on the laws of his country, the more they are examined, the more accurate and instructive they will be found, and though they are in the hands and mouths of all, have never been duly appreciated as containing the most useful practical suggestions for the reformation of those laws where they are most glaringly erroneous and defective.

So much for the question of policy; now for that of justice. The discretion vested in our judges is the only ground on which any pretension to the justice of our present system can be at all supported. But here we may venture to ask, to what purpose are laws enacted but to prevent the exercise of discretion in matters of political importance? Are not those laws in theory the most perfect, which, providing for the comprehension of every distinct case, leave nothing at all to the discretion of the judge? We know that this is in practice impossible. The particular circumstances of every case cannot be reached by any system of laws, however various and extensive in their operation. But it sounds rather strange to hear imputed, as a ground of commendation in laws, that very ingredient the absolute exclusion of which is essential to their theoretical perfection. If we could be certain that every prince and magistrate were equally incapable either of vice or error in the administration of government, then indeed there would be no necessity for any laws whatever. But admit that laws are necessary; and it is impossible not to admit also the expediency of such laws as shall be in the fewest possible instances liable to the caprice, or to the discretion, or in any respect to the modification and controul, of those who are not the masters of the law, but its servants.

It will hardly be disputed that uniformity in the operations of a law is essential to the justice of its execution—that the

same offence, under the same circumstances, ought to meet with the same measure of chastisement. What then is the consequence of vesting this large discretionary power in the judges? Must it not, and does it not in fact, often happen, that one judge dooms to death, while in an adjoining county, at the very same time, another judge recommends to mercy, under similar or, perhaps, under more criminal circumstances? Nay, is the temper and disposition of the same man so invariable as to render it certain that he may not sentence one day to a two years' imprisonment the very person whom he would let off, the next, at the small price of a two months' confinement?—That he may refuse a respite in the morning, and be inclined to exert his fullest privilege of remission in the afternoon?

These, and similar arguments, appeared so convincing to the author of "*Thoughts on executive Justice*," published in the year 1785,* to inspire him with an idea which we should stigmatise with the terms of strange, extravagant, and incredible, had it not for the time actually produced considerable sensation, even among those principally concerned in the administration of our penal laws. To remedy the obvious ill consequences of uncertainty in the execution of laws, he proposes to divest the judges of their discretionary power, leaving the laws as they are, or even increasing the number and extent of those which denounce the punishment of death against offenders. By this plan he persuades himself that the number not only of outrages committed, but of capital punishments also, would eventually, nay, almost instantaneously be diminished, and the world at last be purified from the contagion of all those offences which the law thinks proper to distinguish from other offences by the name of "*Crimes*."†

* The substance of this sophistical tract is also reprinted in Mr. Montagu's book, as well as of another which was soon afterwards published in answer to it. The latter is a very able and satisfactory performance.

† Varillas, the most unphilosophical writer that ever pretended to the character of an historian, eulogizing the severe administration of Charles Count of Charolois, governor of Holland under his father Philip the Good, says, '*Les grands chemins de la Hollande étoient hideux par la multitude des supplices que l'on y exposoit, parce qu'on n'y laissoit faire impunément aucune injure à personne, et chacun pouvoit aller sans crainte où il lui plaisoit et emporter ses biens avec lui.*' This is as if we should say, ten thousand persons suffered for the crime of rebellion under the reign of Henry the Fourth, and therefore no reign was ever so undisturbed by rebels, or, the corpse of Abershaw was suspended in chains upon Wimbledon Common; so that all men travelled from Richmond to London without fear of high-way robbery. Compare this passage with that already quoted from Sir Thomas More, and it will only serve to prove that in all ages and countries where the experiment of undistinguishing severity has been tried, it has been found equally ineffectual.

To evince the futility of reasoning like this, it seems almost superfluous to have recourse to argument, since it is sufficiently upset by the irresistible evidence of facts. The experiment suggested has actually been tried, and the result of the trial is quite decisive as to its expediency. During the reign of Henry the Eighth, the discretion now reposed in the judges was, to a great degree, if not altogether, unknown, and execution followed conviction with as much certainty as this writer could possibly desire. Yet at that period, as we are told by Sir Thomas More in the passage already quoted, 'Men were hanged so fast that there were sometimes more than twenty on a gibbet.' The author of the 'Thoughts' would doubtless join in the wonder expressed by the English lawyer, 'that since so few escaped, there were yet so many thieves left.' The truly just and philosophical reason assigned by the venerable chancellor of England might alone have failed to convince him; but when coupled with the evidence of successive ages, which have sufficiently proved, that the undue severity of a punishment, is the surest method to render it ineffectual, it must ultimately persuade the most prejudiced theorist to listen to the voice of truth and justice. The unanswerable result of this evidence is, that to carry the existing laws into effect would have a decided tendency to increase, instead of diminishing, the number of offenders, and that in a most rapid progression. And the reason is plain. The discretion vested in the judges is not the only, nor the principal, chance of escape to the criminal. The unwillingness to prosecute on the part of the community, and to convict on the part of the jury, are at least as great as the readiness of the judge to pardon when convicted. While the judge retains his remitting power, this hesitation on the part of the community and of the jury will be much less operative than if that power were removed. For now, unwilling as a man may be to bring a fellow-creature to his trial of life and death for an offence evidently disproportioned to the punishment, that unwillingness is to a great degree removed by the belief that, even if convicted, the culprit will not ultimately suffer the punishment which the law inflicts. Take away the discretionary power, and you will then see the real consequences of disproportionate laws. All the minor offences which the law subjects to the penalty of death, and many crimes of a more heinous nature also, if committed against the persons or properties of humane and merciful men, will pass unpunished altogether; while the gallows will groan with the weight, not of those the aggravated nature of whose crimes calls for the severest measure of justice, but of those who, be the nature of their offences what it

may, have offended against the unfeeling and vindictive part of mankind. And thus a bloody sacrifice will be offered up, not to justice, but to the demons of revenge, avarice, and oppression.

The necessity of a reform in the penal code seems now, then, to be reduced to a very simple proposition. The existing laws would, without the discretionary power vested in the judges, be wholly inadequate to the effect proposed by their enactment. Retaining the discretionary power, they are still inadequate to that effect. The laws must therefore be altered, in order to render them effectual.

It is equally evident from all which has gone before, that this alteration must not be an incomplete and partial modification, but a reform of the whole system, whether it be effected all at once, or by gradual and hard-wrung concessions.

It is also equally evident, that the foundation upon which this reform is to proceed, must be the doctrine of a proportion between crimes and punishments. When once men are brought to a just sense of the necessity of reform, then will arise a variety of considerations as to the measures most expedient for rendering it effectual. But those who have the good of their country at heart should not, and we trust will not, be discouraged by the difficulty and complication of the task they have undertaken, from pursuing its accomplishment with unremitting zeal and energy. We most heartily unite with the author of *Characters of the late Charles James Fox*, in the wish that this reform might be accomplished at once, by the abolition of the existing code, and the instantaneous substitution of a new one, founded on the philosophical principle which we have just established, and previously submitted to the revision of all the most intelligent and virtuous men in the nation. But, persuaded as we are, that from the passions and prejudices, the apathy and ignorance of men, there would arise in the present state of society so many insuperable obstacles to the realization of this magnificent idea, we contemplate, with a more chastized pleasure perhaps, but still with much greater confidence of ultimate success, the gradual and cautious advances towards reform which are now making in the legislative assembly of the nation, by those whom we cannot but believe to be impressed with the same sense as ourselves of the necessity of much more extensive and general alterations.

The temperate and steady advocates of reform should always bear in mind the progress of that great measure, the abolition of the slave-trade—through what dangers and difficulties, apparently insurmountable, its patrons were obliged

in its first infancy to struggle—how much was said, and how little done, for years following years from the first proposal of it, towards its ultimate accomplishment—how concessions were extorted, drop by drop, from the hard bowels of self-interest and avarice—how, session after session, the foundations of that iniquitous system were gradually sapped and weakened—till at last the whole detestable fabric fell to the ground, at a time when the minds of men were so prepared for the event, that the final crash of its downfall produced a much slighter general sensation than accompanied every preliminary attack upon its existence.

Our views have hitherto been confined to the previous question, which must first be sifted and understood thoroughly before any plan of extensive practical improvement can be brought forward with the prospect of success. We cannot conclude this article without remarking, that the promulgation of penal statutes is a measure which deserves the most serious attention. Several imaginary difficulties and inconsistencies have indeed been mentioned as impediments to this proposed promulgation. But we would ask, supposing it were provided that each new penal act of the legislature shall in future, immediately on the termination of every session, be affixed in the most conspicuous place of every market-town in the kingdom; or that a day be appointed for the magistrates of certain districts throughout the country to read them publicly to the people; or that the same duty be imposed on the clergyman of every parish during so many successive Sundays, after morning service throughout the year; where, in the name of justice, would be the difficulty of carrying into execution any of these imagined ordinances; or, (to render the scheme yet more effectual) all of them conjointly? Our penal statutes, numerous as they are, do not amount to so alarming a number in every session as to produce any great inconvenience in such a plan upon that score; and if “a poacher” should happen to be instructed by it in the penalties incurred by “a delinquent in matters of public account;” or a public accountant be taught the consequences to result from “the wiring of hares,” although we allow that the information so acquired will in both cases be probably superfluous, we cannot think that the possibility of a little superfluous knowledge is such a mischief, as to outweigh the great positive good which must arise from giving to all men the opportunity of knowing the law so far as it respects themselves.

We must now close our remarks on a subject, the importance of which has induced us to make this article an exception to our general rule of criticism, and to write an essay rather

than a review, sincerely rejoicing if what we have written may influence a single unprejudiced and intelligent reader to pursue the inquiry which it is intended to promote. Mr. Montagu's book is only, as it professes to be, a selection from the writings of others. Some important publications on the same subject have not been noticed by him; others have been too little used. Nevertheless, there seem to be few arguments of leading previous importance that are not fully digested, and even exhausted, in some of the various extracts which it contains, and therefore our recommendation of it to the perusal of the uninformed reader, is strong and unqualified.

'It was published,' as Mr. M. informs us in a short and sensible preface, 'at the request of a society, whose object is the diffusion of knowledge, respecting the punishment of death and the improvement of prison discipline;' and we are subsequently advertized that 'any references or communications on the subject will be thankfully received, directed to I. Lancaster, Borough Road.' Mr. M. ought, however, for general information, to have explained more at large the nature and ends of this institution, which are probably known to few.

With the emphatic address of Sir Edward Coke to the readers of his second Institute, which Mr. M. has very aptly chosen for the winding-up of his own preface, we shall also conclude the present article. After glancing at the indubitable principle that all true justice is merely preventive, the venerable lawyer thus proceeds—

'But the consideration of that preventing justice were worthy of the wisdom of parliament, and in the mean time, expert and wise men to make preparation for the same, as the text saith, *Ut benedicat eis Dominus.* Blessed shall he be that layeth the first stone of the building, more blessed that proceeds in it, most of all that finisheth it, to the glory of God, and the honour of our king and nation.'

ART. VI.—*A Letter on the Genius and Dispositions of the French Government, including a View of the Taxation of the French Empire. By an American lately returned from Europe.* London, Longman, 1810. pp. 255.

THE principal object of the present work appears to be to deter the Americans from an alliance with France, by a picture of French despotism. This admonition does not seem to be either unreasonable or superfluous. Ever since the establish-

ment of American independence, there has been a powerful French faction in the United States, or a party, whose object it has been to promote the interest of France at the expense of that of Great Britain. The French revolution, which caused a sensation like that of an electric shock in this country, was visibly felt in America. It operated very powerfully on the sympathies of the popular mind in the United States; and in proportion as it created a predilection for France, it tended to generate an increased animosity towards this country. The different revolutionary governments in France have sedulously laboured, through the medium of their ministers and emissaries in the United States, to promote a rupture between America and Great Britain. France, as if relying on the strength of her interest with the populace of America, has at times treated the government of that country with a degree of insult and of arrogance, which has hardly ever been shewn even by a superior potentate to one of his crouching vassals.—Most of our readers will recollect the contemptuous conduct of the French ambassador, M. Genet, towards the constituted authorities in America. The moderation of Washington and of Adams with the more enlightened part of the men of property in that country, preserved it from a desolating war, or from the horrors of a second and more democratic revolution.

When Buonaparte deposed the directory, and usurped the sovereignty of France, his conduct towards the United States was characterized by the same spirit, and impelled by the same designs as that of his predecessors. He endeavoured to controul and intimidate the government of the country by means of a faction, either in his pay, or at least under his influence. And if America have not been hitherto precipitated into a war with this country, the effect has been owing less to the want of menace and intrigue on the part of France, or of inclination on the part of a noisy and tumultuous party in America, than of a prudent sense of weakness in the government to provide for the expense of a contest with this country, or to encounter the tremendous hostility of the British marine.

It is not a little remarkable that, while the American government seem for the most part to have crouched with servile complaisance beneath the most domineering pretensions of the French emperor, they have uniformly exhibited the most peevish and swaggering demeanour, when any conciliatory overtures have been made by this country. But this blustering violence of their populace and their councils appears to have been only one indication of their weakness and their cow-

ardice. We by no means pretend to justify some parts of the conduct of the English government towards the United States, but when we compare it with that of the French during the same period, we cannot but think that it appears a bright specimen of political moderation. When at the same time we contrast the different lines of conduct which have been pursued by the United States towards this country and towards France; when we consider the outrageous calumnies which have been vented against Great Britain, and the obsequious pusillanimity which has been shown to France, we cannot but condemn both the people and the government of the American republic. In the present long and arduous conflict between this country and revolutionary France, there has for the most part appeared a very partial leaning towards France in the popular opinions and political measures of the United States. The people of the United States, who are sufficiently quick-sighted in their views of individual emolument, have in this instance strangely mistaken the true direction of their national interest. The triumph of Great Britain over the towering ambition of Buonaparte, ought to be the patriotic prayer of every inhabitant of the United States who wishes for the independence of his country. For, if Great Britain should be ultimately compelled to succumb beneath the ascendant destiny of Napoleon, the liberties of America would be soon either annihilated, or forced back, like the Indians of old by the new settlers, into the western wilds. The British marine, little as the turbulent leaders of the Gallic faction in America may think, is the only real barrier between them and the conquering eagles of the French emperor. Even the broad Atlantic itself would present but few obstacles to Napoleon's lust of subjugation, if the British navy were not placed in his way. Were the navy of Britain ever unfortunately rendered inferior to that of France, Buonaparte would not be long ere he sent his legions to reduce the northern and southern countries of the new world. The mind of this singular personage is of that despotic quality, that he could not endure the consciousness of a spark of liberty or independence in either hemisphere which his mercenaries could extinguish. It is the navy of Great Britain, it is that unrivalled superiority on the seas, which is so much the theme of Gallic invective; which is, at present, the only safeguard of the western world from the gripe of France.

We think then that the present writer deserves some credit at least, for his endeavour to dispel the perilous delusion of his countrymen respecting the real designs of France, to expose the real projects which occupy the ambitious mind of Buona-

parts, and to impress them with an awful dread, and a lively abhorrence of the hideous tyranny which he exercises in France, and in every region which is subjected to his arbitrary will.

France has long cherished the project of universal dominion. Louis the XIV. in the seventeenth century, was inflamed with the desire as much as Buonaparte in the nineteenth; nor does he appear to have been more restrained by any sense of justice or of humanity in the pursuit. But the means which Louis possessed of achieving his unprincipled project happened to be inferior to those of Napoleon; and the star of his destiny was more clouded by adverse occurrences than that of the Corsican has hitherto been. The spirit of lawless domination which was fostered in the cabinet of Louis XIV. has been faithfully transmitted to that of his successors, each of whom possessed the will rather than the capacity to prosecute his designs, till the revolution gave birth to a new order of things, and produced men as ambitious as any in the line of Capet, while the power of executing their designs was increased in hundredfold by the resources which the revolution put in their power, and by the blind passions of the multitude, which turned into the channel of military enthusiasm, have produced an aggregate of national force, which mocks all the efforts of former calculation. The committee of public safety and the directory made a tremendous use of this power; but, with them, it was rather exercised in ephemeral ravage than in durable conquest. But Buonaparte exceeds all his revolutionary predecessors in the application of these instruments of destruction which were forged on the mighty anvil of the revolution. The plans of Buonaparte are better conceived, more maturely digested, and more vigorously executed than those of the persons who previously swayed the sceptre of revolutionary France. All that he does, is done on a plan. It is a system of action made up of a great number of parts, but the succeeding is seldom disclosed till the previous design has been accomplished. The final object of all his labours, the ultimate drift of his ambitious schemes can hardly be mistaken, but the progressive details, the shifting scenes of the great tragedy, are involved in a mysterious obscurity which increases apprehension, while it tends to elude the efforts of counteraction. In the gradual development of his plans, he appears to be the sole depository of his own secrets; nor is it probable that even his most intimate counsellors know what he means next to do, before the time has arrived for it to be done. As Demosthenes said of Philip, he possesses great advantages over his enemies in the entire unity of deliberation and action, which is centered

in the same individual. Universal dominion, both by sea and land, is evidently his ultimate aim; though we cannot precisely divine the mode of accomplishing it, which he has no doubt often revolved in the dark recesses of his own mind. Towards the dominion of the seas, he has hitherto fortunately made but little progress; but towards the domination of the land, at least as much of it as is comprehended in the map of Europe, he has advanced, and is still advancing by long and rapid strides. All the old crazy governments of the European continent seem either falling before him, or tottering to their fall. He keeps going forth in the pride of his strength, conquering and to conquer. And what renders his victories the more terrible, is, the regular system which he pursues for the security of his conquests as he proceeds. Though his is a character of enterprise, it is not one of timidity. He undertakes more than almost any ambitious chief has dared to conceive before; but, at the same time, he neglects no precaution against fortuitous reverses, no possible means which can prevent that revolution, which might suddenly overturn the mighty fabric which he has reared, and lay his glory in the dust.

The conquests of Napoleon are not casual and desultory; they are parts of a system; they are intimately connected the one with the other; and they are no sooner made than they are identified in one scheme for their preservation. If he successfully impaling all Europe in chains, one link will be so closely cemented with another, and the whole will be crampnet together, not only with so much force, but so much art, that the several parts will, we fear, cohere too strongly together to be readily dissolved.

The aggrandizement of one man, proceeding in such a regular and preconcerted scheme, may well be an object of horror and alarm, not only to Europe but to America, not only to the monarchy of Great Britain, but to the republic of the United States. From the period of the reformation to that of the French revolution, what has been called the *balance of power*, preserved Europe from individual domination. The different states, to the number of nineteen, though very unequal in extent, in population, and resources, were yet preserved in some degree of equilibrium by their mutual jealousies, and a common desire to prevent the decided preponderance of any single power. Thus, the independance of the weaker states was preserved by a sort of loose compact among all the rest; or by a conviction in the larger powers, who might be disposed to make the attempt, that it could not be effected without the determined resistance of their competitors for pre-eminence in the scale of European influence. This

system, which, while it lasted, was certainly favourable to the independence of nations, and constituted a sort of public law, the principles of which the different governments seemed respectively to acknowledge, was first impaired by the dismemberment of Poland, by the unprincipled junction of three great powers; while the other states of Europe whose duty it was to preserve the independence of every part of the great confederacy of nations, acquiesced with a criminal indifference in the infamous spoliation. The example of destroying an independent state, merely because it was too weak to resist the attack, which was set by the *regular governments* of Berlin, of Vienna, and St. Petersburg, was copied, not with a servile hand, but with a great mixture of original daring, by the governors of revolutionary France. If the other *more regular governments* had not begun the practice, we believe that even the French revolutionists would have exhibited a little more diffidence in making the attempt. But one example seemed to justify, or at least to palliate similar exertions of lawless aggression. It is in some degree pleasing to reflect, that the atrocious violation of Polish independence by the Prussian, Austrian, and Russian governments (in one of the principal causes, which rendered them so weak in the subsequent struggle with Bonaparte) Had Poland, instead of being erased from the list of nations, been secured in her liberties and independence, the courts of Berlin, of Vienna, and of St. Petersburg would have always had a useful ally in the hour of need. Injustice, whether it be practised by individuals, or by nations, always ultimately meets with its desert. The vials of vengeance have been largely poured out on many of the continental powers, whose governments had long despised the principles of justice and humanity. Even the towering dynasty of Napoleon must, sooner or later, expect the hour of retribution!

At present, the mighty preponderance of France over the prostrate nations of Europe seems calculated for permanence. It appears a solid fabric, and constructed by a skilful architect; but still we must never forget that it is erected on the sandy basis of injustice and oppression; and though it may this moment lift its awful height to the skies, it may the next be crumbled into atoms, and vanish like a dream.

It must indeed be confessed that the tremendous extension of the French power has not been so much owing to chance as to a deliberate scheme of action long cherished, steadily pursued, and at last favoured in its execution by the corrupt and imbecile state of the old governments, and the almost total want of able and upright men in the cabinets of

Europe. The only probable opportunities which have been lately offered of checking the aggrandizement of France, have been in the Tyrol and in Spain. In the Tyrol the effort was vigorous; but, though there was a super-abundance of courage, there was a paucity of numbers; and above all, a scandalous dereliction of aid by the Austrian ministry. The enthusiasm, which glowed in the mountains of the Tyrol, if it had been supported by timely assistance, would have effected the deliverance of Germany from the Gallic yoke. The French sustained several severe and sanguinary defeats in that country; and Marshals Ney and Le Febvre can attest the desperate valour of those hardy mountaineers, whom the emperor of Austria nevertheless abandoned to their merciless foe, with a pusillanimity which shows him worthy of every humiliation which he has yet experienced, or which may still be left for him to experience. In Spain, if wise measures had been adopted to excite the enthusiasm of liberty, the French could not have maintained themselves in that country; and there would have been no action which would probably have extended itself beyond the Pyrenees. But France has uniformly grown greater and greater, not more by her own efforts than by the folly of her enemies.

The author of this pamphlet exhibits the following picture of the military propensities of the French government, and of their accord with the general vanity of the people. "Throughout all France, the note of military preparation grows every other indication of activity—and the thirst of conquest appears to supersede every other desire. In the capital, all the facilities of thought and action which either individuals or public bodies can furnish in aid of the general design, are applied and disciplined with a regular and effective subserviency, which to me was truly astonishing. I found on all sides, an unity of views,—an activity in planning and systematizing the devices of ambition,—an eagerness for the issue, and a sanguine assurance of success,—almost incredible, and more like the effects of revolutionary frenzy, than those of a concert between the insatiable ambition of an audacious tyrant; and the accidental talents and natural propensities of a body of trembling slaves. From the commencement of the revolution, particularly, emissaries have been scattered over Europe in order to study and delineate its geographical face. The harvest of their labours, now deposited in Paris, has furnished the imperial government with a knowledge of the territory of the other powers, much more minute and accurate than that which the latter themselves possess. The *Depot de la Guerre* occupies, unremittingly, several hundred clerks in tracing maps and collecting topographical details, to minister to the military purposes of the government. All the

great estates of Spain were marked and partitioned out long before the last invasion of that country,—and it is not too much to affirm, that those of England are equally well known and already partitioned.

The idea of unlimited sway is studiously kept before the public mind,—and the future empire of France over the nations of the earth, exultingly proclaimed, in all the songs of the theatres and in public discourses of every description. Even the gaunt and ragged beings, who prowl about the streets and infest the night-cellars of Paris,—the famished outcasts,—many of whom are men of decent exterior and advanced age, beggared by the revolution,—who haunt the *Boulevards* and public gardens, in order to enjoy, under the rays of the sun, that enlivening warmth which their poverty denies them at home,—and who, by their wan and melancholy aspect, excite the horror and compassion of a stranger,—all appear to forget, for a moment, their own miseries, in anticipating the brilliant destinies of the empire, and contemplating Paris, in prospective, as the metropolis of the world. The inhabitants of the country and of the provincial cities,—whose condition the war renders miserable beyond description, and who secretly invoke the bitterest curses on their rulers,—are, nevertheless (for such is the character of this extraordinary people) not without their share in the general avidity for power; and, when the sense of their wretchedness does not press too strongly upon them, can even consent to view the extension of the national influence and renown in the light of a personal benefit.

We do not believe that the author is quite correct in what he says of the wretchedness of the country people or peasantry in France. That the inhabitants of the cities may and do suffer very much from the almost total stagnation of commerce we can readily allow; but few may credit other accounts, the peasantry are in a much more comfortable condition than they were before the revolution. All the common necessities of life are in great abundance, and France in no period of her national existence had ever a greater surplus of corn and wine. To us, who are obliged to rely on other countries for a portion at least of the staff of life, and who are liable to great distress without foreign supplies, this must appear a state of independent affluence. The law of conscription must fall very heavily on the inhabitants of the country, more indeed than on the inhabitants of the towns; but even this evil is probably exaggerated beyond its natural size. Nor supposing it ever so great, is it unaccompanied with certain means of alleviation which do not operate in other places. The service is limited, and it is combined with the prospect of emolument and distinction while it lasts.

The author of this pamphlet gives the following account of Buonaparte's original project for the seizure of the sovereignty of Spain:

"More than two years ago, during my residence in Paris, I had occasion to know that this plan was in agitation. It was a common topic of conversation, that the Bourbons were to be dethroned in that country, and a Buonaparte introduced in their stead. This speculation was usually accompanied by a prophecy concerning the inevitable fall of Austria. All this, too, at a moment, when both nations were in alliance with France, when Spain, which Mr. Burke, in the time of the Directory, denominated a fief of regicide, was to be considered, in every political calculation, as a part of the resources of France. This trait alone is sufficient to evince the profligacy of her politicians, and the sense which they entertain of the character of their government. They spoke of the necessity of *regenerating* Spain, as the Roman historians, who lived under Caligula and Domitian, speak with compassionate indignation of the slavery in which the Barbarians were held." For three years previous to the seizure of the royal family, Spain was deluged with French emissaries, commissioned to prepare the minds of the people for the event—and with French engineers and draughtsmen, who were openly engaged in mapping the face of the country, in examining the strong holds, and in exploring the locality and amount of the ~~spoil~~ which they expected to seize.

Beauharnais, the elder brother of the first husband of the empress, was then sent as minister to Madrid, in order to prepare the development of the plan. I had some acquaintance with this gentleman, and was enabled to observe the great anxiety which his government displayed on the subject of his mission. For more than a month he was constantly on the eve of departure, but was delayed from week to week on account of the new deliberations and arrangements which daily occurred.—Beauharnais, although intrepid and positive, is of a mild and humane character, and was surnamed the *inflexible*, at the commencement of the revolution, in consequence of his steady adherence to the royal cause. He was either found too scrupulous for his station, or recoiled altogether from a co-operation in the crime; and as I have since understood, was soon superseded by a more remorseless agent. The original plan was, to transport the royal family of Spain to South America, and to seize upon the crown as a derelict. This scheme, upon the advantages of which it would be needless to expatiate, was to be accomplished, as circumstances must dictate, either with or without the assistance of the British. The consent of Charles and his queen was obtained, but the opposition of Ferdinand and his counsellors intercepted their flight, and excited among the populace, to whom their intention was disclosed, the alarm which led to the

first commotions at Aranjuez. The immense force which Buonaparte introduced, clearly proves, that he foresaw the possibility of the subsequent convulsions throughout Spain, and had made every provision against them which prudence could suggest. If the detention of Ferdinand, when lured into his toils by the blandishments of pretended friendship, shows that there are no refinements of dissimulation or artifices of perfidy of which he is not capable;—the massacre of three hundred innocent victims, whom Murat, the day after the tumult of the 2d of May, caused to be grouped together and shot by his soldiery, in the principal square of Madrid, equally demonstrates, that there is no excess of barbarity, however atrocious; from which he would shrink in the prosecution of his views.

With respect to the resistance of the Spaniards to the domination of Buonaparte, the author justly remarks, that

“An effervescence was almost every where excited, but was allowed to evaporate in empty boast and menaces. Treachery and fear marked the conduct of the higher classes; who, by their example disarmed the passions, while they counteracted the efforts of the multitude. The juntas were almost universally bodies of, inactive, illiterate, formalizing men, without the magnanimity to conceive, or the courage to execute, any prompt, comprehensive, and hardy plan of operations. Great credit is unquestionably due to the defence of Saragossa, and to the spirit manifested by some few of the privileged orders, and by most of the professional men. But I think it must be apparent, upon an attentive survey of the history of this struggle,—that the exertions of the Spaniards were by no means commensurate with the extent of their physical resources; nor such as would for any time have frustrated the designs of Buonaparte, had not the Austrian war interposed to break the force of his attack. The English ministry committed errors in their mode of co-operation, of which they now must heartily repent. In attempting to rouse the moral energies of the country, they made their appeal to the prejudices of slavery and fanaticism,—when, in such a cause, “the soul of freedom,” and a deep steady feeling of self-interest in the minds of the people, were the only auxiliaries fitted to supply the absence of skill and discipline. Instead of sending their armies to meet the invader at the bottom of the Pyrenees, they dispatched them to a distant theatre of action;—not to the centre of the danger, but to the circumference, where nothing finally decisive could be effected, even with the most complete success. They had before their eyes a long succession of similar events to teach the necessity of vigorous and unhesitating exertion. It required neither the hand of Sertorius nor the nymph of Scipio to instruct them in what manner the war was to be conducted by their antagonists.”

The author argues as if in the last war between France and Austria, Austria was forced into the contest against her inclination. But the fact is that Austria voluntarily embraced the moment when the forces of Buonaparte seemed to be sufficiently occupied in Spain, to commence hostilities. Whatever might have been the ulterior projects of Buonaparte against Austria, it is very evident, that he did not wish to attempt the execution till he had completed the subjugation of the Peninsula. Austria, therefore, was certainly the assailant; though, we are far from thinking that she was unwise in attempting to anticipate the blow which she probably knew to be meditated after Napoleon had fixed his brother on the Spanish throne. But in the Austrian war itself, Buonaparte was certainly taken by surprise. It must be remembered that Buonaparte did not set out for Spain in the latter end of the year 1808, till he had had an interview with the emperor Alexander at Erfurth. He thought that the close friendship and alliance to which this interview at the time led between France and Russia would deter Austria from making any hostile movement, even while he was absent in Spain; and that the peace would be preserved in Germany, at least till he had extinguished the flame of liberty which was kindled beyond the Pyrenees.

In page 55, the author says that 'Buonaparte compelled Prussia to engage in the war which terminated in her utter ruin'; but this assertion is hardly correct. For Buonaparte, unprincipled and ambitious as he certainly is, is still not accountable for the infatuation which may prevail in the councils either of Prussia or of any other country. The king of Prussia was precipitated into the war against his better judgment, by the intrigues of a faction, who, seemed at the time frantic enough to believe that the veterans of France were to be conquered by the sight of the Prussian uniforms.

The Prussian cabinet, in its acme of imbecility and folly, marched an army against France, as if they had nothing else to do than to run their bayonets into the backs of a recreant enemy, without even calculating on the probability of a defeat, or making a single provision against disaster. So true it is in the fate of nations, that their destruction is always preceded by the loss of all intellectual foresight in their rulers. Prussia could not have acted differently, if she had absolutely solicited her own ruin, or dug the very pit in which her greatness was to be irrevocably plunged. She fell indeed by the sword of Buonaparte, but she had previously acted as her own suicide. There is an old proverb, 'give the devil his due'; and though Napoleon is such a demon as was perhaps never before seen

in this hemisphere, yet we are unwilling even in respect to him to falsify facts in order to make him appear worse than he really is.

Our politicians have formerly been deluded to believe, and the delusion may, perhaps ere long, be again cherished, that in the strength of Russia a counterpoise may be found to the power of France. But the author truly remarks, that the resources of Russia, both in population and in wealth, have been greatly exaggerated, that they are both very small in proportion to the extent of her territory; and would soon be found miserably insufficient in a contest with France. Distance is not apt to magnify objects, but it seems in this instance to have increased the Russian power to a size much beyond what experience will justify. We shall extract some of the author's remarks on this subject.

'The rapid advances of Russia since the reign of Peter the Great, her victories over the Turks, owing, however, to the ignorance and pusillanimity of the Ottoman generals, and to the insubordination of their troops; her gigantic projects of ambition, and the vast compass of her territory, (in reality, a source of weakness,) have dazzled the eyes of mankind, and produced most extravagant hyperboles with regard to her *military* and *pecuniary* resources.

'Upon these resources alone she must rely in her competition with France; and I am well convinced that they will prove insufficient for her rescue. I have read, with some attention, the opinions of those who wrote upon the state of her finances, and the character of her levies before the French revolution; and when I consider the difficulties which the Russian government had to overcome with regard to both, I am quite astonished at the efforts it then made, although I believe them to be greatly exaggerated. Catherine laboured to spread an illusion on this subject, by the boldness and splendor of her undertakings; but they seldom required more than one or two campaigns; and with all the aids of absolute power, she was unable to collect a revenue equal to that of the secondary order of states in Europe. Her armies were drawn from the interior of the empire, and formed by means of slow and operose levies. In weakening the inland population, they exerted a most pernicious influence over the general prosperity of a country, which, of all others most imperiously exacts the strictest economy of the blood, and the steadiest application of the agricultural labour of its inhabitants. The military strength of Russia was impaired by the frequency of seditions among the soldiery, of court conspiracies, and of popular commotions; evils to which the Russian government is still exposed, and which must always impede the execution of any regular plan of war.

'The natural progress of her strength, the extension **They** rope than

commerce, the diffusion of the arts of civilized life, and an improved system of internal administration within the last thirty years, have undoubtedly placed her under more favourable circumstances, and greatly augmented her resources. But when contrasted with those of France there is still an irremediable deficiency. Her financial means bear no proportion in the comparison. Independently of the positive fact, her inferiority, in this respect, might be understood from a calculation admitted by most writers on political arithmetic: that a thousand inhabitants, collected within a square league, will, when compared with five hundred, spread over the same surface, sustain much more than double the amount of taxes, and cost much less trouble and expence in the collection of them. The product of private industry and of national revenue, with no difference even of soil or climate, is, within a given space, uniformly in a ratio, much greater than that of the population. I state this principle, however, chiefly with a view to illustrate the difficulties to which Russia must be subject in relation to the concerns of her treasury. The amount of her revenue is but of little importance in an investigation of her ability to cope with France. The impossibility, under which she labours, of repairing with promptitude any severe losses of men, her want of good officers, and the defects of her military organization, are the most discouraging points of comparison.

War, as waged by her enemy, is not now principally a question of finance, but of the resources of population. The strength of a state opposed to France, must be estimated by the sum of its population, divided by the extent of its territory, and by the facility with which its institutions enable the government to wield that population. The first branch of this estimate is so far correct, that many writers compute, that a population of six millions, concentrated within a small space, is equal to one of twenty-four, diffused over a large surface. It is eminently true as it relates to the military operations of a country waging a defensive war. Whoever reflects on the sparse character of the Russian population, and considers that the Russian government is under the necessity of maintaining a standing army at home, in order to preserve domestic tranquillity, will easily understand the application of the foregoing remarks, and must be satisfied, that, although England might furnish pecuniary supplies, Russia, after a few severe defeats, would be deficient in the number of her troops.

In the last war with Russia, it appears to have been the design of Buonaparte to erect a kingdom in Poland, and to place Murat, the present sovereign of Naples, upon the throne. In the next war with Russia, which is probably not very remote, there is more than probable that this scheme will receive its final consummation. We shall thus find the original dismemberment of Poland, by the triple league of unprincipled sovereigns. There is an Napoleon is

reigns, punished in the sequel by the most signal retribution. The mild ex-sovereign of Holland may be sent to hold a sceptre in the softer climate of Italy, while the warlike and imperious Murat may be transferred to rule over the Poles, and to chastise the Russians and the Cossacks.

The author cherishes no hope for the safety of the continent, and thinks France, under her present constitution irresistible.

‘By the destruction of Prussia and the recent disasters of Austria, the north is broken into too many fragments, ever to be again consolidated. It is not Russia, such as I have described her, that can breathe a vivifying and elastic spirit into this disjointed mass. She stands alone in the midst of ruins, with all the ramparts overthrown which ministered to her own security. Holland can never be what she was.—Switzerland, that remained free, by a kind of prescription, under the old system, is now but ‘an entrenched camp’ of France, and must from her geographical position continue enslaved.—Germany is open on all sides. The French armies march at once, and without impediment, into the heart of the German dominions. The cession of the Rhine districts to the masters of Flanders, of Holland, of Switzerland, and of the Tyrol, left, thenceforward, no chance of safety for Austria, or of independence for the north of Europe.’

Our only hope of the deliverance of the continent rested not on the feeble and spiritless efforts of any of the ‘*regular governments*’ of the continent, but as we have said above, on the force of the popular enthusiasm in the Tyrol and in Spain. But in the former country all hope is extinguished, and in the latter hardly a spark is left, which is sufficient for a presage of good even in a prophetic visionary.

The author thinks that the death of Buonaparte would not ultimately prevent the subjugation of Spain.

‘The event,’ says he, ‘might, indeed, plunge France herself into a civil war, but would not, according to my view of the basis of her power, alter the destinies of the continent. A civil war would employ but a portion of the French force; and as far as my observation, when at Paris, enables me to judge, would not endure long enough to afford time for the formation of a general and efficacious league without. The struggle would terminate in the establishment of a military chief, with the same views as the present, and armed with equal power over a people, whose military propensities, whose licentious habits, and whose servile spirit, would only be heightened by the state of disorder and insubordination into which they would be thrown. They would become, if possible still more formidable to Europe than

they are, at this moment. During the domestic contentions of Rome, and the civil wars of Italy, the business of conquest was pursued with more rapid success, than at any other period of their history.

We do not agree with the author in thinking that a civil war, which might be occasioned by the death of Buonaparte, would produce more ability in France than was engendered by the great exciting power of the revolution, or cause a more tremendous energy in her councils than she has hitherto displayed. A civil war, occurring after a long period of political apathy and quiescence, is well calculated to rouse all the active faculties, to awaken the dormant qualities of greatness; and by operating forcibly on all the powers of competition, which there are in a country, to promote in an uncommon degree, the production of genius and talents; and to facilitate the ascent of the greatest ability to the highest stations. But the many years of revolutionary convulsion which France has recently experienced, seem to have exhausted the excitability of the people, and a civil war, following such a tremendous convulsion, would rather destroy the men of talent which the revolution produced, than tend to produce more. If therefore a civil war should follow the supposed death of Buonaparte, it would probably afford to Spain and to other countries a more favourable opportunity than the author imagines for throwing off the yoke of France, and recovering their independence.

In a succeeding part of his pamphlet the author details, 1st, the principal sources of the actual revenue of France; 2d, the system established for the administration and collection of the revenue; 3d, the amount of the receipts, and its disbursements. If we may credit the statements of the writer, in which however we suspect that there is some degree of exaggeration, the state of taxation in France appears to be altogether more arbitrary and oppressive than it was under the old *regime*, and much more onerous compared with the quantum of wealth on which it is levied, than it is at present in this country.

We shall extract part of the description, which the author has given of the mode in which the taxes are collected in imperial France.

‘Every village and commune of France has a collector or tax-gatherer, who pays over the amount of his receipts to a treasurer called a *particular-receiver*—of whom there is one for every district. There is also a *receiver-general*; for each department; into whose hands the particular receivers convey the sum drawn

from the collectors, and who communicate immediately with the treasury. They are all under the active superintendence of an administration, entitled *the direction of the taxes* (*direction des contributions*). This administration consists of a director-general of inspectors, verifiers, controllers, &c. and of various other functionaries, whose province it is to watch over the receivers and tax-gatherers, and to regulate and expedite the collection of the taxes. In 1805, the number of chief officers, *employés en chef*, belonging to the *direction of the taxes*, amounted throughout the empire, without including Piedmont, to 1044; 254 controllers of the first class, 588 of the second, &c. The administrations for the collection of the indirect taxes, employ likewise an immense multitude of directors, sub-directors, inspectors, sub-inspectors, clerks, verifiers, visitors, controllers, receivers, excisemen, *preposés* and *simples employés*, *huissiers*, *régisseurs*, &c. These, together with the agents employed in the collection of the direct taxes, are all nominated by the emperor, and form a host of unproductive labourers, of spies, and petty tyrants, who, while they devour the substance of the people, promote, as a domestic inquisition, the political as well as the fiscal despotism of their patrons.

The tax-gatherers (*les percepteurs*) are entitled to *five per cent.* on all they collect, and the receivers to the same per centage on whatever is emptied into their chest. The agents of the different *regies*, upon which the collection of the indirect taxes devolves, are recompensed in the same way. This mode of payment,—by allowing the revenue officers a certain proportion of their receipts,—has been selected in order to quicken their zeal, and to secure their fidelity. The budgets state merely the net produce of the taxes, after a deduction of these discounts and of all the expenses of collection. The latter are, therefore, to be considered as additional charges upon the people—of no small amount.

Under the old monarchy, according to Necker, the expense of collection amounted to fifty-eight millions of livres,—10 4-5ths per cent. on the totality of the taxes paid by the people. Peucher, after acknowledging that there are no positive data upon which such a calculation could be made in France at this moment; acknowledges, however, that the expenses of collection on the land-tax alone could not have been lower, in 1803, than 16½ per cent. The charges of the same kind on the other taxes are still more considerable according to the statements of the minister of finance. I should calculate them at twenty per cent. at least, taking into consideration solely the increase in the number of the revenue officers and the high poundage to which they are entitled.

The author makes the following comparative statement of the public burthens in France under the old and the present government:

CRIT. REV. Vol. 19, March, 1810.

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'The whole amount of the burthens of the people of France, before the revolution, was not, according to the calculation of Necker, more than five hundred and eighty-five millions of livres. In the enumeration, which this writer makes, of the source of public power and wealth, at that period, he includes—an *industrious* population of twenty-six millions,—flourishing manufactures, of the most lucrative kind,—opulent colonies, the annual products of which, imported into France, yielded not less than one hundred and twenty millions of livres,—a balance of trade, estimated at seventy millions,—an annual increase of forty millions in the current specie, the whole amount of which nearly equalled that of all the other states of Europe collectively. These advantages relieved the people, by furnishing the means of supporting their burthens. In every question of this kind, it is not merely the amount of the contributions paid to government, but the ability also to discharge them, which must be considered. Under the former government of France, taxes could not be arbitrarily imposed. The parliaments exercised a control over the court on this subject,—frequently intercepted the will of the monarch,—and finally defeated all the financial plans of the last ministers of Louis the Sixteenth.

'Let now the extent of the former burthens of France be compared with those of the present day: with fourteen hundred millions of francs levied upon a people deprived, in a great degree, of commerce and manufactures, the two most productive branches of income, and the springs which feed agriculture; whom a long succession of foreign and domestic wars has impoverished beyond measure, while it has deranged their habits of industry, and corrupted their morals: whose internal consumption is greatly diminished: much of whose specie is locked out of circulation: whose government, equally rapacious and prodigal, is subject to no restraint whatever in the imposition of taxes, and possesses at the same time the means of enforcing the collection of, such as necessity or caprice may dictate.

'Those who will be at the trouble of examining the various sources of revenue under the old government, will find that no one has been overlooked by the new rulers. The *twentieths*, the *droits d'aide*, or excise on wines and brandies, the *gabelle* and the *dime*, from the suppression of which so much benefit was anticipated by the Constituent Assembly, have all been revived under different names, but with an operation still more oppressive. If the *corvées*, the evils of which were so much exaggerated by the enemies of the old government, no longer exist, the labour to which the refractory conscripts are condemned on the high roads is at least an equivalent. The farmers-general who enjoyed but too large a share of the profits of the exchequer under the old monarchy, were models of disinterestedness and frugality in comparison with the army contractors and court-bankers of the present day.'

In p. 192 we are told that 'agriculture languishes in almost every part of the French empire;' but how does this statement agree with the known fact that the granaries of these languishing agriculturists are overflowing with corn, and that the surplus produce is great beyond example? One of the effects of the revolution was to break the large masses of property belonging to the monasteries, &c. into smaller divisions; and thus greatly to multiply the number of small farmers and proprietors. Now, when small proprietors are so numerous, we cannot expect to find many large capitalists; and large capitalists are the persons to whom every country must principally look for expensive and uncertain agricultural experiments, and for new and more scientific modes of cultivating the soil. But small proprietors are still more likely to turn every portion of their little territory to the best account; and where small proprietors most abound, we may naturally expect to find all the common necessities of life in the greatest abundance. This was the case in England, before the practice was adopted of throwing several small farms into one large, and of thus rendering bread, and meat, and milk, and all the most essential articles of human nutriment less plentiful than they were before. We ought also to consider that the present state of landed property in France must favour the production of such a bulk of yeomanry as are in the process of time likely to prove formidable enemies to the tyrannical dynasty of Napoleon.

The author tells us that,

'Sir James Steuart and Arthur Young both complain of the number of small proprietors as an impediment to the progress of agriculture before the revolution. The increase of this class, who are unable to farm with a view to future or distant advantage, has materially diminished the surplus product of the soil, and consequently the means of satisfying the demands of the treasury.'

Whatever Mr. Arthur Young or any other person may say about the disadvantages of small proprietors and small farms, we believe them to be quite the opposite of disadvantageous, both in respect to political security and to the national subsistence. It will not surely be denied that the security of a country is in a great measure proportioned to the number of persons who have an immediate interest in the soil; or, in other words, in proportion to the number of proprietors. A man may fight valiantly for the altars of his country, but is he likely to contend with less persevering heroism for the comfortable hearth where independence reigns,

and where plenty is seen in the smile of his rosy babes?—The assertion of the author, that an increase of the class of small proprietors has ‘materially diminished the surplus product of the soil,’ needs no refutation at present, when the gold of this country is continually exported by different channels, in order to purchase the surplus wheat of that very country where agriculture is said to languish in decay.

The author in his wisdom tells us that ‘trade is the nutriment of every branch of industry,’ but that it is opposite to the genius and views of the French government; and that Buonaparte hates the commercial character. That Buonaparte bears no good will to English merchants we can readily allow, and that he would willingly destroy the proud grove of masts which gratify the eye upon the Thames; but would he be unwilling to behold commerce crowding her sails into his own ports, and all the towns in his dominions murmuring with the busy hum of trade? Napoleon is a tyrant, and where any obstacle is in the way of his ambition, a cruel and sanguinary tyrant; but the writer has, nevertheless, in some respects, mistaken or misrepresented his character.

The author tells us that the ‘French people are absolutely saturated with taxes,’ by which we suppose he means that they have ‘enough and more than enough;’ but are we so lightly burthened, as to call out with querulous impertinence to our government for an increase of weight? Have we no state apothecaries who are fond of giving their gentle patients an overdose?

The author argues as if Buonaparte must continue the war, because he cannot find food for his troops at home. But has he not more than once made the trial? If he can find pay for his troops, the country will not fail to find them clothing and bread. Buonaparte has, we must allow, never been backward in making pacific propositions; and though they have seldom been accepted, yet the event has commonly proved that the rejection was not wise. The experiment of peace has never yet been fairly tried. We are not very sanguine on the subject, but still we fear that the aggrandisement of France is not likely to be checked by the prosecution of the war. What then is the alternative?—Try what peace will do. Husband your resources. Practice the most rigid economy. Lop off all corrupt and superfluous expences, and be prepared for every event.

The author of this pamphlet professes to have resided a considerable time in France, and to have been acquainted with some of the most distinguished persons in that country; but he has not furnished so much novel information as might have

been expected from his opportunities. His principal object appears to be to exhibit such a picture of French despotism as might frighten his countrymen on the other side of the Atlantic. The purpose was commendable, and we hope that it will succeed. The United States of North America are certainly more really interested in the welfare of this country, and in her preservation from the gripe of Buonaparte, than some of her violent patriots are willing to admit. May the efforts of this writer open their intellectual sight to a right view of their real interest!

We have paid much more attention to this pamphlet than it would otherwise have merited, from a knowledge that it was written by a gentleman who was the author of one or two articles which were much read in a quarterly journal which is more famed for its political ability than for any other quality. After a careful perusal of this work, however, we cannot say that it displays any great share either of vigour or of penetration. Many of the statements are exaggerated, some of the arguments irrelevant, and there is nothing to praise in the composition.

ART. VII.—*A Treatise on the Venereal Disease, by John Hunter: with an Introduction and Commentary by Joseph Adams, M. D. Author of "Observations on Morbid Poisons,"* &c. 8vo. 14s. boards. Sherwood and Co.

THIS is not the first time that the name of Dr. Adams has been associated with that of Mr. John Hunter. The second edition of this treatise was published during the lifetime of the author, and has now been some years out of print. A new edition therefore was much to be desired.

John Hunter was, what very few men are, an *original thinker*.—But a man who thinks for himself must express those thoughts in his own way. Hence, as the thoughts are new, they will often be obscure, even though they are perspicuously expressed. For it must take some time before the reader can adapt, as it were, his own mind to that new train of thinking which the writer has been the first to pursue. But, where the thoughts are not only new, but where the diction is in many instances dark, intricate and indistinct, the difficulty will be greatly increased; and two causes will at once operate to obstruct the general adoption of those opinions which the writer is anxious to inculcate. These causes will in a

great measure be found to have acted conjointly, in counter-acting the influence which the writings of Mr. John Hunter would otherwise probably have exercised on the minds of medical practitioners.

In his commentary to the present edition of this treatise on Syphilis, Dr. Adams has displayed his usual diligence and sagacity; he has sometimes happily illustrated the sense of the writer, he has rendered the obscure passages more clear, and has certainly performed a very acceptable service to the medical student by the present publication. A cheap edition of this book was a desideratum, not only from the light which it throws on the venereal malady in particular, but on morbid action in general. This desideratum is now supplied by the industry of the editor and the liberality of the publishers.

As the preface which Dr. Adams has prefixed to this edition is not long, we shall extract it, in order to show, in his own words, his view of the subject, and the particular design of the present undertaking:

‘When we consider, that, before Sydenham wrote, there existed no systematic description of gout or small-pox, we shall be less surprised, that before Mr. Hunter, only the more obvious symptoms and methods of cure had been noticed in a disease, which for three centuries had engaged the pens of the most celebrated medical writers. But Sydenham, though so accurate in his description of facts, accounted for them by causes which never existed, and the admission of which by others, proved subversive of his admirable practice. Mr. Hunter has reduced to order a series of facts supposed to be reducible to no laws; shewn the source of former errors, the cause of every apparent irregularity, and, in fixing the true character of one disease, has introduced us to others never before suspected to exist. His practice has, therefore, become popular, in proportion as his theory is understood.

‘It cannot be wondered, if doctrines entirely new should require a language in many respects new also. What appeared, however, a new language was, for the most part, only the introduction of precise terms, instead of figurative expressions. If it should seem strange, that any difficulty should attend describing a plain matter of fact, or in understanding such a description, let us recollect, that in every art or science, the great difficulty is to delineate nature, and that few but adepts are alive to the nicer and most accurate parts of such delineations.

‘Mr. Hunter found himself so frequently ill understood, that at last he was prevailed on to believe there must be some incapacity about him in the use of common language. That he was totally unacquainted with those ornaments in writing or speaking,

which serve to illustrate a subject, or to awaken the attention, cannot be questioned; but his language was always as perspicuous as might be expected from the clearness of his conceptions. This language, however, was not popular; and, I believe, if we except his posthumous works, he offered nothing to the world till it had been revised by his friends.

'The Treatise on the Venereal Disease was the work which he was particularly anxious should come before the public in the most perfect form: "I am resolved," said he to his commentator, "that it shall not be a mere bookseller's job, every subsequent edition rendering the former useless. The truth of the doctrines I have proved so long as to reduce them to conviction; and in order to render the language intelligible, I meet a committee of three gentlemen, to whose correction every page is submitted." As all this was very generally known, never were expectations raised higher of any work, nor in some respects more generally disappointed.

'To compliment Mr. Hunter's coadjutors would be superfluous. Two of them being authors, have convinced the world of their abilities in producing original compositions. Of the third, it is enough to say, he was Dr. David Pitcairn. But these gentlemen, accustomed to the best company, that is, to each other and to a circle as enlightened as themselves, were not aware of the difficulties that attended their undertaking. To make Mr. Hunter intelligible by the short introduction prefixed to this work, never could have entered the conception of men who were not previously accustomed to converse with him. It may perhaps be fair to add, that being all of them physicians, they were less acquainted with the erroneous opinions and practices, and even with the technical language which had prevailed before Mr. Hunter taught.

'Though what has been said may be a sufficient apology for the commentaries offered in this edition, yet it did not seem to authorise any alteration in the text. The value of the work will infinitely more than repay the labour of studying it with all the application it requires. The object of the commentator is only to direct the student, and to relieve him occasionally in his progress. With these views, the following hints are premised:—

'The first business of those who are not familiar with Mr. Hunter's opinions will of course be to study the introduction. This should be done with a diligence proportionate to the difficulties that may be found in admitting or even comprehending the various propositions and their proofs. These difficulties in the present day, are very much lessened; Mr. Hunter's doctrines having become more popular and better understood from the time that they were first communicated in his own conversations, his lectures, and his writings.

'I would advise every medical student to read the whole of the book in the order in which it stands. He will find it the best

introduction to pathological reasoning that his closet can afford him. Those chapters in the third part, which relate to strictures and other diseases in the urinary passages, may perhaps fatigue his attention without adding sufficiently to his knowledge. It cannot be expected that he should retain the whole in his memory, and the remarks being chiefly practical, must be referred to as often as intricate cases occur. If therefore these chapters are read in their order, the student must not be angry with his author or himself, if he cannot keep up his attention to every minutia. Whenever he has an intricate case in his own practice, he will not accuse Mr. Hunter of prolixity.

‘Another caution, of the same kind, is absolutely necessary. The student will on some occasion find an obscurity, from an anticipation of terms which cannot be well understood, till he arrives at the doctrines to which they relate. This is easily accounted for from the manner in which the work was compiled. I have endeavoured, as often as possible, to relieve him of these difficulties, but cannot easily ascertain whether some parts of the work will be completely comprehended without a second perusal; at least, of those passages which were found obscure in the first.

‘Such is the manner which I would recommend the student to pursue in the perusal of this work. Those who have seen something of practice, and wish to acquire that systematic knowledge of the disease which may enable them to act with decision under every difficulty, should study principally those sections in which the doctrine is contained. Most of them are illustrated with cases; and I shall be mistaken, if the new light which will dawn upon the reader in every passage should not lead him to a careful perusal of the whole work.

‘It is possible, that most gentlemen engaged in extensive practice are already provided with the work as Mr. Hunter left it. The present edition can only be useful to such of them as, from the multiplicity of their engagements, or from the difficulty of encountering early opinions, have not had leisure or patience to acquire a knowledge of Mr. Hunter’s doctrines. I would advise all such to study Mr. Hunter clinically, that is, in all cases that come under their care, to compare the progress of the disease and cure with the descriptions given by Mr. Hunter. This will render every subject interesting to them; and if they acquire a decision in diagnosis or practice, it will not be the effect of bold guessing, but of well-directed reasoning.

‘Should what has been added by the Commentator be found serviceable to either class of readers, his labour will be amply repaid.’

ART. VIII.—*Religious Emblems; being a Series of Engravings on Wood, by Messrs. C. Nesbit, Branston, Clennell, and Hole, from Designs by J. Thurston, Esq. The Descriptions written by the Rev. J. Thomas, A. M. Chaplain to the Earl of Cork and Orrery. Second Edition. London, Ackerman, 1810. 4to.*

THE second edition of this elegant work is prefaced by a brief account of the origin and progress of the art of engraving on wood. This art seems to have been rather retrograde than progressive from the beginning of the seventeenth century till its improvement by the Bewicks of Newcastle, whose works in natural history have been so widely diffused and so generally admired. These cuts, which amount to twenty-one in number, appear to be executed by pupils of Bewick, who have certainly rivalled the excellence of their master. The subjects of the different emblematic plates in this volume are 1, The Destruction of Death and Sin, by Branston; 2, A Call to Vigilance, by Clennell; 3, The World made captive, by Clennell; 4, The joyful Retribution, by Nesbit; 5, Hope departing, by Nesbit; 6, Flocks refreshed, by Clennell; 7, Seed sown, by Hole; 8, Rescued from the Floods, by Branston; 9, Constancy, by Clennell; 10, The Fate of Avarice, by Branston; 11, Self-sufficient Inquirers, by Branston; 12, The World weighed, by Nesbit; 13, Casting off Encumbrances, by Branston; 14, The Daughters of Jerusalem, by Nesbit; 15, Fainting for the living Waters, by Clennell; 16, The Soul engaged, by Clennell; 17, Sinners hiding in the Grave, by Nesbit; 18, Awaiting the Dawn or Day-spring, by Nesbit; 19, Wounded in the mental Eye, by Nesbit; 20, Fertilizing Rills, by Branston; 21, the Forest Feller, by Clennell.

Of these engravings, the execution in general seems to be entitled to much more praise than the design. Some of the subjects are not well imagined, and, indeed, are of such a nature, as hardly to be susceptible of visible representation. Every attempt to delineate the operations of the spiritual world must be accompanied with difficulties which it seems impossible to surmount; and the effort, in most cases, whether it be made by means of pictorial or verbal description, will be apt to degenerate into the absurd. We had better leave the agency of spiritual existences to the obscure workings of the imagination, without endeavouring to invest them in an external and corporeal form. But, if the devices of *some* of these emblematic cuts be ill conceived, more unqualified praise is due to the execution. The artists deserve great praise for

the improvements which they have made in the art of engraving on wood; and for the close approximation to the delicacy and softness of copper-plate engraving, of which they have proved it susceptible. Wood-cuts are certainly best adapted for the representation of rough surfaces, and of strong and bold outlines; but, in the present work, the artists have shown that they can rival some of the fine strokes and undulating lines of the best copper-plate productions; and that they can exhibit to the eye with considerable beauty and effect, what is smooth and polished as well as what is rugged and abrupt, with all the characteristic distinctions of material forms. In copper-plates the outlines may be so softened off, as to seem absorbed in air, and to elude the sense either of touch or sight; but, from the different process which is pursued in cutting wood, when the engraving is made on a surface, which is elevated in ridges rather than sunk in hollows, the melting of the lines into distance, and the expression of distance itself, must be inconceivably more difficult. In this work, though the difficulty is not entirely mastered, yet the artists have made such an approach towards it as is sufficient to induce the belief that it may be finally subdued. As a proof of this, we may remark that the cloud-work, which in some wood cuts by no inferior masters, resembles several pieces of deal board hung up in the air, is in these emblematic designs in general very softly and delicately managed. We may instance in emblem 18, '*Awaiting the Dawn of-Day*,' where the collected clouds are rolled in the ethereal expanse with the hand of a master. We will just stay to remark that this piece is admirably executed, except that the neck of the female figure who is watching the coming dawn, is rather out of proportion. It is longer than it ought to be. The ground-work shows how well wood-cuts are adapted to this kind of representation. In plate 5, the drapery round the bed of the dying man is exquisitely finished; we can almost feel the rustling folds of the silk damask curtains which are tied up with great taste.—The female figure of Hope departing, is rather too large and clumsy, and indeed more ponderous than the clouds on which she seems to rest could well bear. She should, if possible, have been made more delicately feminine, and traced in more faint and evanescent lines. In the seventh emblem, entitled '*Seed sown*,' the landscape is well imagined, and the tree-work is beautifully executed. Indeed, we must here remark that, where trees are introduced in any of the emblems, they are uniformly well done, and the foliage is very distinct. The figure of the sower in the fore-ground is bold and striking. The lights and shades are very skilfully managed, and the dis-

tance is as well kept and softened off. This is altogether an exquisite piece, and shows to what perfection the art of engraving in wood may be carried. The eighth plate, entitled 'Rescued from the Floods,' has a good deal of grandeur and effect. The figure of our Saviour is one of the best figures in the emblems. He is seated on a rock, and rescuing several persons from the dark and tempestuous ocean which is placed beneath. In the 14th and 15th emblems, we cannot help again noticing the beauty of the tree-work, which is characteristically varied. The willow droops most gracefully its waving boughs over the living waters. The twentieth emblem, of the fertilizing rills, is a very delicate performance. The broad, separate, and arching leaves of the aspiring palm are well contrasted with the thick and entangled foliage of the more humble trees. The figures in this emblem are strictly proportioned, and add much to the life and interest of the whole. The letter-press part of the work would have been better, if, instead of so many effusions of devotional sentiment, it had been more confined to plain and accurate descriptions of the plates. But, on the whole, we have been so much gratified by the present elegant book, that we shall not dwell on faults of little moment, which make no deduction from the value of the embellishments.

ART. IX.—*A geographical and historical View of the World: exhibiting a complete Delineation of the natural and artificial Features of each Country; and a succinct Narrative of the Origin of the different Nations, their political Revolutions, and Progress in Arts, Sciences, Literature, Commerce, &c. The whole comprising all that is important in the Geography of the Globe and the History of Mankind. By John Bigland, Author of "Letters on Ancient and Modern History;" "Essays on various Subjects," &c. &c. In 5 vols. London, Longman, 1810. —Sl. 13s. 6d.*

'THE work here offered to the public,' says Mr. Bigland, 'is intended to comprize, within the least possible compass, all that is of the greatest importance in the geography of the globe and the history of mankind.' 'In the first place is treated the geography of each country with all its physical circumstances and principal productions, whether of the mineral, vegetable, or animal kingdom. The next article consists of a description of the principal cities and edifices, those striking monuments of human

art and industry. In this department I have endeavoured to describe with as much accuracy as the limits of the work will allow, the capitals of the different empires, kingdoms, and states, with their arts, literature, and state of society, subjects greatly neglected in most geographical works. The metropolis of a state being generally the focus in which its power and grandeur is (are) chiefly concentrated, is an object of great importance in its history. The philosophical observer will not regard it merely as an assemblage of streets and houses, a collection of brick and mortar: he will view it as the grand theatre, on which the opulence, the talents, and the activity of the nation are the most conspicuously displayed. In the third place is exhibited the historical view of the nation, of its progress in arts and arms, in science and civilization, with views of its social circumstances at different periods. By the events which mark the history of its country, its present political and moral state, and its rank in the scale of nations is determined. It is in its history that we trace the gradual origin and gradual formation of its religion, its government, its military strength, its manners and characters. For this reason I have assigned the third place to the historical view of each nation, and the fourth and last to its modern characteristics.'

From this arrangement Mr. Bigland adds that he has

'deviated only in respect of subordinate and inferior articles, as colonies, islands, and countries imperfectly known, where brevity required a more cursory view. Amidst such an immensity of matter, conciseness must be considered as an indispensable requisite, and every one must readily conceive the difficulty of perspicuous arrangement in the historical part of the work. As the histories of different nations are so frequently involved together, I have as much as possible, avoided repetition by references. I have treated with brevity things of trifling moment, which it was only needful to mention for the sake of connecting the narrative, and exhibiting the concatenation of events, and expatiated more largely on subjects of greater importance and interest. It has been my principal object to comprize in a small compass, and to exhibit at a small expence to the reader, a copious collection of geographical and historical information.'

Such is the author's own account of the plan which he pursued, and the end which he had in view in the composition of the present work. The plan itself appears judicious, and calculated to fill up an important vacuity in our existing catalogue of useful books. The undertaking was one which required considerable research in the collection, and a discriminating taste in the selection of materials. In neither of these requisite qualifications does Mr. Bigland appear to be deficient. He refers to numerous authorities, most of which he appears

to have consulted at first hand. Though the extent of his subject, combined with the comparatively narrow space which he allotted for the execution, rendered great brevity essentially necessary; yet, while his narrative is brief, it is never obscure nor indistinct. In most points of high moment and interest, his details are more circumstantial than the size of his work led us to expect. Where he could exhibit only general views he has judiciously contrived to render them interesting, by the insertion of some luminous particulars, by which the attention is excited, and where the interest revolves.

In these volumes Mr. Bigland exhibits a very pleasing picture of the past and the present state of mankind, of their progress in civilization and arts, with portions of their topographical, their civil, and military history, so judiciously combined, as to constitute a very edifying and amusing work. It may be perused with great advantage by juvenile students, who wish for a general view of the present and the past state of man in all parts of the world, before they enter on the detailed investigation of particular portions of the globe; nor will it be unacceptable to those who are more advanced in life, and who wish to renew their former recollections, and to retrace the historical path which they have before trod.

Mr. Bigland has very properly given a more copious and circumstantial account of those countries which are most interesting to an Englishman, or which occupy the higher gradations in the scale of civilization. After an introductory chapter, and a general description of Europe, the first volume is wholly occupied with the topography, the civil and military history, the present and past state of this country. In this part of his performance, the author exhibits a description of the British metropolis, which is sufficiently circumstantial. Brief accounts follow of other principal cities and towns. The author has added a succinct English history from the earliest period to the convention of Cintra. Though here, as in other places, the view of our national affairs which Mr. Bigland draws, must be very general, yet he has, in many instances, happily caught the principal features of the picture, and seized the principal points of animation and of interest. Great candour and moderation mark the political and religious opinions of the writer, as far as it was requisite that they should be developed, or as the narrative itself necessitated the expression.

Scotland, Ireland, France, Belgium, the Batavian kingdom, Spain, Portugal, Italy, the Helvetic republic, the Austrian empire, Prussian monarchy, German states, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, European Russia, the Ottoman em-

pire, European Turkey, Asiatic Turkey, Arabia, Asiatic Russia, China, Chinese Tartary, Thibet, Independent Tartary, Exterior India, Siam, Birman empire, Asiatic islands, are comprehended in the second, third, and fourth volumes. The fifth and last volume contains a geographical, chorographical, and historical view of India, consisting of Hindoostan and the Decan, of Persia, Africa, Egypt, states in the North of Africa, Western Coasts of Africa, Eastern Coast of Africa, Abyssinia, Central Africa, African islands; America, United States, British America, Canada, Nova Scotia, Aboriginal America, or unconquered countries, Spanish dominions in North America, Spanish dominions in South America, Portuguese empire in America, French, Dutch, and Spanish Settlements, West India Islands. In compiling his account of these countries, Mr. Bigland has had access to the most recent sources of information, and several of the best historians and travellers have been laid under contribution. But though the materials have been brought together from various quarters, the narrative is the exclusive property of Mr. Bigland, and not a mere patchwork from the compositions of others. The style is perspicuous and suited to the work. We shall now select two or three specimens of the performance. Our first extract shall be the account which the author has given of Greenland, not because it is better than other parts of the work, but because as a whole it is comprised in the shortest compass.

‘This country, extending from 60° to 76° north latitude, presents a most dreary aspect, exhibiting scarcely any thing else than a vast assemblage of rocks, ice, and snow. Of its topography, little is known; but it appears that it contains mountains of a prodigious elevation, as we are told that some of them may be seen at the distance of from forty to sixty leagues. The famous ice blink is one of the most sublime appearances of nature. It is an astonishing congeries of ice stretching across the mouth, of an inlet of the sea, and forming a range of magnificent arches of twenty-four miles in length, and about two in breadth. The arches are from fourteen to forty yards in height. This immense mass of ice reflects a splendor resembling the *aurora borealis*, which is discerned at the distance of many leagues. The soil of Greenland, except in some small districts on the western coasts, has never been examined; but whatever may be its quality, a great part of the country being covered with everlasting frost and snow, all the powers of vegetation are checked, and in a great measure extinguished. The most severe cold commences in January; and in February and March becomes so piercing, that rocks often split through the intenseness of the frost. The Danish missionaries inform us that the ice and hoar-frost reached from the chimney to the mouth of their stove, without being

thawed by the heat of the fire: that the doors and walls were plastered over with frost: that beds were frozen to the bedsteads, and linen to the drawers. From the end of April to the beginning of November, the inhabitants encamp in their tents; but it is not till June that the surface of the ground is thawed, and the snows cease from falling. In summer it is sometimes very hot. The only vegetables are various kinds of grass and herbs. No grain can be produced. This dreary region is also destitute of forests. The only trees that are found, are a few small junipers, birches, and willows. Greenland, however, supplies food for a few wild animals, as rein-deer, white hares, foxes, and white bears. The neighbouring seas afford plenty of fish; and the sea fowl are tolerably numerous. The natives live by hunting and fishing. The flesh of those animals supply them with food, and their skins with clothing. The seals in particular are valuable for both these purposes. The population of this country is so uncertain, that nothing can with propriety be said on the subject; for although Mr. Crantz supposes that it may amount to 7000, his opinion can only be regarded as a vague conjecture. It is said that the country is inhabited as far as 76° , but this appears scarcely probable. The natives are of a short stature, with long black hair, small eyes, and flat faces. They seemed to be a branch of the American Esquimaux, and greatly resemble the Laplanders and Samoieds of Europe. In hunting and fishing, and in the construction of their canoes, they discover great ingenuity. They are of a lively and cheerful temper, strongly attached to their families, their friends, and their poor native country. Some of them who have been kidnapped and carried to Copenhagen, could not, amidst the pleasures and plenty of the Danish capital, forget their former attachments, nor ever reconcile themselves to their new situation. In regard to religion, the Greenlanders are said to believe the existence of one Supreme Being, and the immortality of the soul; and some affirm that they hold the doctrine of transmigration. But after all that we have been told on the subject, the religious ideas of a people so barbarous, must be extremely obscure and confused. In respect of government, if any such thing can be said to exist among them, it must be something of the patriarchal kind. All our knowledge of the Greenlanders, and their country, is, in fine, extremely defective.

This remote and inhospitable region has, however, given rise to a circumstance, which may be considered as a phenomenon in history and physics. It has already been remarked, that Greenland was, towards the end of the eighth century, discovered by the Icelanders. A colony was afterwards established in that country, and in process of time became populous and flourishing. Christianity was propagated among the colonists by missionaries from Norway; and Greenland had many towns, churches, and convents, with an episcopal see, the bishop being, suffragan to the archbishop of Drontheim. Greenland, toge-

ther with Iceland, being, as already mentioned, reduced under the dominion of Norway, became, by the union of that kingdom with Denmark in 1367, an appendage to the Danish monarchy. A constant intercourse was carried on between Greenland and Norway until the year 1406. At that period, the late bishop was sent over, and soon after the colony was totally lost. By some means or other, all communication between Denmark and Greenland was cut off, and the Danish colony sunk into oblivion. That a civilized colony should thus suddenly disappear, after several centuries of fixed settlement and regular communication with the parent countries, and within less than a week's sail of Iceland, still subject to Denmark, is perhaps a circumstance unparalleled in history. And it appears not a little astonishing, that such a colony should have prospered during so long a period of time in a country which now appears so inhospitable. The existence of this colony, however, is a fact of unquestionable authenticity; and during the long space of at least five centuries, it was well known to the European world. Mr. Anderson mentions a bull of pope Gregory IV. bearing date in the year 835, constituting Ausgarius, then bishop of Bremen, archbishop of the north, and particularly of Norway, Iceland, and Greenland.

This strange and abrupt cessation of all trade and intercourse has been attributed to various causes. It has by some been supposed that the colonists were extirpated by the natives, but there is no satisfactory evidence of the fact. It has also been said, that an epidemical disease swept away most of the Greenland merchants and seamen, in consequence of which the intercourse with that country was interrupted, and afterwards entirely broken off by reason of the various revolutions, &c. which took place in Denmark and Norway. But the most probable supposition is, that a vast quantity of ice from the Arctic ocean having drifted on the coast in some severe winter, had intercepted the communication between the land and the sea. This colony being in consequence completely imprisoned by the frozen ocean, had, through want of supplies from Europe, undoubtedly perished. That this was the case, is something more than conjecture; for various expeditions have, in successive reigns, been sent out from Denmark, for the express purpose of discovering the remains of the colony, if any such existed. It was at least expected that the ruins of the cathedral, the churches, and some other buildings, would be found; and that it might be ascertained whether any descendants of the Europeans yet remained. All the vessels, however, sent out for that purpose, have found the eastern shore towards Iceland, where the principal colony was settled, totally inaccessible, by the reason of the vast accumulation of the ice. Accidents of nearly a similar nature, but of which the effects were of shorter duration, have occurred also in Iceland, where the immense quantities of ice drifting on the coast, have, during a long time, interrupted all communication with the sea; and by preventing supplies from abroad, caused many of the inhab-

inhabitants to perish by famine. Such was the case in 1746, as before observed. It is evident, that since the latter part of the fourteenth, or the commencement of the fifteenth century, a very great change has taken place in the northern regions, chiefly from the encroachments of the arctic ice. Ever since that period, the eastern coast of Greenland, the seat of the ancient colony, which was before without difficulty visited every summer, has been found absolutely inaccessible; while a range of impassable mountains, covered with perpetual ice and snow, preclude the possibility of approach from the west.

The western coast of Greenland has been explored by Davis, and other English navigators; but Great Britain has never attempted to establish any colony in this unpromising region. In 1721, the Greenland Company, at Bergen, in Norway, established a colony on the western coast, in about 64° north latitude. These new colonists were accompanied by Mr. Egede, a pious Norwegian clergyman. This gentleman remained many years in Greenland; and to his abilities and precision we owe a great part of our knowledge of that country. Being actuated by an ardent curiosity, and at the same time strongly impressed with an idea of the melancholy situation of the Icelandic colony, if it still existed, he made an attempt to reach the eastern district, by coasting along the southern shores, but found his design impracticable. In the year 1728, his Danish majesty caused horses to be transported to Greenland, in order to facilitate the means of travelling overland from the western to the eastern district; but the immense mountains of ice and snow in the interior, rendered all access from this quarter not less difficult than from the ocean. The impracticability of reaching the place where this famous colony was formerly seated, seems now to be fully proved; and its venerable relics, locked up in eternal ice, still, in all probability, never be discovered.

Mr. Bigland says in his preface, that he has delineated the capitals of the different states which are included in his work, with as much accuracy as his limits would allow. The following is a specimen of one of these descriptions. It is that of the city of Mexico; but as this city is but little known, and has not been accurately described, Mr. Bigland has chiefly copied the description of the most recent authority, M. D'Aute Roche.

Mexico, the capital of this province, is undoubtedly the most extensive, populous, and opulent city of the New World. But there is scarcely any place of note within the whole range of geography and statistics, of which it is more difficult to obtain any precise accounts. Amidst the deficiency of materials, I shall therefore subjoin the description given by Mr. Chappo d'Aute Roche, the most recent and best authority, although his short stay in the city renders it in many respects defective.

The city of Mexico has always been represented as standing on an island, or rather an assemblage of islands, in the heart of

that name, and accessible only by three causeways across the shallow waters that separate it from the main land. Such was the situation of the ancient capital of Montezuma; and it is certain that modern Mexico stands on the same ground: but a considerable part of the lake has been drained by means of a canal cut through the mountains. Mexico, therefore, is now seated not on an island, but on the banks of the lake, in a fen crossed by numerous canals. The houses are all built on piles, as the ground in many places gives way, and several edifices are observed to have gradually sunk, some of them more than six feet, without any visible alteration in the body of the building. The cathedral is one of the structures that have sunk in this manner. The outlines of the city appear to be irregular; but the interior displays the most perfect regularity of plan. The streets are very wide, perfectly strait, and in general intersect one another at right angles. There are three squares: the first is the Plaza Major, or great square, fronting the viceroy's palace, the cathedral, and the market-place, which is a double square, surrounded with buildings. This square is in the centre of the city. The second, adjoining to this, is the square called Del Vellador, where the bull-fights are exhibited. The third is that of Santo Domingo. These squares are tolerably regular; and each is ornamented with a fountain in the middle. On the north side of the city, and near the suburbs, is the Alameda, or public promenade, which is a large square, with a rivulet running quite round it, and a *jet d'eau* in the middle. Eight walks, having each two rows of trees, terminate at this basin in the form of a star. But as the soil of Mexico is unfit for the growth of wood, the trees are not in a very thriving condition. Facing the Alameda, and at the distance of only a few paces, is the Quemadero, the place for burning the Jews, and other unhappy victims of the awful tribunal of the inquisition. The Quemadero is an enclosure between four walls, and filled with ovens, into which are thrown over the walls the poor wretches who are condemned to be burnt alive: condemned by judges professing a religion, of which the first precept is charity.

The houses of Mexico are tolerably well built, but not remarkable for either external or internal embellishments; and the style of architecture is the same as in Spain. The city contains no remarkable edifice. The palace of the viceroy, in the great square, however, is a firm and substantial structure, comprising within its circuit three handsome court-yards, each of which has a fountain in the middle; but the interior of the palace displays scarcely any decorations. Behind this is the mint, a noble building, where upwards of 100 workmen are constantly employed for the king in coining piastres, out of the enormous masses of silver brought thither by the owners of the mines, who exchange them for coin.

The most sumptuous buildings are the churches, chapels, and convents, many of which are richly ornamented. The cathedral, especially, is remarkable for its splendid and costly decorations. The railing round the high altar is of solid silver; and there is

also a silver lamp so capacious, that three men get into the inside to clean it. This lamp is adorned with figures of lion's heads, and other ornaments of pure gold. The inside columns of the cathedral are hung with rich crimson velvet, decorated with a broad gold fringe. The profusion of riches in the numerous churches of Mexico is astonishing. Gold and precious stones are lavished on the sacred vessels and ornaments; and the images of the Holy Virgin and the saints are either of massy silver, or covered with the most costly drapery.

The outside of the cathedral is unfinished, and is likely to remain in that state. The circumstance of its sinking, which is already so visible, deters them from increasing the weight of the building. It is well known that the city of Mexico is the abode of all the most opulent merchants, and the centre of the commerce carried on with Europe, Manilla, &c. by the ports of Vera Cruz and Acapulco. Its riches, therefore, are undoubtedly immense. In regard to its manners and customs, as all the great officers and principal ecclesiastics are natives of Spain, and the viceroys ascend every three years from the parent country, the influx of Spaniards must naturally be supposed to direct the national taste. The Creoles are, in every part of America, known to be more luxurious and effeminate than the Europeans; but, all circumstances considered, it is not unreasonable to suppose, that in the most prominent features the manners of Mexico differ less from those of Madrid than might otherwise be expected. The population of Mexico has been variously estimated; but Dr. Robertson, after the most accurate researches, says, that it amounts at least to 150,000; and it does not appear that the number of the inhabitants can have decreased.

The vale of Mexico displays the most luxuriant fertility; but the environs of the city, although they afford a picturesque view of the lake and the distant mountains, must, on the whole be considered as unpleasant, and the situation as unhealthy. Except the Alameda already mentioned, there is no other walk in or near Mexico: all the adjacent country is swampy ground, intersected by numerous canals. The climate is not so scorching as in several other parts of the torrid, or even of the temperate zones; and probably the heat at Mexico seldom exceeds that which is felt in summer at Madrid. But the coolness arises from the humidity of the ground and the atmosphere; and the effects which so great an abundance of moisture, in a tropical climate, must have on the human frame, may be easily imagined. These indeed are too frequently displayed in dreadful epidemical diseases, among which that called the black vomit, is the scourge of Mexico. In 1736, and the following year, it swept away more than one-third of the inhabitants of that city; and in 1761 and 1762, the same disease, in conjunction with an epidemical small-pox, almost depopulated the whole country, and carried off at least 25,000 persons in the capital. It is somewhat singular, that this distemper always begins among the Indians, who are natives of the country, and attacks them more frequently than the Europeans.

This epidemical disorder of Mexico, however, does not appear to be either more fatal, or of more frequent recurrence than the yellow fever in the West Indies, and the United States of America.

We will finish our quotations with part of Mr. Bigland's description of Portuguese America.

The country towards the coast is in general rather low than elevated; but according to common accounts, a range, or perhaps different ranges of high mountains, run in various directions; but chiefly from north to south, giving rise to numerous streams that flow into the great river of Amazons. A great part of the country appears to be covered with wood. But it must be confessed that we have no precise knowledge of Brazil, excepting the coast, which have been frequently explored by navigators, and of the principal ports at which they have touched in their voyages. From the want of curiosity and science among the Portuguese, this vast country is still less known than Spanish America. The extensive regions on the river of Amazons, are an immense level, in some parts covered with impenetrable forests, and in others frequently flooded by the annual inundations of that river, and its auxiliary streams. Condamine, in sailing down the river of Amazons, did not observe a single hill during the space of two months after leaving the Pongo, till the mountains of Guiana appeared. Several rivers rise from the elevated tracts of the interior, and run into the Atlantic. Of these, the Rio de Francisco is the largest; but none of them are very considerable. They are, however, extremely useful in affording excellent situations for sugar-mills. Our imperfect topography of this country does not notice any lakes except those of a temporary kind formed in the flat country by the annual inundations. The mineralogy of Brazil is one of the most important features of its natural history, and that which has at present the greatest influence on its political and commercial state. Concerning the celebrated mines of this country, however, we have little precise information. All that we know of them is collected from scattered fragments, in relations of voyages often founded on no better authority than vague reports. The celebrated diamond mines are situated near Villa Nova de Principe, 17° south latitude, and 44° west longitude. The diamonds of Brazil are not so fine as those of Golconda. By an edict of 1733, the king reserves to himself, under certain conditions, all the diamonds that are found to be above twenty carats. Gold mines abound in several of the mountainous parts, and some of them are far within land. The soil of so extensive a country must afford every possible variety; but according to all that is yet known or reported, the most luxuriant fertility is its general characteristic. In its extent of thirty-one degrees of latitude, the climate is also various. In the northern parts, near the equator, the climate is hot; the tropical rains exceedingly heavy; and the country being flat, and subject to extensive inundations, as well as encumbered with immense forests, the air must necessarily be extremely insupportable. In proceeding towards the south, the climate, as well as the country,

grows more agreeable; the coasts are refreshed by the sea breezes; and the heat is less violent than in several other countries in the same geographical position. In the southernmost part of Brazil, which lies beyond the tropic of Capricorn, the climate is exceedingly temperate, pleasant, and healthful.

The vegetable productions are in general the same as in other countries under corresponding parallels of latitude. Those of chief importance are sugar, tobacco, and indigo. Great quantities of sugar are produced and exported. The tobacco is excellent; but this article is not so assiduously cultivated in Brazil as in some parts of the North American states. This rich and fertile country produces several species of pepper, with a variety of drugs used in medicine, as well as in manufactures; and abounds in all the esculent plants common to the tropical regions. The plantain, the banana, the cocoa, and the chocolate nut, are common; and to these a long *et cætera* of others might be added. The different species of fruits are almost innumerable. Among these, the pine-apple, the mango, and the tamarind, hold a distinguished rank. The immense forests have already been mentioned; and the quantities of timber appear almost inexhaustible. We have no precise account of the various productions of the Brazilian and Amazonian forests; but among them are distinguished logwood, mahogany, ebony, and Brazil wood, from which the country derives its name, and a multitude of others, which grow here in as great perfection and variety as in any part of the world. There is every reason to believe that the southern parts of Brazil would be extremely fertile in the various kinds of European grain, and perhaps also in wine, if proper attention were paid to these objects. But the more profitable cultivation of sugar impedes that of grain; and the general spirit of speculation in mining, causes agriculture to be neglected. The zoology of Brazil corresponds in general with that of Spanish America. The remarkable circumstance of the herds of wild cattle is common to both. In the northern parts of Brazil, as well as in the Spanish territories, those cattle are so numerous, that they are hunted for their hides, which constitute a considerable article of the exports both of Spanish and Portuguese America. In various parts, especially of the northern provinces, serpents abound, and attain to an enormous size. The Brazilian seas are also well stocked with fish. We are not informed of any remarkable curiosities in Brazil. Our knowledge of the country is too imperfect to render us acquainted with such as are natural; and ancient monuments, or magnificent works of art, are not to be expected.

In the present work we have found many improprieties or inaccuracies of expression, some of which may be ascribed to the rapidity of composition, and of which others are errors of the press. We have room to notice only a few of these. In some parts of his work, Mr. Bigland makes rather too liberal a use of the adverb *however*, which seldom appears with much fitness or grace. After mentioning the confused

and contradictory relations of the battle of Hastings, Mr. Bigland says, 'all, however, are acquainted with the issue; but different historians ascribe the victory of the Normans to different incidents. It seems, *however*, on the whole, that the superiority of their discipline, and the catastrophe of the English king were, under Divine Providence, the causes of their success.' In these two sentences, the last '*however*' is superfluous and inelegant. Mr. Bigland is rather too fond of clogging his sentences with qualifying words and clauses, and those indefinite extenuations of the sense which indicate hesitation in the mind of the writer, and the want of stability in his opinions. Hence the words 'perhaps,' 'probably,' and the hypothetical 'if,' occur rather more often than the occasion requires. Mr. Pitt was, we believe, the original inventor of the phrase '*existing circumstances*,' which has since become so hackneyed, both in and out of parliament, both in oral and in written communications. But we are always a little indignant when we find this phrase transplanted into any compositions, which are of more than ephemeral importance. 'In the present circumstances,' or, 'in the *then* circumstances,' is always more opposite in point of sense, and more English in point of idiom, than 'in the *existing* circumstances.' Mr. Bigland sometimes has recourse to Mr. Pitt's favourite phrase of '*existing circumstances*.' Mr. Pitt was certainly one of the readiest and most fluent of orators; but we do not believe that in all his speeches he ever added half a dozen beautiful combinations to the stock of English phraseology,—In one word, if his oratory had any effect on the language, it tended to make it rather verbose than rich, rather frothy than elegant. Mr. Bigland uses the word '*appropriate*,' in a manner which strikes us as incorrect. He says of the great man of whom we have just been speaking, 'his country shewed its respect for his memory by *appropriating* his debts.' Why could not Mr. B. say in plain terms 'by paying his debts?' When we have a good intelligible English word at hand, it is never right to substitute one that is of doubtful meaning, or of foreign growth. If A, who had the keeping of some goods belonging to C, were to violate his trust, we might say, that A *appropriated* part of C's property to his own use; but it would be very unusual and ambiguous to say that D *appropriated* the debts of E. Mr. Bigland, like many modern writers, often introduces the conjunction '*and*' where it ought to be omitted. Thus vol. v. 146, 'The Persians were no longer that brave and warlike people delineated by Xenophon, *and* whose manners and discipline he so highly extols.' In this and similar instances the '*and*' is superfluous; and makes an awkward break in the construction of the period. In vol. v. 186, Mr. Bigland says that 'we cannot too much admire the

accuracy of the pyramidal structure, and the permanency secured by *their form and construction*.' We do not much approve the word *accuracy* as it stands in the first part of the above sentence; but the latter part is both clumsy and inaccurate. It would have been better thus: 'We cannot too much admire the solidity of the pyramidal structure, and the permanency which it secures.' We have been so accustomed to hear of *volatiles* in pharmacy, that we were not prepared for it in the following instance, though it is certainly not inappropriate to the winged tribe. 'In regard to *volatiles*, the country abounds with *pigeons and poultry*.'—vol. v. 184. The word '*principal*' does not need the aid of the superlative '*most*', with which it is accompanied by the author in vol. iv. 135. 'China is pervaded by two of the *most principal* rivers that are known on the face of the globe.' The typographical errors are numerous, for instance, we have '*Trasimere*,' vol. iii. 89, for *Thrasymene*. 'Diodorus is too credulous and Custine too *historical*,' for *rhetorical*, we suppose; vol. v. 145, '*Alexander*,' for *Alexandria*; '*Syrene*,' for *Syene*, vol. v. 185, &c. &c. These, however, are trivial deductions from the general merit of the work; and we should not have noticed them at all, if we had not been anxious that a book which is peculiarly fitted to edify and amuse young persons, should be, as free as possible, from inaccuracies; and that the author may be incited, in a second edition, to undertake a careful and minute revision of the whole.

ART. X.—*A Letter from an Officer at Madras to a Friend formerly in that Service now in England: exhibiting an unbiassed Account, and supported by authentic Documents, of the Rise, Progress, and actual State of the late unfortunate Insurrection in the Indian Army.* London, Murray, 1810, 8vo. 9s. 6d.

VARIOUS causes seem to have concurred in exciting the late insurrection in the Indian army. One irritation was added to another, till that degree of inflamed feeling was produced, which precipitated a large part of the Company's troops into measures of hostility to the government. If we may credit the present account, which is indeed supported by sufficient documents, the conduct of the Madras government appears to have been as inconsiderate and rash, as that of the officers was, contrary to the rules of military subordination. In the year 1806, the military patronage which had been previously possessed by the commander-in-chief of the Madras army, was vested in the governor alone, by an order from the ruling powers in this country. The commander-in-chief was also excluded from a seat in the council. When General Mac-

Howall assumed the military command, he could but ill brook the diminution of power and influence which his predecessors had enjoyed. The dissatisfaction, which he felt, he appears to have taken no pains to conceal, but rather to have endeavoured to infuse it into the officers under his command, who were predisposed from causes which will soon be mentioned, to imbibe sentiments unfavourable to the government. He induced them to think that his want of a seat in the council and of military patronage was a grievance of which they had good reason to complain.

The diminution of allowances which the troops experienced on their removal from the Bengal station to that of Madras, where the necessaries of life are said to be at more than double the price, occasioned the first explicit declaration of military discontent. A memorial was drawn up by the troops on this occasion, in which they solicited to be placed, in point of allowance, on an equal footing with the army in Bengal. Both the king's and the company's officers are said to have united in the prayer of this petition; though the signatures of the former were afterwards withdrawn, owing to the influence of general Macdowal, who in this instance complied with the earnest desire of the governor of Madras.

The next, and, what seems to have proved a more serious cause of discontent in the army, was the abolition of the contract, which had subsisted in full force since 1802, by which officers commanding native corps, were to supply and convey for a fixed sum the camp-equipage of their respective battalions. The plan itself was first suggested by lord Cornwallis, in 1791, and had, from that time, been occasionally acted upon, though it was not adopted as a permanent regulation till the year 1802. The public are thus said to have been relieved 'from all expence of quarters in garrison as well as tents in the field, at a lower rate than had been paid under lord Cornwallis's calculations for providing and carrying camp-equipage alone.' The expences which were necessitated in war, were supposed to be balanced by the profits in a period of peace.

The officers entered on the contract at the commencement of an active war, when they incurred unprecedented expences, and consequently looked forward for remuneration to the return of peace. But, in 1808, the contract of 1802, which is said to have been found very beneficial to the service, was superseded, in order to make way for a new arrangement, which had been devised by the quarter-master general. The former system had been suggested by the practical judgment of lord Cornwallis, had been resorted to by general Harris, and had finally been recommended by general James Stuart, as a measure too useful not to be rendered permanent. It

Arthur Wallisley had ample experience of its good effects in the rapidity and efficiency with which it enabled him to conduct his military operations in the east.

The abolition of this contract is the very period, when the officers expected to be reimbursed for the losses which they had sustained in a difficult and protracted warfare, combined with the arguments which had been urged against the continuance of the measure by the quarter-master general, which reflected on the conduct and character of those who appear to have honourably fulfilled their part of the engagement, produced, as might be expected, a considerable degree of dissatisfaction. The officers disclaimed all idea of questioning the authority of the government; but they individually solicited the commander-in-chief to cause their conduct, which they conceived to be misrepresented by the report of the quarter-master general, to undergo a proper scrutiny. The commander-in-chief, who felt himself slighted by the government, which had adopted such a material change in the military department, without paying him the compliment of asking his opinion on the subject, refused to comply with their request. He said that 'as he had not been consulted with regard to the contract, he did not feel himself at liberty to take cognizance of any matter connected with that subject on any individual application.'

The officers, disappointed in this attempt to procure an investigation of their conduct, followed the course which the commander-in-chief seemed inconsiderately to prescribe, and jointly accused lieutenant-colonel Monro, (the quarter-master general) of having falsely aspersed their character in his report. They forwarded this charge to the commander-in-chief in August, 1808; and requested that lieutenant-colonel Monro might be put upon his trial. The commander-in-chief consulted lieutenant-colonel Leith, the judge-advocate general, who, in his report, confuted the measure of abolishing the contract, which was the act of the government, with the reasons assigned for recommending the change, which were the sole act of the quarter-master general. The judge-advocate general then advised that, instead of any procedure against the quarter-master general, the charge itself should be converted into a ground of accusation against the officers for a conspiracy. This opinion of the judge-advocate was communicated to the hon. colonel Sir Leger, the senior of the complaining officers. After this, the complainants addressed a respectful memorial to the court of directors, wherein they requested to be freed from the stigma, with which they thought themselves branded by the report of the quarter-master general. This memorial, instead of being forwarded to England by the government in India, is said to have been

rejected as unnecessary. On the 20th of January, 1809, lieutenant-colonel Monro 'was placed in arrest,' and warned for trial on the original charge. Lieutenant-colonel Monro now appealed to the government, who adopting his report, which had so forcibly roused the discontents of the officers, as *their own act*, and *approving the opinions*; it contained, as sufficiently established, first recommended, and afterwards ordered his liberation. As general Macdowal appears to have considered the question as entirely subject to military cognizance, he refused to comply with the recommendation; but he afterwards obeyed the orders of the government.

On the 29th of January, 1809, general Macdowal, the commander-in-chief, embarked for England. But, prior to his embarkation, he stated in his 'general orders,' in which he expressed, in very strong terms, his disapprobation of colonel Monro's conduct, which he declared to be 'destructive of subordination, subversive of military discipline, and a violation of the sacred rights of the commander-in-chief;' and he accordingly reprimanded him in the 'general orders.' These orders were delivered to colonel Capper, the adjutant-general, to be immediately published to the army; but as colonel Capper desired permission to accompany the general on board the ship in which he was to sail, he transferred the office of publishing the orders to his deputy-major Boles. The governor immediately directed these orders to be expunged from every public record, and suspended major Boles, the deputy adjutant-general, for obeying the command of his superior, and giving currency to 'a paper of such an offensive description.' When the adjutant-general had returned from the ship in which the commander-in-chief had sailed, he endeavoured to exculpate major Boles, 'who had acted by his orders.' Colonel Capper was not admitted to a personal audience of the governor; but, like his deputy, was 'suspended from the company's service,' for giving currency to the orders of the commander-in-chief.

These, as far as we can collect from this statement, appear to have been the circumstances which immediately excited such a furious ferment in the Indian army, as, at one time, seemed to threaten the subversion of our empire in the east. The treatment of the commander-in-chief, and the suspension of the adjutant-general, and his deputy, are said to have caused universal dissatisfaction among the officers of the army. The most marked attentions were manifested to the adjutant-general, and his deputy, by the officers, both of the king's and the company's troops. They were believed to have done their duty, and nothing but their duty, and consequently to have suffered unmerited punishment.

After this the irritation, which had been occasioned on both

sides, kept receiving increased incitements. Four officers of rank and character were (in the general orders of the first of May) suspended from the company's service in the most disgraceful manner. The commandant of artillery was removed from all military charge and command; three other officers, two of whom were of rank, were deprived of command and appointments on the staff of the army, &c. Some of these persons are stated to have been dismissed without any other proof than that of suspicion, excited by anonymous accusations. A burst of universal indignation ensued. The government of Madras, might, perhaps, safely have adopted conciliatory measures in an earlier stage of the dispute, but one offensive step had been followed by another, till the governor could not recede without the loss of his authority; and the officers were too much exasperated, to adopt a mode of proceeding which would have been at once temperate and wise.

The officers who had been dismissed, requested an investigation of their conduct, which is said to have been refused. A detachment from one of the obnoxious regiments was ordered to serve as marines in his majesty's ships, (a duty from which the kings' troops in India were understood to have been recently exempted) and another detachment was to prepare for embarkation to Prince of Wales's Island. This measure was regarded as a punishment, and a degradation, which inflamed the resentment of the regiment. Both officers and men determined to resist the order which they had received. They seized the fort of Masulipatam, and opened a correspondence with the force at Hydrabad. The troops at Hydrabad declared that they would not obey the government, till the orders of the first of May, which had excited so much dissatisfaction in the army, were revoked. The sword was now drawn, and the scabbard thrown away; but the refractory regiments were finally reduced to their former state of obedience, with much less loss of blood than might at first have been expected in such a conflict. It was fortunate for our sovereignty in the east that these commotions were appeased, before any of the native powers could have time to profit by the event. The Mahrattas appear, indeed, from recent accounts, to have manifested hostile intentions; but the pacification of the British army will probably cause them to relinquish their original design. We offer no remarks on this statement, of which we have exhibited the leading particulars with as much brevity as the desire of furnishing a perspicuous narrative would admit.

ART. XI.—*A Treatise on the Anatomy, Pathology and Surgical Treatment of Aneurism, with Engravings.* By Antonio Scarpa, Professor of Anatomy and practical Surgery, in the University of Pavia; Member of the National Institute of the Italian Republic, of the Royal Academy of Berlin, of the Royal Society of London, and of the Medical Societies of Paris, Edinburgh, &c. Translated from the Italian, with Notes. By John Henry Wishart, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, and Member of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Societies of Edinburgh. 8vo. Edinburgh, Mundell. London, Murray, 1808, 15s.

MEDICAL learning seems at the present day so scarce a commodity, and the far greater number of works which we meet with are so obviously written for no other earthly purpose than to promote some trifling and selfish interest of their authors, that we feel refreshed and delighted, when we find a professional writer deviating from the common track; when instead of an ostentatious display of personal importance, we are gratified with good sense, sound anatomy, an intimate acquaintance with the works of the great masters both ancient and modern; and above all, an unfeigned zeal to promote the interests of a science which is so ultimately connected with the welfare of human beings. In the work before us we find united these rare and inestimable qualities. We feel obliged to the author for a species of pleasure analogous to that which springs up in the mind from the recollection of the scenes of childhood: the good old names are again brought before us, which were the objects of our veneration when entering on the threshold of science; when we hungered and thirsted after knowledge, when we thought (too often vainly thought) that the art of medicine was contained in books; and when we hoped, that the more we read, the more useful we should prove in our generation.

Considering aneurism as being in itself a simple disease, we could not help thinking, at first sight, that this volume (containing near 500 crowded pages), was somewhat disproportioned to its subject. But when on the other hand we reflect on the dangerous nature of the disease, that it may occupy such a great variety of situations, and that every one of these involves circumstances peculiar to itself, it must be allowed, that there is no disease which more demands an exact and critical knowledge of the subject. The general principles are simple enough: but the application of them may be attended with numerous difficulties and embarrassments; and if the surgeon is not perfectly aware of these, when called upon to act, he hazards the life of his patient. A complete

treatise on aneurism was therefore a desideratum, which we doubt not that British surgeons will be happy to have supplied. This work of Scarpa's will, independently of its utility to the student, find its place in the library of the accomplished and experienced surgeon, as a book of reference to be consulted in the exercise of his profession. On this account we feel some regret that the plates in the original work illustrative of the anatomical description of the arteries, have not been given in the translation. The expense of the work would have been greater. But what then? Very common surgeons do not undertake operations for aneurism. Those who have attained sufficient confidence in their own powers to attempt it, would have thought their money well bestowed in the purchase of the invaluable feeling, that they came to their task duly furnished with every requisite which might be expected to insure success. Aneurisms may be either external or internal. The ancients were acquainted only with the former species. As they dissected only brute animals, in whom this organic disease of the great internal arteries is very rare, they could not conjecture such a deviation from the healthy structure to exist in the human body. The great Vesalius was the first who, in 1557, gave a distinct history of a case of this nature. But a century and upwards elapsed before physicians were well acquainted with the aneurism of the arch of the aorta, which is by no means a rare disease. Riollan, in 1658, mentioned the fact, as one of rare occurrence; and Etmærus, in 1670, published in the *Act. Natur. Curios.* an observation of Riwa with regard to this disease, to which he prefixed the title *De paradoxico Aneurismate Aortæ*, as if it had been a thing almost incredible.

It is to modern anatomy then that we owe our knowledge of the internal aneurism. But in this, as on most other occasions, she has only detected the deplorable impotence of what has been called (one should almost say by way of jest) the *healing art*. An internal aneurism is rarely detected in its incipient stage. Every doctor forms his own opinion, which he sustains with vehemence, if he be self-conceited or ignorant, or with doubt and hesitation, if he has really studied his profession, and is aware of the uncertainty of pathognomic signs. Suppose it to affect the descending aorta; in this case the breathing is difficult, the pains stretch over the whole abdomen, and extend perhaps down the thighs, the lower extremities are cold; and perhaps too there may be no pulsation by which the inquirer may be guided to the part affected. In this crowd of symptoms the most sagacious may be puzzled; one will call it rheumatism, and apply blisters and narcotics; another will think the pains nephritic, and prescribe soap, emollient decoctions, or oily emulsions, the at-

length the poor patient dying suddenly, the knife of the anatomist puts an end to doubt and speculation, by revealing the true nature of the malady.

And now the desolate and indignant relatives exclaim, Oh! the case has been mistaken throughout, and the life of our friend has been sacrificed to the blunders and obstinacy of his doctors. But suppose the case had never been mistaken; suppose the disease of the artery and the very spot which it occupied, had been ascertained to a hair's breadth, would the situation of the patient have been improved? Not a jot. Could a surgeon have opened the abdomen and passed a ligature round the aorta? The answer is ready. What then could the art of medicine, the art with the praises of which the fee-hunting professors are perpetually dinning our ears, and the impotence of which the fee-paying patients are as constantly bemoaning,—what, we say could medicine have done? Just nothing at all. The upright practitioner would have enjoined quietude, both of body and mind, small bleedings, great temperance, and abstemious regimen; perhaps a milk diet; open bowels; and occasional opiates to lull pain, and induce a short but sweet oblivion of the load which is crushing the frail and sinking frame. Having done this, he is sensible that he can do no more; that whatever else is extorted by the impatience of suffering, is but solemn trifling; and that the slow unerring hand of time will undermine the pillars which support the vital fabric, in which condition the slightest force, as a cough, a sneeze, or a laugh, will level it to the dust.

Aneurism has been divided by authors into two species; the *true* and the *false*. By the first is understood a simple dilatation of the coats of the artery; by the second a rupture of the internal coat of the artery. Our own Alexander Monro was one of the first, who suspected that what has been called the true aneurism, is a very rare occurrence. He observed that the aneurismal sac is not formed of a fibrous layer, similar to that of the muscular coat of the artery, as ought to be the case, if the sac is produced by a dilatation of the tube of the artery. Hazon Palletta and Mannoir have spoken to the same purpose; and Scarpa, in the work before us, has maintained the same doctrine, and supported it by many and powerful arguments. The aneurismal sac, he says, never occupies the whole circumference of the injured artery, but only a portion of the arterial tube, to which the tumour is united on the one or the other side. At this point of union it presents a species of constriction, or neck, beyond which the sac of the aneurism is more or less enlarged, and the tumour is sometimes enormous. The most accurate delineations of internal aneurisms represent this circumstance. Now, in a sim-

the dilatation of the artery, we ought to expect the base of the tumour to be the largest, and to have it diminish equably to its summit. Nor is the sac formed of the coats of the artery; but it is always covered by the soft distensible cellular substance, which in the sound state surrounds the artery, and unites it to the adjacent parts. When the artery gives way, the blood exudes through the proper coats of the vessel, it is retained by this yielding cellular substance, which it gradually distends, and expands to the frightful magnitude, which a large aneurism at length acquires. This cellular substance, supposing the aneurism to be within the thorax, is covered by the pleura; or if it be in the abdomen by the peritoneum; and these membranes include the aneurismal sac, together with the ruptured artery, and present externally, a continued, smooth, and shining surface.

A careful dissection of the aneurism leads to the same conclusion. Let the artery be divided lengthwise on the side opposite to the constriction, or neck of the tumour, and the place of ulceration, or of rupture of the proper coats of the artery, may be easily discovered, on the side opposite to that where the incision has been made. The edge of the fissure is sometimes fringed: often callous and hard, like that of a fistula; through this fissure it is, that the arterial blood had found a passage into the cellular sheath of the artery, afterwards converted into an aneurismal sac. It sometimes happens that in the arch of the aorta the whole vessel has suffered some enlargement beyond its usual diameter; in this case there appears at first sight to be two aneurisms; but the limits of the real aneurism may be determined by the constriction or neck which the sac presents externally; and the appearance shews clearly the difference between an aneurism and a simple enlargement in the diameter of the tube of the aorta in the vicinity of the heart.

If the proper coats of the aorta be dissected, and compared with the cellular substance forming the aneurismal sac, the fact will be put beyond question. On the side opposite to the aneurismal tumour, the coats are found either sound or a little weakened, and intermixed with earthy points, and they may be separated distinctly into layers. But on the opposite side, the proper coats are found to be unusually thin, blended together, and with difficulty or not at all capable of being separated; often intermixed with heterogeneous substances, which render them brittle, like the shell of an egg; and, lastly, disorganized and torn at the place which marks the limits of the ruptured artery and the entrance of the aneurismal sac. The cellular sheath is externally smooth like the artery, villous, cellular and irregular internally, and extending over the neck, and fundus of the sac. When the aneurism is large and of long stand-

ing, it becomes very thick, and adheres firmly to the subjacent muscular coat of the artery, at the neck of the aneurismal sac. But even in these, the most imposing cases, the sheath may, by a very careful dissection, be separated without laceration from the tube of the artery, and from the subjacent muscular coat, as far as the neck or root of the aneurism. It is then clearly perceived that the muscular coat of the artery does not pass beyond the partition, which divides its tube from the entrance of the aneurismal sac; and it may be distinctly observed, that the fibres and layers of the muscular coat are not prolonged over the aneurismal sac, but terminate like a fringe, or in obtuse points, at the edge of the rupture of the artery.

Such is a short outline of the professor's reasonings and doctrines on this important subject. The writer then proceeds to a more minute description of the aneurisms of the popliteal, femoral, and brachial arteries: afterwards he lays down the general principles of the cure.

Nothing could be more unhappy than the attempts of the older surgeons to cure this disease; though at first view their proceedings seemed very rational, and the success of them in some particular instances, appeared to justify the expectation of similar results in others. It happens occasionally, that in the operation of bleeding, the lancet penetrates the coats of the brachial artery; in consequence the vessel gives way, and a true aneurism is formed. To cure it the surgeon has laid open the vessel, and emptied the contents of the tumour, having first tied up the vessel both above and below the swelling; and the operation has seldom or never disappointed the wishes of the operator. But in this case the disease was of small extent; and, what was of still greater consequence, it having been formed in consequence of an accident, the coats of the artery were sound, and were therefore readily obliterated and adhered from the effects of the ligature. But in the aneurism, the vessel itself is diseased; add to this that extensive adhesions are often formed between it and the neighbouring parts, which sometimes make it impossible to apply a ligature properly. If to these circumstances be added, the magnitude of the injury inflicted by wound, the consequent extensive suppuration, hæmorrhage and fever, we must cease to wonder that such an operation was rarely successful, that it often was the immediate cause of the death of the patient, and that every prudent and humane surgeon considered amputation of the limb, where it was practicable, as the preferable expedient; and when it was not, the patient was commonly left to his fate.

But this mode of operating was founded upon false principles and an imperfect knowledge of the powers and re-

sources of nature. It is obvious that to effect a cure, the object is simply to obliterate the artery between the tumour and the source of the circulation. When a ligature is placed upon a vessel, the motion of the blood ceases for a certain distance above the ligature; the vessel contracts, its sides come into contact with each other, and the artery is converted at length into a ligamentous cord. In this case the aneurism will cease to pulsate, the blood will stagnate and coagulate, and the whole tumour will gradually shrink, its contents being removed, and taken into the general system by the activity of the absorbents; and experience has abundantly demonstrated, that the circulation can be carried on by the means of anastomosing vessels, and the limb be perfectly nourished, and retain its size, warmth, and muscular power. Even the iliac arteries, and the carotids, have been included in a ligature with success; facts, which a very few years ago would have appeared incredible. Certainly even Scarpa himself did not, at the time he composed this treatise, consider such operations to be practicable.

To Mr. Hunter is mankind principally indebted for this great improvement in surgery: and it gives us pleasure, not unmixed with pride, to observe the justice which all Europe is disposed to pay to the memory of that great man. But it appears that though the new operation was, undoubtedly suggested to Mr. Hunter by the reflection of his profound and original genius, one similar to it had been, in a solitary example, practised a century before his time. So slow is the progress of improvement! Our surgical reader will be pleased, we think, to see how this matter stands.

Although the term *new method* is at present used in the schools to indicate the operation for the popliteal aneurism, which is performed by the ligature of the *superficial* femoral artery in the middle or at the upper part of the thigh, without opening the aneurismal sac, or evacuating the grumous blood contained in it; nevertheless this mode of curing aneurism by means of the ligature of the great artery of a limb, without touching the aneurism, and leaving it wholly to the powers of nature, and especially to those of the lymphatic absorbent system, is of a much more remote date than the time in which Mr. John Hunter lived, or the year 1785. For the history of this discovery goes as far back as the time of Anel; not however, as some think, still farther back, to the era of Guillemeau and Thevenin, from whom (in other respects celebrated surgeons) it is wished to make us believe that Anel had derived his first ideas relative to this manner of radically curing aneurism. Anel being in Rome, undertook the cure of an aneurism in the bend of the arm in a missionary, and performed it in the following manner. Having laid bare the brachial artery above the seat of the aneu-

rism; he separated it for a certain space from the cellular substance, and tied it with two threads contiguous to each other. On loosening the tourniquet, he found that the pulsation in the tumour had ceased. The day after, the pulse appeared at the wrist. On the third the dressings was renewed, and spirituous fomentations were applied to the whole fore-arm and hand: The first thread came away from the wound on the 17th day after the operation, the second on the 27th day, and not long after the wound healed. The aneurismal tumour gradually diminished spontaneously, in such a manner, that after the cure it was impossible to recognize where the aneurism had been situated. Generally, says Anel, the aneurismal sac is opened; I, on the contrary, says he, left it entire, considering it to be certain, that the blood contained in the sac of the aneurism would be dispersed of itself, precisely as it happened. In this manner, continues Anel, 'the operation was more simple than is usually practised. For,' he observes, 'in tying the brachial artery, I made an incision less than that which is practised when the aneurismal sac is opened, therefore the scar resulting from it was smaller than usual. We have been lately informed, that M. Misault has repeated this mode of operating on the aneurism in the bend of the arm, occasioned by the puncture of a lancet, following exactly Anel's method, and that the operation has been followed by the most happy and complete success.'

But Mr. Hunter, though deeply versed in the book of nature, was but slightly acquainted with the memorials of art. He collected the instruments of the ancient surgeons, and from thence he understood their objects and intentions. But of this operation of Anel's he had undoubtedly never heard a syllable; and therefore to Mr. Hunter belongs the real credit of the improved operation. Scarpa does his memory this justice in the following sentence :

'Mr. John Hunter was undoubtedly the first who proposed and performed the ligature of the superficial femoral artery in the thigh for the radical cure of the popliteal aneurism, leaving the aneurismal sac in the ham perfectly untouched. Mr. Hunter according to all appearance, was not acquainted with what Anel had done in the case of aneurism at the bend of the arm; and even those who published the first happy success obtained by Mr. Hunter, made no mention of Anel's method. Mr. Hunter, therefore, in trying this new mode of cure for the popliteal aneurism, had no other guide than his own sublime genius, always active and unceasingly employed, so long as he lived, in extending the boundaries of the natural sciences, and of the arts useful to mankind, especially that of surgery. He, as well as his contemporaries, discouraged by the continued disasters accompanying the common method of curing popliteal aneurism by means of the incision of the sac, and full of confidence in the resources which nature has reserved to herself in the anastomoses of the superior extremities round the elbow, and of the inferior extre-

mities round the knee, and fully aware of the prodigious efficacy of the absorbent lymphatic system, proposed to try this new plan of operating. The happy event which followed in the first patient on whom he operated, and the other similar fortunate successes obtained by him, as all those which in the sequel occurred in the hands of other surgeons, prove the justice as well as the great utility of the plan conceived for the cure of the popliteal aneurism; which discovery will form an eternal monument of glory to its author.

After encountering considerable opposition from the spirit of envy, ignorance, and detraction (the curs that are perpetually barking at the heels of superior talents) this operation has in less than twenty years superseded the rude attempts of the old school, and is practised over all Europe. Some improvements (of no very great moment perhaps) have been since made upon it; but the principle sprung entirely from the reflecting mind of its illustrious author; and is a striking example of the superiority of genius to mere habit and routine. Cases of aneurism (external cases we mean) are some of them absolutely incurable. This mode of operating will therefore fail, if improperly applied. But the disgrace of the failure (if any really attaches to it) will rest not upon the operation, but upon those who rashly or unskilfully apply it. The first duty of a practitioner is not to add to suffering, which it is not in the power of art to relieve. All surgeons, we think, and young ones in particular, are much too fond of the use of their knives. They burn with impatience for opportunities of displaying their dexterity. The newspapers not long since told us of an aged duke, broken down with a long series of infirmities, having been cut for the stone, and having perished in convulsions within six hours afterwards. We shudder at the thought of such cold-blooded barbarities. Mr. Hunter always inculcated the doctrine that operations ought to be deemed the disgrace of surgery. We wish therefore before any attempt whatever is made to perform the radical cure of aneurism, that the operator would seriously attend to the following judicious considerations:

'We cannot hope for a favourable event from the operation of the ligature of the principal artery of the lower extremities in the radical cure of aneurism when the patient is much advanced in life, languid, and sickly; when the internal coat of the artery is rigid, and incapable of union at the place to which the ligature is applied; when the aneurism is of long standing, and of considerable size, accompanied with symptoms of caries of the posterior and inferior surface of the thigh bone, or of some of the heads of the tibia, occasioned by the long pressure of the aneurismal sac against these bones; when the subjacent leg is weak and cold without any evident pulsation in the artery of the

tamus; or when it is cold, and at the same time very much swelled, heavy, and cedematous. These circumstances contraindicating the operation, deserve the most serious attention. For, a certain disposition which some surgeons have to operate in every person, in all cases, and in every circumstance, might make the operation for aneurism fall into discredit, when performed either according to the old or according to the new method, if aneurisms of the class that I have just mentioned, in which the operation is contraindicated, come unfortunately under the treatment of these surgeons. And they would not fail, perhaps, in order to cover their inconsiderateness, to wish to prove, by a series of unfortunate facts, the inefficacy of this operation. Prudent persons, and those instructed in the art, will be on their guard against these assertions; and will consider it as a fact, that on the occurrence of aneurism, except in the cases just mentioned, the principal trunk of the injured artery may be tied with impunity at a considerable distance above the place of the injury, and therefore that the fatal consequences of this operation are for the most part imputable to the complication of the disease, to the impropriety of the operation, or to the inaccurate performance of it.

We must here, not without regret, close our account of this volume. The translator has executed his task with spirit and fidelity; and some original notes have added considerably to the value of the work.

It gives us much pleasure to observe the respectful regard paid to the opinions and practices of several of our countrymen by the learned professor of Pavia. It is certainly no more than is due to the zeal and talents which they have shewn for the improvement of science. We hope that the praise bestowed upon them by such a man as Scarpa, will give fresh ardour to their exertions, and inspire the minds of the rising members of this useful profession, with the ambition of winning the same laurels which encircle the brow of their predecessors.

CRITICAL MONTHLY CATALOGUE

RELIGION.

ART. 12.—*A connected History of the Life and divine Mission of Jesus Christ, as recorded in the Narratives of the Four Evangelists; with Notes, selected from the short-hand Papers of the late reverend Newcombe Cappe. To which are added Reflections arising from the several Subjects of each Section. By Catharine Cappe. London, Longman, 1809. 8vo. 12s.*

IN this work Mrs. Cappe has added another to the several works we already possessed, in which the details of the four Evangelists are embodied in one connected narrative. The notes, which she has extracted from the papers of her deceased hus-

band, contain brief, and sometimes very judicious elucidations of the sacred text. Mrs. Capple has subjoined to the different sections, into which the book is divided, some plain and sensible reflections from her own theological stores.

ART. 13.—*A Selection of Psalms, and several Hymns on particular Occasions, adapted to the Service, and humbly offered for the Use of the Members of the established Church.* London, Crosby, 2s; stitched.

THESE psalms and hymns are judiciously selected; and are likely to prove an acceptable present to the members of the established church, and others who are fond of expressing their religious sentiments and affections in consecrated songs, in which the feeling of piety is not blended with any disgusting cant.

ART. 14.—*The Duty of Church Communion: a Sermon altered and abridged from Dr. Rogers, with additional Passages interspersed. By Edward Pearson, D. D. Master of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, and Christian Advocate in that University.* London, Hatchard, 1810. 12mo. 6s.

WHEN the church of England shall reform her liturgy and her articles, she will diminish those causes, which now tend so forcibly to multiply dissidents, and to keep many enlightened and conscientious persons from the pale of her communion. To expect what Dr. Pearson calls *unity of mind*, where men are required to subscribe the most absurd, dissonant, and incongruous tenets, and to worship God according to a form, which to some appears idolatrous, and to others intolerant and uncharitable, is to expect what is impossible ever to come to pass. Let Dr. Pearson employ his good sense in urging the immediate necessity of such a reform as was desired by Tillotson, and recommended by Clarke, and he will find in us strenuous coadjutors and sincere panegyrists. More honest men will enter the walls of the church, when the stumbling blocks of conscience, which are now thrown together at the threshold, are removed out of the way. The reformation of religion is yet only half complete. He will earn immortal renown who shall consummate the good work.

ART. 15.—*An Address delivered Sunday, November 26, 1809, at Worship Street, Finsbury Square, upon the Interment of Stephen Lowdell, Esq. who died November 18, in the ninety-third Year of his Age. By John Evans, A. M.* London, Sherwood and Co. 1810. 1s.

Mr. Evans is well known to be a zealous labourer in the theological vineyard; and we are always glad when he renews his visit to us from the press; as we are, at least, sure to find, in his works, those sentiments of universal charity, of which we often regret the want even in writers of the present period. Mr. Lowdell appears to have been a man of exemplary beneficence; and the sermon which Mr. Evans has here published, was, we have no doubt, heard with much emotion by those who attended the interment of this venerable gentleman.

ART. 16.—*Cautions to the Hearers and Readers of the Rev. Mr. Simeon's Sermon, entitled, 'Evangelical and Pharisaical Righteousness compared, By Edward Pearson, D.D. Master of Sidney College, Cambridge, and Christian Advocate in that University, Second edition. To which is now added, a Letter, addressed to the Editor of the Orthodox Churchman's Magazine, containing Remarks on Mr. Simeon's Sermon, entitled, 'The Churchman's Confession,' London, Hatchard. 1s.*

Dr. Pearson has made some judicious remarks on the sermon of the Reverend Mr. Simeon : but candour at the same time, obliges us to confess, that the doctrines of Mr. Simeon are more strictly in unison with those of the establishment, as they are contained in the prayer-book, than those of Dr. Pearson. What is called *evangelical preaching*, or, in other words, *methodism*, is incorporated in the liturgy, and articles of the establishment ; and in order to stop the progress of the one, we must reform the other. The articles of the Church of England constitute the entrenched camp of methodism ; and while the methodists keep possession of this strong hold of mystery and delusion, they may safely defy the hostility of every assailant. When the liturgy and the articles have undergone such a reform as reason, scripture, and charity inculcate methodism, deprived of that which constitutes its strength and hope, will gradually expire,

POLITICS.

ART. 17.—*To the British Nation is presented by Colonel Venault de Charmilly, Knight of the royal and military Order of St. Louis, the Narrative of his Transactions in Spain with the Right Honourable John Hookham Frere, his Britannic Majesty's minister plenipotentiary, and Lieutenant-general Sir John Moore, K. B. Commander of the British Forces, with the suppressed Correspondence of Sir J. Moore; being a Refutation of the Calumnies invented against him, and proving that he never was acquainted with General Morla, London, Sherwood, 1810. pp. 80.*

WE shall pass over all the details of this narrative till we find the author at Salamanca, where he arrived in the afternoon of the 23d of November, 1808. He immediately repaired to the headquarters of Sir John Moore, at the palace of the Marquis of Cinalbo. Colonel Charmilly brought with him two dispatches from Sir David Baird, which had been entrusted to a Spanish courier, who, instead of proceeding with them with the requisite celerity, had left them carelessly at Zamora, to be forwarded to Salamanca by the first opportunity. Colonel Charmilly says, that Sir John Moore received him with great politeness. 'I informed him,' says he,

'How the two letters had come into my hands ; he shrugged his shoulders, and said that these neglects happened almost every day to the Spaniards, but that he was surprised at this one, as he had ordered a deputy commissary to be sent to Zamora.'

Colonel Charmilly, in one of his subsequent interviews, informed Sir John Moore that he intended to go to Madrid to raise a regiment of cavalry for the Spanish service, but expressed his

doubts of accomplishing his plan ; if he failed in the execution, he hoped that Sir John would allow him to serve under his orders as a volunteer at his own expence. The general asked Colonel Charmilly ' of what use that might be to him ? when the colonel replied that if he was happy enough to merit the approbation of Sir John Moore, it might be of great service to him, as he *had some important claims upon government for his services in St. Domingo.* Sir John Moore thanked the colonel, but could not accede to his request, as every body whom he had with him had been named at home by the commander-in-chief. Colonel Charmilly passed three days at Salamanca before he took his departure for Madrid ; where he arrived early on the morning of the 28th of November, and set out for Aranjuez on the evening of the same day. Here, after spending the 29th and 30th of November, he learned on the 1st of December that the Spaniards under General St. Juan had been beaten ; and that the French were masters of the pass of Samosierra. The central junta was leaving Aranjuez, and Mr. Frere was on the point of setting out for Toledo. Colonel Charmilly returned to Madrid, where he arrived at six o'clock in the evening of the 1st, when the French were making rapid approaches to the capital. The colonel says, that the people were working by the light of flambeaux at some trenches, that the streets through which he passed were more or less broken up, and the stones carried to the tops of the houses. He was conducted to the palace of the Junta. Here we shall let him tell part of his own story.

' I was announced as a British officer ; after a moment a gentleman came out of a very large room and conducted me to a table, where I found sixteen persons decorated with all sorts of orders. I asked in English, if any of them could speak that language : the Duke of Infantado then came to me and told me that he hoped I could speak French, as nobody present could speak English. I answered in French, that I came from Aranjuez, and that Mr. Frere was on the point of leaving it for Toledo ; that I had arrived at six o'clock at Madrid, but that the mob had carried me to the Spanish commander-in-chief, which was the cause of my missing Mr. Stuart, who had been gone but a very little time before, and that I was going to Salamanca.

' The duke begged me to go with him into another room ; he then told me that he was very much attached to the English, to Mr. Frere, and also to Mr. Stuart ; to whom he had written in sending him his passport ; that he believed it very necessary that I should be informed of the situation of every thing in Madrid ; that on that day more than 30,000 men had enlisted themselves as volunteers, having named themselves their officers, and that the army of General Castanos, which was no longer under his command, had been sent for at Sigüenza ; that all the peasantry ten leagues round Madrid had been invited to come to that town ; that some were already arrived ; that there had been a new Junta formed, of which he was the president ; that there were provisions and ammunition in Madrid ; that the people were

in the best spirits, and that he was really in hopes that the defence of the town would do honour to the Spaniards; that I had seen what activity was used to fortify the town, &c. The duke then said that it was of material importance for the common interest, that General Moore should try, by some manœuvring, to make a diversion which might draw the attention of the French, and oblige them to make a division of their forces, so that the Spaniards might gain sufficient time to complete the defence of Madrid, which he was himself decided to defend to the last moment.

‘I told the duke that I would set out instantly for Salamanca, if he would order a passport to be given me, with a permission for my having post horses. He ordered that a passport should be made, which is dated the 1st of December 1808; he added in his own hand, that ‘as president of the junta, he gave orders that horses should be furnished to the colonel named in the present passport, on account of the importance of his mission for the service of his royal majesty; and that he should not be detained one moment under any pretence.’

‘(Signed.)

EL DUQUE DEL INFANTADO.’

‘He carried me to a map of Spain, and traced out the road I was to follow through the mountains and Puerto el Pico, to Salamanca, on which I took my leave. Before I left him, I asked him if another grandee of Spain of the first class was at Madrid? he replied in the affirmative; adding, he is my friend; and told me where I might see him; he sent one of the persons attending upon the junta, to order that the horses for me should be sent to the hotel of the Golden Fountain, where I had left my saddle, &c. and where I was going to take some refreshment. At a little before nine I was on horseback, and I called on the friend of whom I had spoken to the duke. I fortunately found him; he was very happy to see me after so many years; and lost no time in recommending me to say to Sir John Moore, that he “must make use of this moment to save all Spain, in making conditions with the junta, for a better government; but especially to obtain that the Spanish army should be put under the orders of the commander-in-chief of the British troops for the time being: as Lord Peterborough had obtained, in the succession war; that such a measure would put an end to all jealousy and hatred between the nobility, and also between the Spanish generals: that if such a measure was not adopted, it was impossible to save Spain,” &c. &c.

Colonel Charmilly does not mention who the grandee of the first class, mentioned in the latter part of the above extract, was; and there is something suspicious in the suppression of the name, for which no reason is alleged. It seems not a little strange to us that this same grandee should recommend it to Sir John Moore, to ‘make conditions with the junta for a better government,’ and to place the whole Spanish army under the orders of the English general. The pride of this grandee of the first class (unless he were a traitor, and had some sinister purpose to serve),

would, we think, have revolted at such a measure; nor is it probable, even if he had sincerely desired it, that he would have made colonel Charmilly the bearer of the communication. The great object of colonel Charmilly seems to be to throw the blame of the failure of the expedition on Sir John Moore, and to ascribe to him, by implication, the ruin of the Spanish cause. This *grandee of the first class*, tells Sir John Moore, according to the report of colonel Charmilly, "that *he must make use of this moment to save ALL SPAIN*, in making conditions with the junta for a better government," &c. This account appears to us highly improbable, and is indeed so absurd in itself, and so unlikely to have taken place, that it tends to shake the credibility of other parts of this narrative. The colonel next informs us that he left Madrid at three quarters past nine o'clock at night, on the 1st of December; and the reader will please to recollect that he arrived there only about three hours before, during which time, in a period of the utmost confusion, when the streets of the capital were thronged with an anxious crowd, when the stones of the pavement were pulling up, and he could hardly proceed a step without impediments, he had traversed the town, had penetrated the mob that obstructed the entrance to the junta, &c. had had an audience of that grave body, had taken some refreshment, and had conversed in another part of the town with a *grandee of the first class*, on no less a subject than the change of the Spanish government, &c. We do not say that there was not time for all this; or that colonel Charmilly is not rapid in speech, and swift of foot, and can dispatch business with more velocity than most other men. All this we grant may be. But what follows? Colonel Charmilly travels all night, and arrives at Toledo at half past one o'clock on the evening of the 2d of December, where he found that the president of the supreme junta was asleep; but he communicated his intelligence to a blue monk, who was the confidential secretary of the dormant president. After eating a good dinner, which the colonel says was paid for by the junta, colonel Charmilly travelled all night to Talavera de la Reyna, which he reached at half past eleven in the morning of the third of December. Here the colonel thinks that *politeness required he should pay a visit to Mr. Frere*. 'From all these facts,' says the colonel, 'it is sufficiently evident that not only I had not seen General Morla, but that if I had even wished it, it was utterly impossible.' Now we do not see what facts colonel Charmilly has stated, which render it so sufficiently evident that he had not seen General Morla: nor is the impossibility of such an interview at all apparent. From Talavera de la Reyna colonel Charmilly was the bearer of two letters from Mr. Frere to Sir John Moore, in one of which the British envoy had given the commander in chief some *wholesome advice* about calling a council of war. The reader will remember that this letter, according to colonel Charmilly's own confession, was read to him by Mr. Frere; and accordingly the colonel was the more inexcusable in becoming the bearer of a letter, which, as a military man, he must have known to

convey an indirect censure on the judgment of the commander in chief. In the account, which colonel Charmilly gives of his interview with Sir John Moore on the 6th of December, he marks his pages with asterisks to denote that he had other information to communicate to the prejudice of Sir John Moore, which *delicacy to his memory* induces him to withhold. Thus the author wishes to impress the reader at once with an idea of his own liberality of sentiment, and at the same time to blacken the reputation of Sir John Moore, by obscure insinuations, more than he could have done by any open exposure, which if it could not have been refuted, might have been correctly appreciated. But we must recollect, that in this interview, colonel Charmilly was alone with Sir John Moore, and that much of what he asserts, rests solely on his unsupported testimony. Sir John Moore is dead and cannot speak for himself, and Monsieur Charmilly may therefore think that he can say what he pleases without the chance of contradiction. Sir John Moore evidently distrusted colonel Charmilly; and we leave it to the reader to determine whether, in the actual circumstances, his *officious zeal* did not appear a just object of suspicion. Colonel Charmilly had been at Madrid, at the very time when an intrigue was going on for delivering up the city to the French, and when one of the ulterior objects of the same insidious machination was to lure the British army further into the interior of the country, and, if possible, to the very gates of the capital; when it would have been irretrievably overwhelmed by the superior numbers of the enemy. Whether Monsieur Charmilly was, or was not a party in this intrigue, it is impossible to ascertain; but general Moore certainly thought his sincerity very problematical, and in the critical circumstances, in which that unfortunate officer was placed, would it have been wise in him, while he entertained such an unfavourable opinion of Monsieur Charmilly, to have permitted him to serve as a volunteer, or even to remain with the army? Colonel Charmilly asserts that he never had any communication with the traitor, Don Morla at Madrid; but the truth or falsehood of this asseveration will probably hereafter be established by other testimony. Who was the *grandee of the first class*, whom M. Charmilly saw after his interview with the duke del Infantado?

We can regard this narrative of M. Charmilly, in no other light than that of an endeavour to purify his own character, and blazon his own merits by aspersing the reputation and obscuring the glory of Sir John Moore, whom imbecility and perfidy seem to have conspired to ruin, when living, and to dishonour, when dead!

ART. 18.—*A Letter from Colonel Venault de Charmilly, Knight of the Royal and Military Order of St. Louis, to Lieutenant-General B. Tarleton, Colonel of the twenty-first Light Dragoons, and Governor of Berwick.* London, Sherwood, &c. 1810. pp. 35.

WE shall not take any other notice of this letter, than merely to state that there appears a little inconsistency in one of the state-

ments of the author. Colonel Charmilly intimates, p. 21, that he neither was, nor ever had been in the habit of gambling; and that, when he did play, he never played high. But, in a former part of this pamphlet, we find the colonel giving an account of a dinner at which he was present at the house of a Mr. F—r—r, from which he returned home in his own language, '*minus, many guineas,*' from his ill-luck at play. After this we find him during a period of four months, frequently at the house of this same Mr. F—r—r; where '*cards were invariably introduced after dinner.*' Colonel Charmilly, who both played and betted, '*lost a good sum*' during the continuance of his visits at the house of Mr. F.

ART. 19.—*Considerations respecting the expediency of establishing an Hospital for Officers on foreign Service: suggested by the writer's Experience during the late occupation of Walcheren. By A. B. Faulkner, Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Physician to his Majesty's Forces, and Physician in Ordinary to H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex.*—London, Murray, 1810, 8vo. pp. 16.

THESE considerations are the product of a sensible and humane physician; and, if the plan which they suggest had been adopted, before the expedition to Walcheren, many valuable lives would have been saved. We hope that ministers will give this pamphlet the attention which it deserves, in their future expeditions.

ART. 20.—*The Substance of a Speech delivered by the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Melville, in the House of Lords, on the 9th of February, 1810, relating to the Reports of the Commissioners of Naval Revision.*—London, Matthews and Leigh, 1810. 2s. pp. 49.

THE reports of various committees, whose time and industry have been employed in the detection of various abuses, in the different departments of the state, and in suggesting the means of preventing their future recurrence, are too apt to be laid by, and forgotten after they have been published. They seem to excite the zeal of statesmen for a time; but, when the committee which is to perform the necessary work has been appointed, and their inquiries have been brought to a termination, other objects of political interest draw off the attention; the reports of the committee soon become a dead letter, and the public is deprived of the benefit of their labours. The reports of the commissioners of naval revision, would probably have undergone the common fate of oblivion and neglect, if Lord Melville had not called the attention of the house of lords to their important contents.

ART. 21.—*An Essay on the Poor Laws, as they regard the real Interests both of Rich and Poor.*—London, Coxhead, 1810. 2s. pp. 52.

THIS is a very sensible performance, of which we regret that want of room prevents us from entering into the details. Some alterations are certainly necessary in the present system of providing for the poor. But the system itself is of such long standing, and the evil which it includes is so vast in magnitude, and so complicated in its operation, that the most cautious and ma-

ture consideration is necessary before any innovations are introduced, or any remedy attempted.

ART. 22.—*The Philosophy of Human Society, in its Origin, Progress, Improvability, and present awful Crisis, not formed on the Speculation of History, but the Observations of real Life, in the course of the most extensive Travels among the various Nations of the Globe. Impressively addressed, and specially applied to the Interests and Duties of every class of the British People, to rouse their Energies in the defence of Self, Country, Man, and Nature from revolutionary Barbarism.* London, Egerton, 1810, pp. 104.

ONE extract will suffice to make the reader acquainted with the species of philosophy which he may expect to find in this work.

‘As sensation is apportioned to the quantity of brain, it is demonstrable that the 150 pounds of matter, or agency of a single mode of man, like a wave in the water, is dispersed into all the waves of the pool or modes of life that have been agitated or tranquillized by its own quiescence or turbulence, and feels in the patience of the pool, or whole system of animal life or sensation, the effects of its own previous agency in an incalculably multiplied ratio of good and evil in a single mode to good and evil in a whole system.’

NOVELS.

ART. 23.—*Black Rock House; or dear bought Experience.* By the Author of *a Winter in Bath*, &c. &c. 3 vols. London, Croshy, 1810, price 15s.

WE are often told by the present novel-writers, that their stories are *highly moral, instructive, and amusing*, and have found by sad experience of the loss of time experienced in the perusal of such works, how very little they merit such encomiums. We have *Black Rocks*, and *White Rocks*, *Round Towers*, and *Dark Castles*. We have *Tales of the Village*, the *Mountain*, and the *Woods*, all equally improbable, all equally insipid, uninteresting, and in general equally immoral, and vitiating to the mind of youth. They in general make the same *finale*; a wedding, an opportune death, or suicide, vastly good specimens of morals!

The present work now before us deserves some praise for the fidelity which the author has displayed in drawing his characters; and for which we give him every credit. With respect to the moral, he has in a great measure done his best to shew how extremely wrong young women are, who, despising the experience and common sense of their parents, rush wild and foolish on a world of trouble, quitting a parent's protecting arms and comfortable home, with love, *blind love* only for their guide, to the embraces of a dissipated young officer for their husband.

Gertrude Wallace, the heroine of this tale, is precisely in this situation; her father, who is represented as an old disabled soldier, who had distinguished himself by his conduct and bravery in the American war, and received a severe wound in his right arm, which had incapacitated him from resuming his station;

the limb had escaped amputation, but it hung uselessly at the side of Wallace, who putting the sword over the chimney-piece, sought ease and comfort in a little "Sabine farm," a few paternal acres in Monmouthshire, and the domestic duties of a married life. This veteran's character is very well drawn, and not overcharged. The pride of the *honest man*; the pride of the PARENT, anxious and glowing in his beautiful and amiable Gertrude, is not only *well*, but is *extremely* well portrayed. Gertrude herself, is as most heroines are, vastly beautiful, vastly elegant, vastly amiable, vastly strong-minded, and of course a *rara avis*. Yet, alas! she swerves from her duty to her parent, and flies from her good father clandestinely, and marries a young and profligate officer, the only son and legitimate child of a baronet, whose family pride being offended, he is very indignant at what he calls disgrace, and through the machinations of an illegitimate daughter, the destruction of the son and his wife is brought about.

Gertrude Wallace, though very amiable, very beautiful, and very interesting, verifies the old and vulgar proverb, that 'when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window.' She, however, battles through much affliction, and encounters with her infant great distress. Her husband, after his course of dissipation is nearly run, kills, in a fashionable way, his man in a duel, and makes his exit, not by a 'bare bodkin,' but a pistol. With the most despicable cowardice, instead of bearing up against the frowns of fortune, with honest and manly pride, he leaves a young and amiable wife, whom he had seduced from her duty, and an helpless infant to fight their way in the world as they can. Gertrude dies of a broken heart, under the parental roof which she had so rashly left. The character of Sir John Audley is not ill drawn; but his natural daughter is so truly diabolical, that it spoils the whole piece by its unnatural wickedness. In colonel Purbeck and lord Highton, we have two different characters, the former of which shows what a soldier ought to be, and the latter what alas! we see too often in the present day, thoughtless, vitiated, luxurious, and idle. In this work we particularly object to the act of *suicide*; the story might have been wound up with equal or more interest if the hero had been made rather to bear the ill he had, than fly to others that he knew not of.

POETRY.

ART. 24.—*The Rise, Progress, and Termination of the O. P. War, in poetic Epistles, or Hudibrastic Letters, from Ap. Simpkins in Town, to his Friend Ap. Davies in Wales; including all the best Songs, Placards, Toasts, &c. &c. which were written, exhibited, and given on the Occasion, with illustrative Notes, by Thomas Tegg.* London, Tegg, 1849, 18mo. pp. 179. 5s.

THE varied events of the O. P. war are here very accurately chronicled in rhyme. The composition is rather humorous, and is entitled to no small share of praise, considering the probable rapidity of the execution.

ART. 25.—*Hero and Leander; a Poem.* London, Faulder, 1810, 4to.

THE above poem is printed by Mr. Gye, of Bath, with beautiful types, jet black ink, and on an excellent paper, with a yellowish tint, very grateful to the eye, and very smooth to the touch.—The same praise may also be bestowed on the following.

ART. 26.—*Sonnets and other metrical Pieces, by Louis.* London, Champante, 4to.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 27.—*Arithmetic made Easy; consisting of above nine hundred Examples in the fundamental Rules, the Rule of Three, and Practice; a variety of miscellaneous Questions, and Bills of Parcels. The whole adapted to the Capacities; and designed as an Introduction to larger Treatises on Arithmetic. To which is subjoined an Appendix, containing Tables of Weights and Measures. By John Thompson. The second Edition, considerably enlarged and improved.* London, Longman, 1809, 12mo. 1s. 3d. half-bound.

ART. 28.—*A Key to Thomson's Arithmetic made Easy; containing Answers to the Examples, Exercises, Questions, and Bills of Parcels in that Work. To which are added, Arithmetical Examinations. By John Thompson.* London, Longman, 1809, 6d.

WE look with no very complacent eye on elementary books of science which have the flattering words '*made easy*' in the title; as we have often found these words to mean '*rendered very difficult*.' We do not say that this is the case in the present instance; but still the first rules of arithmetic are, to the full, as perspicuously explained in many other works.

ART. 29.—*Lockie's Topography of London; giving a concise local Description of, and accurate Direction to every Square, Street, Lane, Court, Dock, Wharf, Inn, Public Office, &c. in the Metropolis and its Environs, including the new Buildings to the present time, upon a Plan never hitherto attempted. The whole alphabetically arranged, and comprising the Description of more than three thousand Places, the Names of which are not to be found upon any of the Maps of the present Year. Taken from actual Survey by John Lockie, Inspector of Buildings to the Phoenix Fire Office.* London, Mawman, Poultry, &c. 1810. Price 8s. boards.

GREAT pains appear to have been taken in the formation of this very useful directory. There is not a court, alley, lane, row, or place, however minute or obscure, which has been left unnoticed. Mr. Lockie deserves great praise for the accuracy of this actual survey.

*Alphabetical Monthly Catalogue, or List of Books published in
March, 1810.*

Aikin.—Memoir of the Life of Peter Daniel Huet, Bishop of Avranches, written by himself, and translated from the original Latin, with copious Notes, biographical and critical. By John Aikin, M. D. 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 1s.

Account (An) of the Origin, Progress, and Consequences of the late Discontent of the Army on the Madras Establishment. 8vo. 8s.

Authentic (An) Narrative, of four years residence at Tougataboos, one of the Friendly Islands, in the South Sea. 8vo. 8s.

Benson.—The Wife, a Novel, in 3 vols. By Maria Benson, author of Thoughts on Education. 16s. 6d.

Britannia Depicta, a Series of Views, with brief descriptions of the most entertaining and Picturesque Objects of Great Britain. Folio, Part 3, Cheshire. Demy, 11. 15s. Royal, 31. 10s.

British (The) Atlas, containing Maps of all the Counties of England and Wales; a general Map of the Canals; a general Map of the Post Roads, &c. Twenty-two Plans of Cities and Country Towns, and views of Cathedrals, &c. half-bound, Royal 4to. 31. 10s. Impl. paper, 51. 5s.

Burdon.—Materials for Thinking. By W. Burdon. 2 vols. 8vo.

Balderstone.—Sermons on various subjects, selected and improved from Archbishop Tillotson's Works, addressed to the younger Clergy, and earnestly recommended to their attention, as affording some of the best Specimens of Pulpit Eloquence, in his, or perhaps, any other language. More, from the same author, are preparing for publication, as patronage may fall out. By the Rev. R. R. Balderstone, Curate of Wencle, Cheshire. 8vo. 8s. boards.

Clarke.—Life of Admiral Lord Nelson, from his Lordship's Manuscripts, (abridged from the quarto edition), by the Rev. James Staffier Clarke, F. R. S. and John M'Arthur, Esq. 8vo. 16s. boards.

Crabbe.—The Borough, a Poem, in 24 Letters, By the Rev. G. Crabbe. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Cruise.—A Treatise on the Origin and Nature of Dignities, or Titles of Honour; containing all the Cases of Peerage, together with the mode of proceeding in Claims of this kind. By William Cruise, Esq. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Chalmers.—Caledonia, or an Account, Historical and Topographic, of North Britain, from the most Ancient to the present Times. By George Chalmers, F. R. S. vol. 2. 4to. 31. 3s.

Dawson.—Observations on the Walcheren Diseases, which affected the British Soldiers in the Expedition to the Scheldt, commanded by Lieut.-General the Earl of Chatham. By G. P. Dawson, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, in London. 8vo. 7s. boards

Desultory Reflections on Banks in General, and the System of keeping up a False Capital, by Accommodation Paper, so much resorted to by Monopolists and Speculators. 4s.

Evans.—A new Royal Atlas, distinctly and accurately engraved by Mr. Neele, from the best Modern Authorities, illustrative of the various Divisions, which comprise the Surface of the Globe; intended also as an interesting Companion to Bigland's View of the World, and the New Geographical Grammar, by the Rev. John Evans, A. M. 8vo. half-bound, 9s. full coloured, 12s.

Fitzgerald.—The Spaniard and Shorlammeh, a Traditional Tale of Ireland in the fifteenth Century, with other Poems. By Preston Fitzgerald, Esq. Foolscap, 5s. boards.

Francis.—Reflections on the Abundance of Paper in circulation, and Scarcity of Coin. By Sir Philip Francis, K. B. 2s.

Girdlestone.—An entire New Version of all the Odes of Pindar, from the original Greek into English Lyric Verse, with Notes. By the Rev. G. L. Girdlestone, A. M. 4to. 11. 5s.

Hamilton.—Hints for the Treatment of the Principal Diseases in Infancy and Childhood, adapted to the Use of Parents, By James Hamilton, M. D. 8vo. 6s.

Herrick.—Select Poems from the *Hesperides*, or Works both human and Divine, of Robert Herrick, Esq. 8vo. 8s.

Historical (An) and Critical Essay on the Life and Character of Petrarch, with a Translation of a few of his Sonnets, illustrated with Portraits and Engravings. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Influences (The) of Sensibility, a Poem, in 3 Parts, small 8vo. 4s. bds.

Jesse.—Sermons on the Person and Office of the Redeemer, and on the Faith and Practice of the Redeemed. By William Jesse. 8vo. 8s.

Lysons.—*Magna Britannica*; being a concise Topographical Account of the several Counties of Great Britain. Vol. 2. Part 2, Cheshire. By the Rev. Daniel Lysons, and S. Lysons, Esq. Demy 4to. 3l. 3s. Royal 4to. 5l. 5s.

Maclean.—An Enquiry into the Nature, Causes, and Cure of the Hydrothoras, illustrated by interesting Cases. By L. Maclean, M. D. 8vo. 12s.

Oliver.—An Analysis of Mr. Loke's Essay concerning Human Understanding. By Edward Oliver, D. D. 4to. 5s.

Pinkerton.—A general Collection of the best and most interesting Voyages and Travels in all Parts of the World, many of which are now first translated into English; digested on a new plan. By J. Pinkerton, author of *Modern Geography*, &c.; illustrated with plates. 6 vols. 4to. 13l. 13s.

Parkinson.—A Treatise on the Breeding and Management of Live Stock; in which the principles and proceedings of the New School of Breeders are fully and experimen-

tally discussed. By Richard Parkinson. 2 vols. 8vo. 34s.

Rommilly.—Observations on the Criminal Law of England, as it relates to Capital Punishments, and on the Mode in which it is administered. By Sir Samuel Rommilly. 2s.

Schetky.—Illustrations of Walter Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel, consisting of Twelve Views on the rivers Bothwick, Ettrick, Yarrow, Tiviot, and Tweed. By John C. Schetky. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Sack.—A Narrative of a Voyage to Surinam; of a Residence there during 1805, 6, 7, and of his Return to Europe by way of North America. By Baron Albert Von Sack, Chamberlain to his Prussian Majesty. 4to. 1l. 7s.

Townsend.—Poems by George Townsend, of Trinity College, Cambridge. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Wilks.—Historical Sketches of the South of India, in an attempt to trace the History of Mysore, from the origin of the Hindoo Government of that State to the Extinction of the Mahomedan Dynasty in 1719. By Lieut.-Col. Mark Wilks. Vol. 1. 4to 2l. 2s.

Wilson.—Letters on Ancient History; exhibiting a summary view of the History, Geography, Manners, and Customs of the Assyrian, Babylonian, Median, Persian, Egyptian, Israelitish, and Grecian Nations. By Ann Wilson. 12mo.

Young.—Practical Geometry; or a New and Easy Method of treating that Art; whereby the practice of it is rendered plain and familiar, &c. By T. Young. 12mo. 6s.

List of Articles, which, with many others, will appear in the next Number of the C. R.

Graham's British Georgics.*

Macdonald's Travels in Denmark, &c.

Mrs. Plunkett's Dangers through Life.

Gilpin's Observations on the County of Cambridge, &c.

A new Translation of Quintus Curtius.

Duke de Chatelet's Travels in Portugal.

Cary's Prosody.

Hare's History of Switzerland.

* This article was omitted in the last Number, owing to a circumstance which it is needless to mention.

THE
CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE THIRD.

Vol. XIX.

APRIL, 1810.

No. IV.

ART. I.—*British Georgics.* By James Grahame, 4to. pp. 342, pr. 1l. 11s. 6d. Printed by Ballantyne, for Longman, &c. 1809.

THE attempt to convey familiar practical instruction in the language of poetry, has always been considered by us in the light of a lamentable perversion of judgment on the one hand, and misapplication of genius on the other. We know of no answer that can be made to this simple position. If the subject of communication be of a serious and important nature, it ought to be delivered in that form which is most suitable to general comprehension, and best calculated for practical utility; if it be of no importance at all, then it is beneath the dignity of poetry. The subject of the work before us is undoubtedly of the former description: its importance both in a philosophical and a political view ought not to be questioned. If Mr. Grahame had any new light to throw on the topic, any experiments to suggest, any discoveries to promulgate, any theory to support, he could not employ his time or his labour better than in communicating to the public all he knew, or thought, or felt, concerning it. But we fear that there are few practical farmers who will derive much benefit from his instructions, delivered in all the pompous inanity of blank verse. And if, on the contrary, as we are inclined to suspect, there is nothing to be found in his precepts which the public are not already possessed of in a more applicable shape, we cannot see that the mere capacity of arranging common places in a certain frame of measured words and syllables, ought to be any excuse for the republication of doctrines already in general circulation.

This being our declared opinion, we can admit of no arguments drawn from high names and authorities to over-rule the judgment we have formed. If Virgil had not diversified his

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Georgics with a number of agreeable and beautiful Episodes, both of the narrative and descriptive sorts, the poem would no more have found admirers among men of taste, than we have reason to believe it produced disciples among the cultivators of the soil. And with regard to those passages upon which its immortality is founded, they are so wholly independent of the general design of the poem, that they have nothing at all to do with the question whether that design is a wise or a foolish one. Suppose Shakspeare had rendered Plowden's Commentaries into blank verse, and introduced his beautiful panegyric upon Mercy into a discourse upon the regal prerogative, men would have been agreed as to the beauty of the particular passage, but the design of the poem would not have been the more commended. If he had gone yet farther and interspersed every page with splendid monuments of his genius, all the world would have combined to rank him among the first of poets; but no man would have urged his example in defence of so very absurd and ludicrous a composition. Yet, we must profess that we see no assignable reason why law, or physic, or mathematics, or divinity, should not be taught in blank verse as well as agriculture; and, while the poets of the age are so grave and sententious in the subjects to which they dedicate their muse, we cannot do better than recommend a little novelty at least in the objects of their pursuit. Medicine, indeed, has been already touched upon by more than one poetical doctor and apothecary. With regard to theology, too, some important discoveries have lately been made by versifying amateurs of the Bible. Discoveries no less interesting than that some of the most popular texts of Scripture can be measured off into lines of ten precise feet in length with proper emphasis on every syllable. But in neither physics nor divinity has the ground, though boldly broken, been cultivated with any very great assiduity or success, while in other branches of science our national poetry is still totally defective. Who has ever yet heard of 'British Conic Sections, a poem in blank verse, by A. B.;' or of 'Caledonian Hydrostatics, in the metrical ballad-metre, by C. D.?' When will the taste of the age be so refined that our students and practitioners may acquire useful knowledge of every kind in a rhythmical form of conveyance? When shall we see 'Sonnet's illustrative of the Mariner's Compass;' 'Probationary Odes on Fractures and Gun-shot Wounds;' 'Lyrical Ballads, adapted to the Practice of docking Estates-Tail by means of Common Recoveries;' or Poetical Eclogues, containing the Evidences for the Christian Religion?' Yet, what is there in common sense that should prevent all these

topics from being embraced within the circle of poetry, if the art of husbandry is allowed to be so included? Who gave agriculture an exclusive patent for strutting about in blank verse, for being inculcated metrically? Where is this patent to be found? Who can produce it? If farmers are to be taught their business by rhythmical lectures, why should not gentlemen learn their professions by the same easy and agreeable method of instruction? Why should the Muses prefer a hoe to a scalpel, a pruning-knife to a pair of compasses, cow-dung to the electric fluid, or the breed of Merino sheep to a Habeas Corpus?

We are perfectly aware of the answer which is ready to be made to all such observations as these. We shall be reminded of the "*Divini gloria ruris*," and told that agricultural poetry is not supposed to be beautiful *per se*, but beautiful by virtue of the associations which it produces.

Granted—the very same reasoning applies to the versifying of any art or science. By the same rule, because the charms of a beautiful woman have been a frequent theme of the most luxuriant description; therefore, every thing that goes to constitute those charms must be a fit subject for poetry. If I celebrate the lustre of an eye, why should not the sclerotica, the cornea, the crystalline humour, the optic nerve, (all which contribute most essentially to the object of celebration) be represented in all the minuteness of poetical detail? Or why is a poet allowed to dwell on the brilliancy of a fair complexion, and prohibited from talking of the inner and the outer cuticle, the reins and arteries, the lymph, the serum, and the blood, of which that complexion is composed? If so, where must he stop? Why should not every branch of the science of anatomy be a fit subject for poetical instruction?

But, say our objectors, it is upon the visible and sensible effects produced, whether in the natural or moral world; upon these, and these only, that the ornaments of poetry can be employed to advantage; and it is to these that her offices should be confined. This is precisely the point to which we wish to bring our argument. Then let us still enjoy the "*Divini gloria ruris*" according to this just and philosophical distinction. Let us still have the fields of waving corn, diversified with all the variety of description which the variety of natural appearances can call forth; but away with the dung and compost, the marle and clay, the sowing, and harrowing, and paring, and burning, and ploughing, and spreading of manure, and rotation of crops, the clover and turnips, and potatoes, and the drill-ploughing of bean-fields, and the reasons of planting beans in drills, and culmiferous plants in the

broadest way, and weeding with the plough and with the hoe, and top-dressing with composts of alluvial mud, and irrigation, and staking off of turnip-fields for sheep, and hand-hoeing, and horse-hoeing, and ploughing in the intervals, and all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of good or bad husbandry—these things have nothing to do with poetry—they have no connection with the impression produced on our minds by those natural effects of which they are only the dry and abstract causes. “The subject, Sir, cannot be made poetical;” (said Johnson, speaking of Dyer’s “Fleece.”) “How can a man write poetically of sergets and druggets?” Mr. Grahame tells us, that he has ‘not attempted to exhibit a *system* of husbandry. I have aimed not so much to instruct as to amuse; not to teach a science, but to recommend the study of it.’

We also most heartily recommend the study of it, but see no possible reason why the recommendation should be made, or the study pursued, in Blank Verse.

But Mr. Grahame goes on to add,

‘As intimately connected with that study, and as an object of infinite importance in itself, I have pointed my view more or less directly to the situation and manners of the peasantry. It is my wish to draw the attention of landed proprietors to that most important class of the community, and to persuade them that the welfare of the country depends in a great measure on preserving the cultivators of the soil in that relative state of respectability, comfort, and consequence, which they have hitherto held, but which the fashionable system of agriculture has an evident tendency to destroy.’

That the situation and manners of the peasantry is a subject ‘of infinite importance,’ in a political and philosophical point of view, we most cordially agree with our author in thinking and in asserting; nor have we received more pleasure from any part of his work than from those passages, both in prose and verse, wherein he honestly and liberally stands forward as a champion for that diffusion of knowledge which is calculated to elevate them in the scale of reasoning and accountable beings, and as a bold reprover of that superstitious timidity which we have seen exerted to the temporary discomfiture of justice, liberality, and policy. It is the occasional burst of virtuous indignation, the strain of high-souled superiority, which such narrow views and selfish dispositions excite, that constitute the noblest claims of Cowper’s genius; and there are few passages in Cowper which we have read with more animation than the following lines of Grahame, of which the matter, more than the manner, perhaps, delights us.

— are fields alone

Worthy the culture of a fostering state !
 What is a country rich in waving grain,
 In sweeping herds, and flocks, barren of men,
 Or, fruitful of a race degenerate, sunk
 In gloomy ignorance, without a ray
 Of useful, or of pleasing love, to cheer
 The listless hours, when labour folds his arms ?
 What heart so base, so sordid, as engross,
 Not only all the luxuries and joys
 Which affluence can minister to man,
 But would, from common use, lock up the fount
 Of knowledge pure, lest men should be too wise !
 What sacrilegious tongue dare to arraign
 The glorious work, by which the sacred page
 Was patent made to every eye that looks
 Upon the light of heaven, and blesses God
 That yet a brighter light illumines his soul !
 Who dares, with brow of adamant, maintain
 That Britain's sons, who sent him to defend
 Their rights,—whose delegated voice derives
 Its power from them,—dares, with a cynic jest,
 Deny the right of Englishmen to read !' p. 29.

This apostrophe is, however, the conclusion of the first month of Mr. Grahame's Calendar. We ought, in strict propriety, and perhaps in justice to the author, to have commenced our quotations with the beginning of it.

January.

'The labours of the plough, the various toils
 That still returning with the changeful year,
 Demand the husbandman's and cotter's care ;
 The joys and troubles of the peasant's life
 His days and nights of festive mirth, that serve,
 Though few, yet long foreseen, remembered long,
 To lighten every task ; his rural sports
 Afield, at home ; the fickle season's signs ;
 The varying face of nature, wood, and stream,
 And hill, and fruitful field—these now I sing.

The wintry sun shoos forth a feeble glimpse,
 Then yields his short-lived empire to the night.
 Hail, Night ! pavilioned 'neath the rangeless cope,
 I love thy solemn state, profoundly dark,
 Thy sable pall ; thy lucid throne of clouds
 Viewless save by the lightning's flash ; thy crown
 That boasts no starry gem ; thy various voice,
 That to the heart, with eloquence divine,
 Now in soft whispers, now in thunder speaks,
 Not undelightful is thy reign to him

Good old
pleasures of

Who wakeful gilds, with reveries bright, thy gloom,
Or listens to the music of the storm,
And meditates on Him who sways its course,
Thy solemn state I love, yet joyful greet
The long-expected dawn's ambiguous light,
That faintly pencils out the horizon's verge.

' Long ere the lingering dawn of that blithe morn
Which ushers in the year the roosting cock,
Flapping his wings, repeats his larum shrill;
But on that morn no busy flail obeys
His rousing call; no sounds but sounds of joy
Salute the year,—the first-foot's entering step*
That sudden on the floor is welcome heard,
Ere blushing maids have braided up their hair;
The laugh, the hearty kiss, the *good new year*
Pronounced with honest warmth. In village grange
And borough town, the steaming flaggon, borne
From house to house, elates the poor man's heart,
And makes him feel that life has still its joys.
The aged and the young, man, woman, child,
Unite in social glee; even stranger dogs,
Meeting with bristling back, soon lay aside,
Their snarling aspect, and in sportive chase,
Excursive scour, or wallow in the snow;
With sober cheerfulness, the grandam eye's
Her offspring round her, all in health and peace;
And, thankful that she's spared to see this day
Return once more, breathes low a secret prayer
That God would shed a blessing on their heads.' p. 49.

In this passage there is a good deal that is pleasing, and a little that is poetical, but we can discover in it no great originality; unless the poet lays claim to that praise in favour of his stranger dogs; and really we do not remember ever before, either in prose or verse to have read, that dogs, whether foreign or domestic, are apt to give any tokens of their being able to distinguish the morning of New Year's Day from any other morning in the year. But it is possible that Scottish dogs may be bred to this.

The business of the poem then begins, and the peasant is warned not to let New Year's Day pass unemployed over his head. Now, he is told, is the time for him to attend to his fences, and then follows a discussion on the benefits to be derived from different methods of fencing, and a general recommendation of small enclosures and thick hedges by way of matter, my

first visitant who enters a house on New Year's Day, is called the

shelter; a piece of advice, which, we conceive, is of all others, the least proper for general application.

There is very little novelty in the fall of snow; and the peasant who is *all but* lost on his way home, differs in no one point, except the *but*, from Thomson's Traveller. The frost scene which follows is attended with some circumstances of good natural painting.

'Ruddy is now the dawning as in June,
And clear and blue the vault of noontide sky;
Nor is the slanting orb of day unfelt.
From sunward rocks, *the icicle's faint drop*,
By lonely river-side, is heard at times
To break the silence deep; for now the stream
Is mute, or faintly gurgles far below
Its frozen ceiling: silent stands the mill,
The wheel immoveable, and shod with ice.
The babbling rivulet, at each little slope,
Flows scantily beneath a lucid veil,
And seems a pearly current liquified,' &c.

—'But chiefly is the power of frost display'd
Upon the lake's crystalline broad expanse,
Wherein the whole reflected hemisphere
Majestically glows, and the full sweep,
From pole to pole, of shooting star is seen:
Or when the noon-day sun illumines the scene,
And mountain hoar, tree, bush, and margin reed,
Are imaged in the deep.'—

Then we have a skating-scene, which is pretty, and much enlivened by all the beauty of Edinburgh collected on the brink to witness the graceful exercises of the performers. This is followed by the description of a *curling match* upon the ice between two rival parishes; a good old Scottish custom, and like most of our ancient rural sports, equally conducive to health, activity, and good fellowship. In the same spirit of good sense and liberality which dictated the former observation on the state of the peasantry, which we quoted from Mr. Grahame's preface, he adds in the sentence immediately following it,

'Though I am no friend to *idleness*, I am humbly of opinion that innocent recreations ought to be encouraged; that festivals, holidays, customary sports, and every institution which adds an hour of importance, or of harmless enjoyment, to the poor man's heart, ought to be religiously observed.'

He laments the gradual decay of many of the good old pastimes, which were the innocent and salutary pleasures of

our abscissors; and expresses a wish that he may be allowed to hope, by means of faithful descriptions of such as are now on the wain, 'not only to preserve their remembrance, but perhaps retard the rapidity of their decline.'

February.

'The long-piled mountain-snows at last dissolve,
Bursting the roaring river's brittle bonds.
Ponderous the fragments down the cataract shoot,
And, buried in the boiling gulph below,
Emerging, re-appear, then roll along,
Tracing their height upon the half-sunk trees.
But slower, by degrees, the obstructed wave
Accumulated, crashing, scarcely seems
To move, pausing at times, until, upheaved
In masses huge, the lower sheet gives way.'

'Tis now time 'to clear your ploughshare in the glebe.'—
Mr. Grahame recommends the use of the Scottish plough, 'if deep you wish to go;' but on the other hand 'if the soil be soft and friable,' the smaller plough is preferable. Perhaps our farmers do not stand in need of a second Virgil to teach them such a lesson as this, any more than to inform them, as Mr. G. does immediately afterwards, that there is more labour in ploughing waste land for the first time than there is in ploughing the same land when it has passed through a long course of improvement. A little further down he acquaints them that he has seen wonderful effects produced by the judicious manuring of rough ground after it has once been reduced into a state of cultivation.

The concluding precept of the present month regards the cultivation of willows and osiers; which the poet recommends, partly because they form excellent fences and embankments, partly because basket-making is an honest and laborious trade, but principally because he has an odd humour of liking to hear the inhabitants of a blind asylum sing the psalm beginning 'By the waters of Babylon,' while they are thus innocently and usefully occupied. This, it must be confessed, is somewhat whimsical even in a poet.

This last reason for recommending plantations of willow is that he once heard a French prisoner tell how, before the war began, he dwelt upon the willowy banks of Loire, and how his wife died of fright when she heard that he was called out under the conscript-laws, and how (whether by an act of mercy in the prefect, or in what way else we are not informed) he was suffered to stay at home just long enough to make a cradle for his child out of those very willows that grow on the

river-side, and how he was then unable to tell whether his child was alive or dead, and thought perhaps that he should never see him again. The best of all this is, that the Frenchman is made to speak in the Scotch idiom, using 'I will,' familiarized into 'I'll,' instead of 'I shall.' It is thus that Mr. Grahame kindly undertakes to refresh the minds of his readers, (harassed by the profound attention which they have found it necessary to pay to his arguments and instruction) with entertaining and original anecdote.

March.—This month contains very little that we judge worthy of quotation in a poetical view, unless we except the fine comparison at the commencement, by which 'all the vast magnificence of heaven' is beautifully and justly made to resemble the orchestra at one of our summer theatres. He is speaking of his old favourites, the birds, whom he describes

as

'Some rising, some descending, some beyond
The visual ken, *making the vaulted sky*
One vast orchestra.'

We were rather alarmed on finding ourselves suddenly introduced to an old gentleman whom the poet says he knew, 'bowed down with age and toil,' apprehending, not without good cause, the consequences of another long story, which, as it was then not near bed-time, might have been somewhat unpleasant. But we were agreeably relieved on discovering that he had nothing to say, but give a few directions about 'the rotation of crops,' (which we skip, *selon notre coutume*,) and is then courteously dismissed. A few verses follow on the vicissitudes of the seasons which, though they are pleasing, remind us too forcibly of a certain observation of Solomon's concerning novelty. Besides, though nature may be grateful in all her vicissitudes, we question whether it is perfectly correct to say that vicissitude is grateful in all its forms. A poetical proposal 'for applying fire by means of a roller,' is the most remarkable of the agricultural topics which this month suggests.

April.—This is the time for barley-sowing and for steeping the seed 'in saline infusion.' Look again at your fences, and lop your hedges, but take care you don't do more harm than good, and above all things don't put yourself in a passion with the poor, innocent, unoffending things, and so cut more than you ought to do. The practice of *smacking* of hedges is much to be condemned, and so is that of planting your fences too scantily. The poet recommends a different method of proceeding.

'Now, 'mid the general glow of opening blooms,
Coy maidens blush consent, nor slight the gift,
From neighbouring fair brought home, till now refused.
Swains, *seize the sunny hours to make your hay.*'

[Mind the reader is not to take this literally.—Our poet is too experienced a farmer to tell you actually to mow your grass in the early month of April when there is hardly any grass to mow. No—no—This is only by way of types and figures. This is only the good old proverb, 'make your hay while the sun shines,' put into *poetry*; and a very proper piece of advice it is.]

'For woman's smiles are fickle as the sky.'

We would here recommend the insertion of another proverb, full as poetical as the former, between this and the two concluding lines of the sentence.

'Take time then by the forelock, gentle swains!'
Bespeak the priest, bespeak the minstrel too.

Insert—'Also bespeak your wedding-ring in haste,
Ere May, to wedlock hostile, stop the banns.'

We leave our readers to determine whether the sense of this beautiful passage would have been as complete as it now is, without the addition of our interpolated lines. But, after all, why May should be hostile to wedlock we have yet to learn. The description of the wedding festivities which follows, we would willingly think very pretty, and quote accordingly; but alas! the chilling fear comes over us that there is too much affectation in it, to please, and too little novelty, to interest the reader.

May.—If any body is so smitten with the power of verse, as to take delight in a few poetical lines and pleasing images without much meaning, and even with some degree of silliness, in the sentiments which inspire them, there are parts of the following quotation calculated, we think, to afford him that sort of gratification. We do not, however, mean the beginning of it, which is as flat and prosaic as any thing we can well imagine.

'In times of old, stall-feeding was unknown,
Save during winter months, inclosures then
Were rare, and every hill-side, every lea
And broomy bank, was vocal with the notes
Of rustic pipe, or rudely chaunted rhymes,
Responsive echoed wild from herd to herd,
Tending their charge of mingled sheep and kine.

And still they may be seen, on Scotia's braes,
 The shepherd boy, with horn and club, and dog,
 Couched on the chequered plaid, and, at a side
 His little turf-built hut, with boughs o'erlaid,
 Wherein are placed, from sudden shower secure,
The life of Wallace Wight, with goodly store
 Of ballads old and new, which oft he cons,
 And thus, in pleasing solitude, he spends
 His harmless, not unprofitable hours,
 Till, by his brazen dial warn'd, he drives
 Homeward, at noon, his flock.

'O simple times

Of peaceful innocence, fast giving way
 To trade's encroaching power! Yes, trade ere long
 Will drive each older custom from the land,
 Will drive each generous passion from the breast,
 Even love itself that in the peasant's heart
 Was wont to glow with pure and constant flame,
 Now burns less purely than in times of old;
 A fatal sign. Yet still the "trysting thorn"
 Is seen to bloom elsewhere than in the song
 Of youthful bard: Beneath the green wood tree,
 When on May morning, maids, to gather dew,
 Hie to the primrose bank, the mutual vow
 Is pledged, and hallowed kept, though absence, war
 And, keenest pang! supposed forgetfulness,
 Conspire to shake the true and trusting heart,
 Still in the gloamin, by the river side,
 When calmness sleeps upon the smooth expanse,
 And all is hush, save plunge of sportive trout,
 (Propitious hour!) fond lovers meet and stray,
 Forgetful of the time, till, from below
 The adverse bank, peeps out the warning moon.' p. 89.

Now, if the sense of this pretty complaint be analyzed, what does it amount to? In old times, the poet says, there were no inclosures. In the first division of this poem, he recommends with all the force of his eloquence, frequent, small inclosures, and, if any one precept is pushed by him to the utmost extent, it is that by which farmers are instructed to pay the utmost attention to the care of their fences. We should imagine, then, that in this respect there can be no reason (according to the poet's own shewing) for the (generally, very foolish) exclamation of

'Car meilleur temps fut le temps ancien.'

What does he complain of? That the race of shepherds and shepherds' boys is become almost extinct, because there is no longer any occasion for them. A mighty grievance—yet, to

any understanding except that of a poet, it is the converting a class of the community, whose greatest praise (and that we fear not universally well deserved) is that they were harmless, to a state of more active utility. For as to all that pretty talk about '*The life of Wallace Wight*,' and 'the goodly store of ballads old and new,' though we readily admit the state of the Scottish peasantry to be in general, and from obvious reasons, much more cultivated than that of the corresponding orders of Englishmen, yet, if the merit of a member of society is to be estimated according to the advantage which he is of to that society, we think that time may be employed in a more praise-worthy manner. While a country is open and unenclosed, it is necessary that some men's lives must be passed in this idle manner for the sake of those who employ them; but we really can see no reason for whimpering and crying 'Oh' and 'alas!' because the necessity no longer exists.

We have also in this part of Mr. G's poem, a very pathetic description of the inhabitants of a village being forced to remove to a town by the commands of those

" Whose princely territories stretch
Afar o'er hill and dale," &c. &c. &c.

Which we have the consolation of believing, would never have been thought of, were it not for some poor verses which were, thirty or forty years since hawked about Grub-street, a copy of which seems, by some means or other, to have fallen into the hands of Mr. Grahame. The production to which we allude is called '*The deserted Village*,' and is said to have been written by a man of the name of Goldsmith. The sentiment, if it had been original, might have been called pretty, and been placed side by side with the subject of our last quotation. But really nothing was ever more absurd than all this whining about the hard case of people who, finding, or thinking they find it their interest to emigrate, are no more to be pitied for the act of emigration than any person, of any rank or situation in life, who leaves his present enjoyments for the sake of future prospects. As for compulsion, it is nonsense to talk of it. How often, we should like to know, does it happen these 'men of princely territories' do, or can turn out their tenants upon the wide world without giving them time and opportunity to look for another situation which may suit them as well? And where is the great hardship of a man, who has only a short lease, or no lease at all, in the house he inhabits, being obliged, even if it were on a sudden, to look out for another? '*Fudge*,' said Mr. Buschell.

June.—But our task would never be ended if we thus pursued Mr. Grahame's Calendar through every successive stage. The subject of the verses with which the present division of the work concludes, however, is so animating and so congenial to the best feelings of the heart wherever and whenever it occurs, that we shall readily give way to our inclination for presenting our readers with an extract of some length. From observing on the high utility of shade during summer to the herds and flocks of the farmer, the poet proceeds to lament the destruction of the Caledonian forests.

Upon thy hills,
Fair Scotland! which the goodly forest crown'd
In times of old, a tree, or sheltering bush,
Is now but rarely seen—the mossy breach,
Or stone, or flood-coop'd bank the only shield
Where, screen'd but scantily, the panting sheep
Can shun the sweltering beam.

Where, Ettrick! now, thy forest wide out-stretched
Here towering high, in all its greenwood pride
As swelled the mountain steeps, and these as low
Sinking into the dale, one sylvan scene,
Extending far as eye could reach, unbroke
Save by the winding river's course, or cliff
Projecting, or sweet sunny glade, where lay
In ruminating peace, the fallow deer,
A grove of antlers, or by airy tower
That far o'erlook'd to guard the green domain
Where Ettrick, now thy pride! save in the song
Of that bold minstrel, whose loud-clang'ing strings
Struck by the lightning of his ardent soul
Awoke echoes that responses made
To noise of wars recorded in his lay!
Where, Cheviot! now, thy oaken canopy
Of boughs, beneath whose twilight vault, full-armed,
The horseman rode, nor scathed his nodding crest.
Where now thine Torwood! sacred to the cause
Of Liberty! where now the tree revered,
Beneath whose boughs the head of Wallace lay,
That ill-starred eve, ere Grahame at Falkirk fell,
Beneath whose boughs the royal tent was stretched
Of Bruce, preparing for the glorious day
Of Bannockburn! At Bannockburn,—what heart
That boasts one drop of Scottish blood, but feels
A patriot glow burn thrilling through his frame,
New-nerve his languid arm, and make him smile
At (what in sober mood stirs bodings dark)
A Gallic thunder threatening Albion's shores!

Even yet the ploughman, as with sideward course
 He passes by the memorable stone
 (Fit pedestal for freedom's form sublime,)
 Wherein was fixed the Scottish standard, feels
 A conscious pride his bosom swell, and grasps
 With firmer hold the smooth-worn shafts.
 To them who on a lovely morn in June,
 At break of day, knelt on the dewy sward,
 While full in view Inchaffray's abbot reared
 The sacred host; to them who, ere the shut
 Of blood besprinkled flowers, fell in the cause
 Of freedom and their country! to the men
 Who that day's fight survived, and saw once more
 Their homes, their children;—and when silvery hairs
 Their temples thin bespread lived to recount,
 On winter nights, the achievements of that day!
 To them be ever raised the Muses' voice
 In grateful song triumphant;—for by them
 Was saved that independent state, so long maintained,
 From which, though in an evil hour resigned,
 Are now derived that liberty, those laws
 Beneath whose equal rule the swain secure
 Now wandering, at the silent gloamin tide
 Amid his earing fields, anticipates,
 With secret joy, and thankfulness of heart
 Exuberantly full, a plenteous year!

We are now arrived, in tolerably regular progression, exactly at the middle of Mr. Grahame's *Georgics*, and, looking at what we have already written, find that we have no room left us for further extract, and very little for further observation. The passages which have pleased us most in our perusal of what remains, are those in which he describes the return of the Highland reapers from their annual migration, and in which he anticipates his own probable departure from the land of his nativity. The warmth of friendship (as we imagine) has led him in one instance to pay a tribute to Mr. Campbell's genius, which that gentleman can hardly be much delighted to see in print.

————— Him who sung
 Ye mariners of England! in a strain
 More grand, inspired, than e'er from Grecian lyre
 Or Roman glowed, ————— &c.

Alas, poor Homer! and Oh unfortunate Messrs. Longinus and Eustathius, who lavished your praises on so undeserving an object, not foreseeing (as indeed how could you?) that the nineteenth century of the Christian era would boast a poet

as far greater than him, as it has produced a critic more enlightened than you!

The ceremonies of Halloween and the gambols of New Year's Eve, afford some pleasing description in the author's peculiar style; though, to be sure, the latter are introduced by an appellation rather ill adapted for poetical use.

'Of all the festive nights, which customs old,
And waning fast, have made the poor man's own,
The merriest of them all is *Hoggmanay*.'

In the notes, by way of illustration, we are presented with the following very smart and lively little epigram:

'Hogmenay Trololay,
Give us your white bread
And none of your grey.'

There is a spirit and force in the picture of a December storm, which Mr. Grahame's descriptions in general do not exhibit.

'I love the music of the midnight storm,
When wild, careening, drive the winds and rains,
And loud and louder, through the sounding groves,
The spirit of the tempest seems to howl,
And loud and louder beats the furious blast,
As if some giant hand, with doubling strokes,
Struck the strong wall and shook it to its base.
Awful the mustering pause, when all is hushed
Save the fierce river's roar.' &c. &c.

The poem concludes with all that solemnity which the contemplation of the works, and of the author, of nature ought to excite, and which might be expected from a poet of Mr. Grahame's peculiar turn of thought and mind. We should lament if a corresponding sensation was not in some degree impressed on our minds by the perusal, and much more if any supposed deficiency in point of poetical expression or effect could induce us to treat this passage of his work with any unbecoming levity. We most sincerely hope that if in the course of our preceding observations we have appeared to him less serious or more captious than is his due, he will not attribute our criticism to any want of respect either for his character or his abilities. The former, as far as it can be judged of from his works, our only medium of acquaintance with it, is deserving of a far different tribute; for from them we must believe him to be a benevolent, a liberal, and a religious man. The latter are surely, to say the least of

them, such as must elevate him, far above contempt or indifference. As a poet, if in our opinion he has not hitherto attained the eminence which we know that others of his contemporaries are willing to assign him, we should certainly place him at a much greater distance from the lowest than from the highest, rank of such as enjoy a portion of the public regard. As a man of sense and liberality of opinion, we consider him entitled to a more elevated station. He is, however, in our opinion, infected with much bad taste, and not a little affectation of style in composition, and at the same time we think his talents considerable enough to do some mischief with those qualities in their effect upon the judgments of others. It is for this reason that we have been so free, and so diffuse, in our censure, possibly to the prejudice of much that (with more room and leisure) we might have found worthy of being brought forward in his praise. If our own opinions are warped by a fondness for peculiar systems, or a predilection for particular writers, (which may be the case though we are not aware of it) let it be recollected, that all we profess is to form our opinions with care, and deliver them with freedom. We do not aim at influencing the judgments of others, and on any disputed points, are open to answer, and accessible to reproof if convicted of error.

ART. II.—*Travels through Denmark, and Part of Sweden, during the Winter and Spring of the present Year, 1809: containing authentic Particulars of the domestic Condition of those Countries, the Opinions of the Inhabitants and the State of Agriculture. By James Macdonald. London, Phillips, 1809, 2 vols. 12mo.*

MR. MACDONALD represents himself as having been shipwrecked off the Scaw, a village in North Jutland, on the 21st of November, 1808. The crew were saved by the intrepid humanity of the Danes. The author was sent from Scaw to Aalborg. He describes the hardships which he experienced with considerable minuteness. While he was at Aalborg, the English frigate, *Crescent*, of thirty-six guns and two hundred and seventy-four men, was lost on the night of the fifth of December off Lönstrup. The whole crew perished, with the exception of the first lieutenant of marines, the master, four midshipmen, the boatswain, and about fifty sailors and marines. These persons were conducted to Aalborg, and the author says that though the whole population of the town

was in the streets when they passed, not a single harsh word was uttered, nor an illiberal reflection made. This circumstance certainly reflects great honour on the generous character of the Danes, when we consider the aggravated indignity which the English had offered to their country in their wanton bombardment of Copenhagen, the destruction of their arsenals, and the capture of their marine. The natives behaved with the utmost humanity to the crew of the *Crescent* who were fortunate enough to reach the shore, and the bodies which were cast upon the beach after the wreck, were decently interred by the inhabitants.

The author writing at Aalborg in December, 1808, says, 'the common necessities of life are more than double their usual price: there is very little difference between the prices here, and those of London; and if we compare the real value of the articles, the Aalborg prices are unquestionably higher than those of the British metropolis. Meat is from six pence to nine pence per pound, of eighteen ounces and a half; bread is certainly dearer than in London; but I cannot state precisely how much; a good coat, seven shillings and six pence; a few, however, scarce articles, and bad at the best, two shillings and four pence; and a small fishy-tasted duck, one shilling and ten pence.'

'There are no manufactures of any consequence at Aalborg, excepting that of coarse hats and gloves; a stocking manufactory had been established by a gentleman, who had been some years resident in England; but he complained of the high price of labour, and the sluggish habits of his workmen. Considerable quantities of corn are exported from Aalborg to Norway, and the Danish isles.

The want of enclosures in Jutland is very adverse to the progress of agricultural improvement. When the crops are removed from the land, it reverts to a state of common pasture. One crop is raised after another till the vegetative powers of the soil are exhausted, when it is left untilled for an indefinite period.

One good regulation is observed throughout Jutland; viz. that which enjoin the prevention of sand-drift. Best grass, *canedo arenaria*, Linn. is not only never allowed to be destroyed, but is cultivated with great care, both by sowing and planting in all the sandy districts.

The separation of the peasant's possessions has been adopted over all the royal domains on that peninsula. Formerly they dwelt in villages, when the lands in tillage were subject to the alternate or accidental possession of all the inhabitants.

But the new arrangement of separate farms seems preferred to the ancient mode.

The author saw proofs of the happy condition of the peasantry, in the fatness of their children, and the plumpness of their horses. The breed of horses is not thought beneath the attention of the government.

'So much care,' says the author, 'does the government take to enforce the salutary regulations about stallions, that I have not either in this town, or in the whole of my journey of seventy miles from Scaw, seen one horse of a bad form, or less than thirteen hands high.'

They are said to be very like the valuable breed called the Suffolk punches, and the cost of each is from eighteen to thirty pounds sterling.

The agricultural implements are so infinitely below the British, and especially those of the Scotch and northern English, that they deserve no mention. Every cart in Denmark has four wheels; its body is a narrow box about from seven to nine feet long, and three feet broad at top, and fifteen or sixteen inches broad at the bottom; each of them contains about as much as a one-horse English cart. When the load is so great that two horses cannot conveniently trot, (they always trot and sometimes gallop whether they are loaded or not) the carter yokes three or four horses abreast, and squeezes them through the narrow roads as well as he can.

The Merino sheep are said to have been introduced into different parts of North Jutland, but to have degenerated in consequence of bad management. Cloth is very bad and extravagantlly dear.

'A cloth that would not find a buyer in any town or village of England, cost me at the rate of twenty shillings per yard; and the tailor charged one-third more for his wretched work than I ever paid in Bond-street, or St. James's, to excellent London tailors.'

The cows, according to Mr. M. are in general excellent milkers.

'They are almost all branded; (brindled?) and in more than one respect resemble our Lancashire breed.' Both cows and sheep are fed all the winter on a little bayley and chopped straw, mixed with some meadow hay.

No coin is to be procured at Aalborg; all is grey paper dollars, and if you go into a shop to buy a pennyworth of bread, or a glass of brandy, you must either leave a paper dollar in deposit, or purchase at different times, or of other things what will amount to its value. The price of labour is very high.

Common workmen earn two shillings per day, and tradesmen frequently four or five shillings sterling, and carpenters even six shillings, or six shillings and six pence.

It is not very clear what the author means by 'tradesmen,' in the above passage. A tradesman usually signifies a retail vendor of goods; but Mr. Macdonald seems to employ the word as a synonyme for artificer. But is not a carpenter an artificer?

The author visited the prison where the sailors and marines of the *Crescent* were confined, and represents the treatment which they experienced as very generous and humane. 'They were allowed warm rooms, decent clean beds, and the liberty of walking out occasionally under a proper escort.' This conduct is very creditable to the Danes.

From Aalborg Mr. Macdonald was escorted through Høbroe, Randers, Veile, Snoghoi to the island of Fünen, and thence over the Great Belt to Zealand. During part of the way he was struck by a number of tumuli similar to those which are so frequent in Dorsetshire. The following is the description of the Great Belt, during the severity of frost.

The distance across the narrowest part of the Great Belt is so considerable, it being betwixt eighteen and nineteen miles, that very few instances occur in history of a passage being effected over the ice by persons on foot. The ferrymen therefore are supplied with what they call ice-boats, or good stout common built boats, well fastened with iron, and furnished with iron keels, or at least keels strongly armed with that metal. These boats are dragged by the men like any other sledge, over those parts of the straits which are completely frozen, and where the ice is of the requisite smoothness and strength. These spots are, however, comparatively few. In consequence of currents, eddies, or strong winds, and greater depth of water in some places than in others, the boatmen frequently sink down into large holes in the ice, and are hauled into the boats by means of ropes, which are fastened round their shoulders. But it sometimes happens that this cannot be easily done, and that two or more pieces of ice are driven with such force against each other by the current and winds, that the unfortunate boatmen are squeezed to death or drowned before they have time to regain the boat. In other parts large sheets of ice, several yards in extent, and often ten or twelve feet high, raised edgeways by strong winds, oppose a dreadful barrier to all further progress. The boat must now be raised in the best way they can by means of ice-poles, handspikes, and oars, to the summit of the icy elevation, and precipitated to the opposite side. This is the most dangerous part of the whole operation, because the large masses of ice are often very insecurely bound together, and have inter-

slices of water, snow, or thin ice between them. To secure themselves as well as possible against the fatal treachery of the rough uneven ice, the boatmen use ice-poles, which they drive with all their might into the rough pavement under their feet, to ascertain its strength. All their precautions are nevertheless frequently unavailing; should a gale or a north-west wind start up when they are about midway their fate becomes almost inevitable. Huge fields of ice are then at once detached from the great mass which borders the shores of Funen and Zealand, and are tossed against each other with inconceivable fury by the contending currents, until, after a struggle of days or weeks, they find their way into the Baltic or Cattegat, according to the direction of the conquering wind. Destruction awaits any ship involved among these enraged combatants, and, accordingly, the number of accidents that every severe winter produces, is prodigious. The exertion requisite for accomplishing the passage often proves too great, and the boatmen, though they have not met with any unexpected incident peculiarly unfavourable; perish from cold and fatigue. The fare paid them is proportionally high, and varies with the various situations in which they are placed. The ordinary number of boatmen is eight, but they are frequently obliged to take as many as their boat can carry. When I asked some of our boatmen, who were accustomed to this hazardous sort of navigation, whether they thought it practicable for an army to cross the Great Belt in a rigorous season, they answered with seeming earnestness of conviction: "Sir, the wind must be calm for weeks together; and the frost more intense than any of us ever saw, before one hundred men can pass in arms; and as to cavalry and artillery they are out of the question: nor is this all; for should one hundred men succeed in their attempt to cross, ten men meeting them on the opposite shore, could kill them like so many sheep; so fatiguing is the journey, even to the stoutest and most experienced."

How fallacious then appear to have been the statements of our ministers, who, after perpetrating their atrocities against Copenhagen, represented the possession of the island of Zealand as untenable, because the French might so readily march a superior force in the winter over the frozen surface of the Great Belt!

In the events of the present war, which mock all the prophetic sagacity of past experience, and defy the calculation of reasonable probabilities, it may be difficult to say what course it is wisest and best to pursue, in order to check the ambition, or to set limits to the conquests of the enemy. These may be thought times, in which these rules of action, of which the validity is acknowledged in a calmer period, are no longer obligatory. It may be contended, that we can never

opposed an unprincipled foe on equal terms, unless we have recourse to the same measures to which he seems to owe his success; and hence the violation of no tie, however sacred it may be deemed, as long as it tends to the furtherance of just principles. Some sentiment of this kind must have operated on the minds of our ministers, when they planned the attack on Copenhagen; and indeed, they justified the measure by the plea which we have mentioned. We, who are, and who hope to continue, moralists of the old school, instead of borrowing our axioms of right and wrong from the nursery of Jacobinism, must contend that the end can, in no instance, justify the use of criminal means; that success is bought too dear which is purchased by treachery, cruelty, and injustice; and, that there is a certain probity of conduct which nations as well as individuals ought to preserve inviolate. For these reasons we reprobated the outrage which our ministers offered to the neutrality of Copenhagen, however politic it might seem to them at the time.

But, as the British ministers, when they did obtain forcible possession of the capital of Denmark, and the island of Zealand, rested their justification on the plea of political necessity, we must say, that for a moment, allowing the plea, and considering the question not as an affair of principle, but only of expedience, they ought not so weakly and precipitately to have abandoned the conquest which they had made. If policy urged them to obtain possession of Copenhagen, the same policy should have induced them to keep it. One of their pretexs for not doing this, was, that it was not tenable; that a French army might in the winter pass over the Great Belt on the ice. But we have seen that, in this respect, as in many others, (in the attack on Walcheren, &c. &c.) they acted with old information. If the interest of our navy required us to obtain possession of Copenhagen, in order to seize the stores, and carry off the Danish marine, the interests of our trade should have operated in favour of our retaining the conquest. For, as Mr. Macdonald remarks, the island of Zealand is the key to the Baltic, as our traders have since experienced. The number of British prizes which have been carried into the ports of Zealand, since it was evacuated, are supposed to amount to between three and four hundred; and this number is likely to increase in a direct ratio, with the continuance of the war.

In the possession of Great Britain, Zealand would be complete mistress of the Baltic, of its trade, its power, its resources, its foreign relations, and of all its political influence.

Our ministers therefore incurred all the guilt, and the disgrace of a most nefarious transaction, without securing any more than a small portion of the political advantages of which it might have been rendered productive. If Buonaparte is to be fought with his own weapons, as our ministers have argued, then surely they acted unwisely in abandoning Copenhagen and Zealand, which supply the Danes with such numerous facilities for ravaging the commerce of these realms.

'In travelling through Denmark,' says Mr. Macdonald, 'we are perpetually reminded of the tremendous devastations of fire, and yet we can perceive no particular precautions adopted by government, or by incorporated public bodies, for preventing their recurrence. Not a season passes without several instances of these calamities; and what is deplorable, they become every year more frequent.' 'Copenhagen is well known to be one of the finest harbours in Europe. Ships of the line are moored in the heart of the city, and have their bowsprits above the windows of the houses. At present, indeed, this peculiarity is wanting. The fleet is gone, and the view is dismal to those who once saw the harbour and the arsenal in Denmark's better days.'

'Let every traveller,' says Mr. Macdonald, on arriving at Copenhagen, 'pay his first visit to the Observatory. This grand pile was built by Frederic V. for a disciple of Tycho Brahe. It is a hundred and thirty feet high, and about seventy feet in diameter; unquestionably one of the finest cylinders in the world. You can drive up in a carriage to within twenty or twenty-five feet of the top, by the large winding staircase, or rather road of brick, which runs from the floor to the door of the rooms where the astronomical apparatus is kept. From these rooms you have a most agreeable and extensive prospect. The city of Copenhagen, with its beautiful spires, its numerous canals, vessels, and elegant streets, is spread like a map under your eyes. The Isle of Amak, which is the kitchen-garden of the city, and was peopled by a Flemish colony in the sixteenth century, who still retain their old dress, and many of their peculiar customs, stretches to the south in all the beauty of industry, and the gayety of verdure. To the eastward may distinctly be discerned the white-washed cottages on the island of Saltholm. Your eye follows the Swedish coast for thirty miles, from Malmoe to Landskrona, or Landskrona, of which last city, though at the distance of twenty-four miles, you can distinctly see, not only the spires and highest houses, but even the doors and windows.'

The author crossed in an ice boat from Elsinore to Helsingborg, in Sweden. The distance is three English miles and a half, and the passage occupied six hours. He found the animosity between the Swedes and Danes greater than he

could have conceived, considering the long previous peace, during which we might suppose that habits of commercial and social intercourse would have effaced the vestiges of ancient animosity. But national animosities seem often a sort of hereditary property, and pass from father to son without any diminution of rancour by the way. The author was struck with a considerable difference of appearance between the inhabitants of the opposite sides of the Sound.

'The Swedes have in general stilly complexions, dark skins, discontented faces, a melancholy drawing accent, are fond of yellow and blue colours, and are a tall, athletic-looking race of men,' &c. 'The Danes delight in red and purple colours, have blooming complexions, round faces of good colour, but not much expression, smooth good skins, talk in a barking Buchan, or Aberdeenshire accent, and are neither so tall, nor of so athletic an appearance as the Swedes.'

Mr. Macdonald found it difficult to procure any specie in Denmark; but in "Sweden," says he, 'there is no coin of any kind, nor any species of currency but paper.' There are bank notes as low as ten pence sterling. In this country the great deficiency of coin and the excess of paper currency, are by some esteemed proofs of wealth and indications of prosperity; but Denmark and Sweden evince the contrary. The paper currency of this country, which was once at a premium, is now at a discount on the continent. This has, in some measure, occasioned the late enormous exportation of specie, and has caused the appearance of a guinea in the common retail business of life, to be a sort of phenomenon of no ordinary rarity.

Horses for posting in Sweden are furnished by the peasants at a fixed price, which is regulated by the government. This, however, is a very oppressive impost on the Swedish peasantry, especially in those seasons when they are occupied with their agricultural operations.

The poor creatures are sometimes obliged to leave their corn or their plough, and travel with their horses perhaps ten or twelve English miles before getting to the stage, whence they are to carry the traveller, they then go twelve or fourteen miles of a stage, and generally at full speed; sometimes their horses are killed, and they obtain no redress, nor payment; and after all this they must return home a distance of perhaps twenty or twenty-two miles. These forty, or forty-four miles they frequently travel for four, or five shillings sterling, not more than one-fourth, or fifth part of what they would ask if the fares were not regulated by express statute.

The author says that—

young children, from the age of one to that of eighteen months, are wrapped up in bandages, like cylindrical wicker baskets, which are contrived so as to keep their bodies straight, without interfering much with their growth. They are suspended from pegs in the wall, or laid in any convenient part of the room, without much nicety, where they exist in great silence and good humour. *I have not heard the cries of a child since I came to Sweden.*

Mr. M. informs us, that there is a general want of education among the Swedes. 'Scarcely any of the peasants,' says he, 'who fetched us horses, and very few of the landlords of stage-houses can write or even read.' But that theft and violence are very uncommon, we learn from this circumstance, that 'in most parts of the country the houses have no locks to their doors, which stand open day and night, when the weather will permit. Sobriety, however, does not seem so much the characteristic of this northern race as honesty. Mr. M. remarks that he saw more men intoxicated with ardent spirits in Sweden in a month, than he did in the Austrian empire in fifteen months; and among a considerable larger mass of population. We shall take our leave of Mr. Macdonald. We have found his travels, on the whole, rather amusing; and the amusement is blended with a moderate share of information.

ART. III.—*The History of the Life and Reign of Alexander the Great. By Quintus Curtius Rufus. Translated from the Latin, with Supplements, Notes, and a Map. London, Bagster, Strand, 1809. 2 vols. 8vo.*

NOTWITHSTANDING the contentions of the critics, the time in which Quintus Curtius wrote, seems not to have been hitherto definitively settled. The reasons which have been assigned by Rutgersius and approved by Vossius, induce us to assent to their opinion, that this elegant historian of Alexander, flourished in the reign of Vespasian. The present translator appears to coincide with the conjectures of those who refer the history of Quintus Curtius to the reign of Claudius. As there is a total want of external evidence on the subject, the principal point of proof is confined to the passage in lib. vi. cap. xiv. which is differently explained. The passage itself was evidently intended as a compliment to the reigning emperor; and as the language of compliment is seldom in strict

union with the realities of truth, the *‘votum sidus illuxit,’* the *‘quot ille tum extinxit faces,’* the *‘quot condidit gladios,’* the *‘quantam tempestatem subita serenitate discussit,’* leave ample room for the ingenuity of conjecture, or for the warfare of critical controversialists. The turbulent period, however, which preceded, and the tranquil interval which followed, the ascendent of this *‘new star’* in the horizon of the Roman world, seem susceptible of a more discriminate reference to Vespasian than to Claudius. Between the tragic end of Nero in 68, and the peaceful election of Vespasian in 69, three emperors, Galba, Otho, and Vitellius had successively obtained the purple. This was truly a turbulent, dark, and calamitous era in the annals of the empire; and, when it was succeeded by the comparatively happy serenity of the sway of Vespasian, a Roman citizen, who had a fondness for lettered ease, might well exclaim *‘Quantam tempestatem subita serenitate discussit,’* and that *‘non ergo revirescit solum, sed etiam floret imperium.’*

Whatever may have been the precise period when Quintus Curtius lived or died; or, whatever may be his faults as an historian, his credulity or his negligence, his want of taste or discrimination, no one can well dispute that his style approaches the elegance of the Augustan period. It is indeed rather more florid than is consistent with the sobriety of historical narrative; but the defect is that of Rome in its best days.

The two first books, and some few other passages which have been lost, have been supplied by the ability of the learned Brianshen. The character of the present translation of this work will be best appreciated by specimens of the performance. These we shall proceed to adduce, comparing them occasionally with the original.

His father, Philip, by able policy and continued martial successes, had acquired consideration and celebrity for the Macedonians, whom the Greeks had, till his reign, contemptuously classed among the Barbarians; and (they (those) whose arms were recently despised, the conquest of Greece had made every where formidable.

This will be found rather a paraphrastic version of the Latin of Frienshemius.

Philipus pater continuis bellis contemptam ante Macedoniam gentem extulit, et coacta in orbem Græciæ, cunctis formidabilem fecit. Per uninterrupted success of his arms and the conquest which he had acquired over the states of Greece, Philip the father, raised his country from a state of depression and contempt to a formidable pitch of power.

The following is the portrait which Frienshemius draws of the young Alexander. Lib. 1. cap. 11.

Fuit autem cum adolevisset, juxta membrorum proportionem conspicuus, artubus robustis, probeque compactis: vi tamen, quam specie validior; quippe corporis ejus habitus intra proceritatem stetit. Cutem habuit candidam, nisi quod in malis, itemque pectore, grato rubore suffundebatur; capillum flavum, leniter intortum; nasum aquilinum: oculos varios, nam laevus glaucus fuisse traditur, altero nigerrimo. Inerat autem ipsis oculis quadam vis, ut sine veneratione atque horrore quoddam intuitum non adspiceretur.

This passage is thus rendered by the present translator,

'Symmetry moulded his infant form, and as he approached manhood continued to regulate his growth; the evident strength and firmness of his joints impressed the spectator with an idea of great vigour; and being but of middling stature, he was in reality stronger than he appeared. His skin was fair, except on his cheeks and his breast, where it was tinged with an agreeable red. His hair was yellow and waved in natural curls; the form of his nose was aquiline; but his eyes are represented to have been dissimilar in colour, his right eye sparkling with jet, while his left eye reflected rays of blue; notwithstanding this blemish, their expression penetrated the beholder with respect and awe.'

If the translator have in the above passage expressed the sense of Frienshemius, he has done it rather too periphrastically in some particulars, and in others in a manner hardly compatible with the English idiom. Frienshemius does not say that *'symmetry moulded his infant form'* &c. but simply that 'as he grew up his person was distinguished by symmetry of form and vigour of limb; but, as he was not above the middle size, he was more robust than he appeared.' We should hardly say, in modern English, if we were describing the personal appearance of a Buonaparte or an Alexander, that 'his skin was fair, except on his cheeks and his breast, &c. but rather that 'his complexion was fair, except that there was an agreeable suffusion of red upon his countenance.' Frienshemius does not say that his hair '*waved in natural curls*,' but that it was 'slightly curled.' What the translator says of the singular difference in the eyes of the Macedonian hero, is carried rather nearer to the confines of the ridiculous than is warranted by the original. Frienshemius only says that 'his left eye is reported to have had a bluish cast, while the other was entirely black; but that there was something in their expression which strongly excited the sensation of superiority and of awe in the beholder.' For '*suavem ex ore membrisque exhalat odorem*,' the translator uses a phrase, which we should rather have expected

In a pedantic apothecary, or a finical perfumer, than in a classical scholar. *'His pores in their exudations wept sweetness.'* We think that Frienshemius might as well have omitted the record of the circumstance that no scotar was exhaled from the breath or the pores of Alexander; but the translator has mingled his version with a conceit which greatly improves upon the original.

Frienshemius says, lib. i. cap. iii. *'Igitur postea quoque maximis rebus intentus Alexander non omisit magistrum venerari; crebroque per literas compellavit hominem; nec disciplinarum modo arcana sed et morum remedia petiit.'* This passage is thus diffusely rendered by the present translator:

'Nor did Alexander dismiss his respect for his instructor as soon as he began to drive his whirling car in the arena of ambition: when the season of tuition had passed, and the prince was immersed in the concerns of government, he maintained an epistolary correspondence with Aristotle; soliciting explanations respecting arcana in the sciences, and seeking remedies for correcting his manners.'

Might not the Latin of Frienshemius be more briefly and simply expressed? *'When the attention of Alexander became engrossed by political affairs, his deference for his preceptor did not cease; he maintained a frequent intercourse with him by letters, and requested the communication, not only of his scientific researches, but of his moral admonitions.'* We do not approve the introduction of the *'whirling car,'* &c.

We shall not make any further extracts from the supplementary books of Frienshemius, but proceed to the still remaining books of Quintus Curtius himself. The third book of the history, or the first of the surviving original, opens with the following specimen of limpid Latinity, and it would give us pleasure, upon examination, to find the present translation equally lucid and beautiful:

'Inter hæc Alexander, ad conducendum ex Peloponneso militem Cleandro cum pecunia misso, Lycia Pamphyliæque rebus compositis, ad urbem Cælenas exercitum admovit. Media illa tempestate mœnia interfluebat Marsias amnis, fabuleis Græcorum carminibus inclytus. Fons ejus ex summo montis cæcunine excurrentis, in subjectam petram magno stupenti æquarum cecidit: inde diffusus, circumjectos rigat campos, liquidus, & suas distingat undas trahens. Itaque color ejus placido mari similis, locum portarum mendacio fecit: quippe traditum est, nymphas amore amnis retentas, in illa rupe considerare. Ceterum quamdiu intra muros fuit, nomen suum refines. At cum extra munimenta se evoluit, majore vi ac mole agentem undas, Lycum appellant.'

Alexander, in the meantime, had dispatched Cleander with a sum of money to enlist a subsidiary force in the Peloponnesus. Having created administrations for Lycia and Pamphylia, he conducted his army to Celenæ, a walled city which was intersected by the Marsyas. This river is celebrated by the fictitious origin ascribed to it by the Greek poets. Its spring, poured from the extreme summit of a mountain, falls, a roaring cataract, into the rocky channel below; afterwards, *diffusing*, the flood irrigates the green levels; perfectly clear, its waters dimpled with gentle undulations, are all derived from one source. Hence its complexion resembles that of the sea when calm; and hence the fable of the potæ that nymphs loiter in the recesses of the rock, enamoured with the beauty of the river. While it flows between the ramparts, it retains the name of the Marsyas; but on leaving the town, swelled into a more copious and rapid stream, it is called the Lycus.

In this passage the translator has introduced some *pretty names*, as, 'green levels,' 'dimpled with gentle undulations,' &c. which are not in the Latin original, and might, without any disadvantage, have been spared in the English version. The participle '*diffusing*,' should not have been used without an accusative case after it; and it is not very usual to talk of the *complexion* of a river. The historian says, that

'After sending Cleander with a sum of money to collect troops in the Peloponnesus, and settling the administrations of Lycia and Pamphylia, Alexander prosecuted his march to Celenæ. At that time the river Marsyas, which is celebrated in the fables of Grecian song, ran through the middle of the town. This stream has its origin at the top of a neighbouring mountain, from which it is rolled with an impetuous crash into a rocky basin beneath. Hence its translucent waters, which are not increased by any extraneous mixture, are diffused over the adjacent fields. The colour of its surface, which has the hue of an unroffed sea, caused the poets to feign that the nymphs, attracted by the beauty of the stream, made this rock their favourite haunt. During its course through the town it retains its original name; but after it has passed the walls, and collected a greater mass of water, it is called the Lycus.'

The description which Quintus Curtius has given of the river, *Cydnus*, has been often quoted and much admired. It is what, in the language of a modern tourist, would be called *very picturesque*.

Cydnus non spatio aquarum, sed liquore memorabilis, quippe leni tractu a fontibus labens, puro solo excipitur. Nec torrentes incurrunt, qui placide manantis æreum turbent. Lique incorruptus, idemque frigidissimus, quippe multa riparum amœ-

nitate inumbratus; ubique fontibus suis similis, in mare evertit. Multa in ea regione monumenta vulgata carnibus vetustas exedrat. Monstrabantur urbium sedes, Lyrnessi, & Thebes: Typhonis quoque specus, & Corycium nemus, ubi proci gnitus, ceteraque in quibus nihil præter famam duraverat.

The Cydnus, says the author of this new translation, is not so remarkable for the breadth of its channel, as for the clearness of its waters; for descending gently from its source, it is received into a pure soil, nor do any torrents disturb it, by rushing down into its equable current; while it flows, thus unimpeded, all the way to the sea, the sensibly cool shade of trees on each bank, give it a temperature delightfully refreshing—these are the causes of its extreme clearness and constant coldness. Though time had dissolved many ancient monuments of Cilicia, (and the neighbouring country,) of which the splendid fame survives in the poets, yet the contemplative might still behold the ruins of the cities Lyrnessus and Thebes, or descend into the cave of Typhon. The Corycian grove is interesting to the naturalist, because it still produces saffron of superior quality; while most of the other local curiosities have only a traditional existence.

We cannot say that the translation has rivalled the elegance of the original. The first sentence 'The Cydnus, &c.' to 'coldness,' is long, intricate, and confused; and though the meaning may be expressed, yet part of that phraseology is hardly English; or, at least, it has the stiffness of a foreign idiom. Quintus Curtius says nothing of the Corycian grove being interesting to the naturalist; nor does he mention the superior quality of the saffron, which is a gratuitous insertion. The words 'ceteraque in quibus nihil præter famam duraverat,' are well rendered. We do not know that the following version is better than that which we have adduced, except that it will probably display less of the buckram of translation.

'The Cydnus is not so remarkable for the breadth as for the transparency of its current, which glides from its source into a gravelly bed. The placidity of the stream is not disturbed by the intrusion of any torrents from the hills. Its waters, which are unobscured by a stain, and run into the sea as clear as they issue from their native springs, are rendered piercingly cold by the shade of the trees which grow upon its banks. Many monuments with which the country was adorned, and which the poets sung, had disappeared. But the ruins of Lyrnessus and of Thebes were still shown, as well as the cave of Typhon and the Corycian grove, where the saffron is produced, &c. &c. &c.'

Alexander reached the banks of the Cydnus after a long march, covered with dust and sweat, when he instantly plunged into the stream. This imprudent act had nearly cost him his life. The event is thus related by Curtius, lib. iii. cap. 57.

• Mediam Cydnus annis, de quo paulo ante dictum est, interfuit; & tunc æstus erat, cujus calor non aliam magis quam Ciliciæ oram vapore solis accendit: & diei fervidissimum tempus cœperat. Pulvere ac sudore simul perfusum Regem invitavit liquor fluminis, ut calidum adhuc corpus ablueret. Itaque veste deposite, in conspectu agnânis (decorum quoque futurum ratus si ostendisset suis, sevi ac parabili euku corporis se esse contentum) descendit in flumen, vixque ingressi subito hõrrore artus rigere cœperunt: pallor deinde suffusus est, & totam propemodum corpus vitalis calor reliquit. Expiranti similem, ministri manu excipiunt, nec satis compotem mentis in tabernaculum deferunt.

• The river Cydnus, above described, flows through this city. It was then summer; in which season, the steaming rage of the sun is no where more felt than in the sultry climate of Cilicia; and it was the hottest time of the day. The clearness of the stream invited the king to lave the sweat and dust from his overheated frame. Having, therefore, taken off his dress, he, in the sight of the army, (conceiving it would be a worthy trait to shew that he was satisfied with those personal accommodations which were in the reach of all) went into the river. He had hardly entered it, when a sudden horror seized his limbs, he turned pale, the vital heat almost forsook his body. Like one expiring, he was taken out by his attendants, who carried him in a state of insensibility to his tent.

We cannot much commend the above translation for its elegance. 'The steaming rage of the sun,' &c. is a species of version which we should expect in a professor of the culinary art. A sudden horror, seized his limbs, is rather Latin than English idiom. The 'subito hõrore' of the original refers to the convulsive shivering produced by the sudden immersion of a body, when debilitated by excessive heat, in such a frigid medium. Curtius says,

• The river Cydnus, which I have just mentioned, flows through the centre of the city. The summer heats were then prevalent, which are no where more intensely felt than in Cilicia; and it was the most sultry time of the day. Covered with dust and sweat, the king was tempted by the beauty of the stream to plunge, heated as he was, into the water. He had previously thrown off his clothes in the presence of the army, to whom he thought it right to show himself contented with this cheap and moderate gratification. But he was hardly merged in the current, when a cold shivering seized his limbs. He turned pale as death, and the spirit of animation seemed almost to have forsaken his frame. His servants took him up in their arms like a lifeless corse, and conveyed him senseless to his tent.

The following are a few instances, among the many, which

might be adduced, of flat and languid, of lax and feeble, or of harsh, awkward, and rugged version.

The inhabitants of this whole region readily submitted to the king, giving him hostages, and he confirming the exemption from tribute, which they had enjoyed under the Persians. Vol. I. p. 277. Those that had yielded to fear, Alexander reproved and exhorted, renewing himself the languishing fight: *Having thus reinvigorated them*, he commanded them to return to the attack. Vol. I. p. 148. Darius fought in a car, Alexander on a horse; both sovereigns were guarded by select troops, who would have found their own safety a burden, if deprived of the prince, &c. Vol. I. p. 449. The original is, *Curru Darius, Alexander equo vehebatur: utrumque delecti iuebantur sui immemores. Quippe amisso rege nec volebant salvi esse, nec poterant.* The words, "Alexander mutato equo quippe plures fatigerat, resistentium ora fodiebat, fugientium terga;" are thus rendered, "Alexander, who had tired several chargers, fresh mounted, pierced the faces of those that opposed him, and the backs of the flying." Vol. I. p. 451.

Curtius would have said in English, that Alexander plunged his sword into the bosoms of those who resisted, and into the backs of those who fled. The translator says, vol. 1. p. 451, that

The smacking of the reins, with which the charioteer lashed the horses of Darius' car, at intervals, struck the ear, which was all the clue to pursuit. Galloping to the assault, they drove against the enemy, who no longer receded by degrees, but by a quick step, so that to complete their flight, nothing was wanting than to turn their backs.

This is a sort of English-Latin; '*nec quidquam fuga, nisi quod terga nondum verterant deerat*,' are the words of the original.

The following spirited passage in the original will be found to be diluted into insipidity, when it comes into the hands of the translator:

Equos pedesque confusi sine duce, armatis inermes, integris debiles implicabantur. Deinde misericordia in metum versa, qui sequi non poterant, inter motuos gemitus deserebantur.

Without leaders, infantry were intermingled with cavalry; the armed with the unarmed; the untouched and effective with the maimed and exhausted. But at length sympathy yielded to terror, and those who could not keep up, were abandoned to their own groans.

Curtius does not say that they were abandoned, who had own groans, but that they were abandoned without temperate

of nourishment

mutual regret. This little addition heightens the interest of the picture; and shows that the desire of self-preservation, which made the stronger part of the troops abandon their wounded companions in arms, was not unmingled with a sentiment of repugnance. The sensation of fear might have overcome that of compassion, but even this fear was not destitute of sympathy.

What writer, relating a battle in modern English, would adopt the following phraseology?

'Who can describe, who can imagine, so many sports of fortune as were witnessed, the havoc made of officers and soldiers; the wild haste of the vanquished; the slaughter of individuals; the massacre of whole bodies.' Vol. I. p. 453.

A good translation ought to read like an original; but this excellence can never be obtained where there is an heterogeneous mixture of exotic and of native idiom.

'This chief, admitted also to fealty, was an example influencing many to assay the king's clemency.' Vol. II. p. 89. 'He was surrounded on all sides, both in close fight, and by missiles.' Vol. II. p. 72.

The translator probably thought this description of the dying Agis, (lib. vi. c. i.) worked up into the infallible pathetic. 'The weapon is extracted, oppressed by melting languors, he gently rests his head upon his shield, and resigns his spirit with his blood.' Curtius says that, after the javelin had been extracted from the wound, *inclinatorum deficient caput clypeo paupis exceptis*, &c. or 'he rested his reclined and drooping head upon his shield, till becoming faint with the loss of blood, he was stretched breathless on his arms.'

'As the guides had escaped from relaxed custody, Alexander was obliged to protract his stay.' Vol. II. p. 356. 'They moor their vessels and separate in parties to forage, without a presentiment of the disaster which overtakes mariners totally uninstructed.' 'Some hastening to sail, without waiting for the compliment of mariners, impetuously launch themselves, crippled in the wings of navigation.' Vol. II. p. 359. 'Pirates strike against sterns; on the invading vessels, other drive off.' 'Discovering the correspondence, Alexander, equally incensed against Harpalus and the Athenians, ordered a fleet to be prepared, intending to strike to Athens.' 'The threatened spirit would be short.' Several of Alexander's satraps, while his forces had been detained in the distant sphere of India, had revolted as tyrants of paramount heinousness, oppressed his provinces, and he had become preoccupied in credit.

The fold and commissioning the art.

The words of Curtius are, lib. x. cap. i. 'Cooperat esse præceps ad repræsentanda supplicia; idem ad deteriora credenda;' he had inflicted punishment where it was not due, and gave evidence to crimes which did not exist. Alexander

'at length so far degenerated from himself that in dereliction of his personal sentiments, at the caprice of a Cinædopolite, he surprized those individuals with viceroyalties, and from these snatched their lives.' 'The seminudes under Philip trample upon purple mantles.' 'Modo sub Philippo seminudis amnicula. ex purpura sordent.' 'Carrying about in a gluttonous belly the spoils of kingdoms.' 'With recovering confidence, having returned to Babylon, he received delegations.' 'As they saw, their tears springing, they presented the appearance,' &c. 'In the first fit of grief, the whole palace resounded with lamentations and with smitings of the breast: anon all things lay as in a desert, couched in dreary silence.'

Some of the passages which we have produced are more like the raw version of a schoolboy than the mellow diction of a proficient in English composition. The following description of Alexander's march over the desert of Sogdiana, affords as favourable a specimen as any which we can select of the present translation; which we shall enable the reader to compare with the original, and to form his judgment on the execution.

'He in person, with a flying camp, marching by night, entered the deserts of Sogdiana. Amid a dearth of water, despair of obtaining any, kindled thirst before nature excited it. Throughout four hundred stadia not a drop of moisture springs. As soon as the fire of a summer-sun pervades the sands, every thing is dried up, as in a kiln always burning. Steaming from the fervid expanse, which appears like a surface of sea, a cloudy vapour darkens the day. Travelling between sun-set and sun-rise is supportable, on account of the dews and the freshness of the mornings. But the heat, which commences at dawn, exhausts the animal juices, blisters the skin, and causes internal inflammation. The soldiers sunk under depression of spirits, succeeded by bodily debility: it was annoying both to halt and to march. Some few, advised by such as knew the country, had provided themselves with water; a temporary relief:—the progressive heat soon rekindled the importunity of parched nature. The stock of wine and oil is distributed to the troops. To drink was so voluptuous, that the soldiers forgot that thirst might recur. They gulped the liquor so greedily, that they became unable to carry their arms, or to march; and those seemed happier, who had pined without water, than these who had swallowed intemperate draughts of wine and oil, which the offended organ of nourishment refused to entertain.'

‘The king, pensive under these disasters, is, by his encircling friends, entreated to remember, that his greatness of mind could alone save the fainting army. At this moment, two of a party who had been sent forward to mark out an encampment, returning with some skins of water to relieve their sons also in the army, in passing along, came into his presence. One of them untied a bottle, filled a cup, and presented it to the king. Alexander, taking it, inquired for whom the water was intended. The man acknowledged, that he was carrying it to his sons. The king, returning the vessel full, said: “I cannot endure to drink alone, and I cannot distribute to every one out of so small a quantity. Hasten, and give it to your children, for whom you had designed it.”

‘At length he reached the river Oxus about the setting-in of evening. As a great portion of the army had been unable to keep up, he caused fires to be displayed on a mountain-peak, that the distressed in the rear might perceive that they were not far from the camp. Those of the advanced division, after they had speedily refreshed themselves with aliment, he ordered to fill up the bottles, bowls, and every vessel in which water could be carried, and return to relieve their fellow-soldiers. Those who drank the more immoderately, died; and a greater number perished thus than he had lost in any battle. On his part, without throwing off his armour, or taking meat or drink, he placed himself where the army was coming: nor did he retire to bathe till the last companies had passed. He consumed the sleepless night in anxiety.

‘The morning light failed to dispel his uneasiness, because it disclosed, along the river’s bank, a bare tract, so void of timber, that it disabled him, destitute of boats, from building a bridge. He had a single resource. Skins filled with straw, he distributed to a great proportion of the soldiers: on these, they floated across the river. Those who had first passed, took a covering station while the rest ferried over. In thus transporting the army to the opposite bank, six days were exhausted.

‘*Ipsæ cum expedito agmine loca deserta Sogdianorum intrat, nocturno itinere exercitum ducens. Aquarum (ut ante dictum est) penuria, prius desperatione, quam desiderio bibendi, sitim accendit. Per CCC. stadia ne modicus quidem humor existit. Arenas vapor æstivi solis accendit, quæ ubi flagrare cœperunt, haud secus quam continenti incendio cuncta torrentur. Catigo deinde immodico terræ fervore excitata, lucem tegit: camporumque non alai, quam vasti & profundi æquoris species est. Nocturnum iter tolerabile videbatur, quia rore & matutino frigore corpora levabantur. Cæterum cum ipsa luce æstus eritur, omnemque naturalem absorbet humorem siccitas, ora visceraque penitus uruntur. Itaque primum animi, deinde corpora deficere cœperunt. Pigebat & consistere & progredi. Pauci, à peritis regionis admoniti, præpararunt aquam. Hæc paulisper repressit sitim. Deinde crescente æstu, rursum desiderium humoris ac-*

censum est. Ergo quidquid vini oleique erat hominibus ingerebatur. Tantaque dulcedo bibendi fuit, ut in posterum sitis non timeretur. Graves deinde avidè hausto humore, non sustinere arma, non ingredi poterant: & feliciores videbantur quos aqua defecerat; cum ipsi sine modo infusam vomitu cogerentur egerere. Anxium Regem tantis malis circumfusi amici, ut meminisset, orabant, animi sui magnitudinem unicum remedium deficientis exeroitus esse, cum ex iis, qui præcesserant ad capiendum locum castris, duo occurrunt, utribus aquam gestantes, ut filiis suis, quos in eodem agmine esse & ægre pati sitim non ignorabant, occurrerent, qui cum in Regem incidissent, alter ex iis, utre resolutus, vas quod simul ferebat, implet, porrigens Regi: ille, percontatus quibus aquam portarent, filiis ferre agnoscit. Tunc poculo pleno (sicut oblatum est) reddito, nec solus, inquit, bibere sustineo, nec tam exiguum dividere omnibus possum. Vos currite, & liberis vestris, quod propter illos attulistis, date. Tapdem ad flumen Oxum ipse pervenit prima fere vespera. Sed exercitus magna pars non potuerat consequi. In edito monte ignes jubet fieri, ut ii, qui ægre sequebantur, haud procul castris se abesse cognoscerent. Eos autem qui primi agminis erant, mature cibo ac potione armatos, implere alios utres, alios vasa, quibuscum aqua possit portari, jussit, ac suis opem ferre. Sed qui intemperantius hauserant, intercluso spiritu extincti sunt. Multoque major horum numerus fuit, quam ullo amiserat prælio. At ille Moracem adhuc indutus, nec ante cibo refectus aut potu, qua vesiebat exercitus, constitit. Nec ante ad curandum corpus recessit, quam præterierant qui agmen sequebantur: totamque eam noctem cum magno animi motu perpetuis vigiliis egit, nec postero die lætior erat; quia nulla navigia habebat, nec pons erigi poterat, circumquaque amnem nudo solo, & materia maxime sterili. Consilium igitur, quod unum necessitas subjecerat, init. Utres quamplurimos stramentis refertos dividit. His incubantes transnavere amnem: quique primi transierant, in statione erant, dum trajicerent cæteri. Hoc modo sexto demum die in ulteriore ripa totum exercitum exposuit.

The present translator does not appear so defective in his knowledge of the original, as in that nicety of taste with respect to the idiom of the language, in which his translation is made, and without which no good and elegant version of a Greek, a Roman, or any other writer can be produced.

ART. IV.—*Observations on several parts of the Counties of Cambridge, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex. Also, on several parts of North Wales; relative chiefly to picturesque Beauty, in two Tours; the former made in the Year 1769:—the latter in the Year 1773. By William Gilpin, A. M. Prebendary of Salisbury, and Vicar of Boldre, in the New Forest, near Lymington. Published by his Trustees for the Benefit of his School at Boldre. London, Cadell & Davies, 1809. pp. 208. Price 18s.*

THE author of these observations is dead; and the profits arising from them are devoted to a charitable purpose. On opening the book, these circumstances gave us some pain: for on casting our eyes over the plates, we formed the hasty opinion that it would be our duty to censure without reserve, the posthumous works of a popular and respectable character, published solely for the advantage of his favourite institution. We discovered therefore with satisfaction, on its perusal, that this unamiable task would chiefly be exercised on the engravings, which sincerity obliges us to declare exceed in dissimilitude to the objects they are said to represent, and often, in coarseness and poverty of execution, the modern embellishments of any respectable book which has fallen under our observation:

Mr. Gilpin's principal view in the first tour was the examination of Lord Orford's pictures; but as he took Cambridge in his way to Houghton, he thought it worth his while to criticise the public buildings of that university; and unhappily, to draw what is called a view of the place.* His remarks on King's College Chapel are not new, nor very favourable. He objects to the profusion of roses and portcullises, and to the disproportion of the interior of the building, its width being too little for its length and height. The profusion of ornament certainly distracts the eye, and destroys the simplicity of the structure; but some such appendage was necessary, in order to harmonize the columns with the highly wrought tracery of the vaulting. This exuberance was essential to the character and age of the building, and is no more to be condemned than the simplicity which marks the ecclesiastical architecture of an earlier era. The difficulty of suspending so wonderful a roof, would have been disproportionately increased with the increase of its width; and its height

* We only infer that the drawings are by Mr. Gilpin, because they are in his manner.

and length are indispensable to the solemnity of its effect. The narrowness even, contributes to this, by giving an idea of greater extension, which must always be comparative.

Mr. Gilpin, perhaps, is right in considering the character of Newton's statue in the anti-chapel of Trinity College, as 'rather boyish;' but we can hardly retain our laughter at the grave remark which follows:

'A fine statue I have often thought one of the greatest efforts of human art.'

A rare discovery! He must have forgotten the high honours which were bestowed on the statuaries of Athens; and that a single figure is supposed to have occupied the whole life of the artist.*

The Fen and Ely have shared the same fate as Cambridge, by giving names to engravings to which they have but little resemblance. We are persuaded, (and we are confident that we shall meet with no contradiction from any one who has seen the place,) that Mr. Gilpin never intended the plate marked 3, for a view of Ely; or that if he did, the engraver, who wisely conceals his name, has grossly mistaken it. We know that the author had never any pretensions to correctness of *detail* in his drawings, but he commonly produced a tolerably good general effect of the object he wished to represent.

Some part of the late Mr. Gilpin's fame rests on his talents as a designer of landscape; but had this publication appeared during his lifetime, we should have deemed his pencil perfectly unworthy of credit, and not merely worthless, but mischievous; we should have considered his pretensions as an artist, as unfounded and impudent, and have looked with a suspicious eye on all his former productions.

As it is, we consider the blame as resting with the editors, who have given a decided proof of their imbecility, and of their want of true respect for the character of their departed friend. We are aware that this is unkind language, and such as may hurt the feelings of many well-intentioned people.—How can we otherwise expose the folly, the *injustice*, of giving to the public any undigested remarks, or nameless drawings, which may happen to be found in the portfolio of a deceased author.

On concluding the last paragraph, we looked back at the three title-pages, for it occurred to us that the engravings,

* The figure vulgarly known by the name of the Fighting Gladiator.

possibly, were not from drawings by the author of the book. We discovered, with some pleasure, that Mr. Gilpin's name is no where to be seen as the designer, and have therefore ventured to form the conclusion, that the editors, with a view to increase the valuable qualities of the work, had employed some artist or other to furnish a few cheap drawings of objects which come under notice in the course of these tours. The engravings certainly give an idea of the style of Mr. Gilpin; but every one who has tried, knows how easily this style is imitated. We will now state what almost amounts to a confirmation of our conjecture.*

The are two views of Norwich Castle, one together with the town is taken from a distance, and represents the castle as a quadrangular building, having on each side *six massive pilasters*, which divide it into seven equal compartments. In the plate which represents the object on a larger scale, we observe only *three* of these pilasters on each side; and an obvious disagreement in the proportions of the whole. From these circumstances, corroborated by many others, we infer that these views are not by the same artist, for it is next to impossible that he should not have connected the more distant prospect, by a comparison with that which is better defined.

Mr. Gilpin's observations, after the short notice of the pictures at Raynham, are not calculated to give an exalted idea of his taste for painting, or at least, of his poetical feeling.

'If I were about to furnish a gallery from pictures now in my memory, I should choose to have it adorned with portraits.'† p. 39.

This remark was written forty years ago; and we are more and more indignant at the presumption of those trustees, who have given to the world, what the author had probably considered as the effusions of immature judgment, and would have kept from its knowledge.

We consider his remarks on the pictures in the Houghton collection as much below mediocrity, often undigested, and contradictory. We will only notice his observations on that fine picture, so well known from the excellent engraving by Sharpe, the Doctors of the Church, by Guido. He observes that '*the colouring is exquisite*;' and after condemning the

* Since writing the above we have seen an advertisement, announcing the prints to be from original drawings of Mr. Gilpin; we must not dispute the truth of this assertion; and our surprise is only increased by this proof of the negligence or indifference of the editors.

† The content shows that the author means of portraits, so the exclusion of historical subjects.—R.

cunningness of the disputants, who, according to his opinion, ought to have been fierce and violent in their controversy on the immaculate conception, he proceeds—

‘there is but little harmony I think in the colouring, which is but ill-atoned for by its brilliancy. It is also disgusting to see so great a difference between the carnations of the two principal figures,’ &c.

We cannot conceive how colouring can at once be exquisite, destitute of harmony, and disgusting; and shall with pleasure pass over the remainder of these remarks to the notice of such as shew the excellencies of the author's style, and the felicity of his picturesque description.*

We have much satisfaction in quoting the following description of ‘one of the greatest curiosities in England.’

‘Here is seen what may well be called an enchanted cathedral. The road to it is indeed not the most convenient. You are let down in a basket, through an opening in the earth, at least a hundred and fifty-feet. But this gives it only a more romantic air. When you arrive at the bottom, you find yourself in a most magnificent structure. For what purpose designed, or by what art of man contrived, and thus erected in the bowels of the earth, you are at a loss to conceive. The largest cathedral compared with it is a mole-hill near a mountain. Its arched roof is formed of splendid crystal; and is supported by innumerable rows of pillars, composed of the same rich materials. The pavement glitters like glass. Windows it can have none, so deep below the surface. But windows are unnecessary: it is illuminated by various lights hung up among the pillars, which being reflected from bright surfaces in every direction, are multiplied into thousands. One may almost speak of them in the language of poetry.

—————“From the arch'd roof
Pendant by subtil magic, many a row
Of starry lamps, and brazen crescents, fed
With naphtha, and asphaltus yielded light
As from a sky.”

‘In some parts of this superb edifice the ornaments appear to be Gothic; in others, Grecian: but as you examine it nicely, you find it cannot exactly be reduced to the rules of any order. In short, it appears to be an amazing piece of perspective, constructed in a mode of architecture wholly its own. I am sorry to descend from these lofty ideas by adding, that I have only been describing the salt-pits at Northwich.’ p. 99.

* In a subsequent chapter, written, after the remarks on the Houghton collection, the author gives the value of each picture as it was marked by the Empress of Russia's agents. We agree with him that this appraisement does not evidence much veneration for the real merits and difficulties of the art,

Mr. Gilpin has the happy faculty of writing in such a manner, as to persuade his readers that they perfectly understand his descriptions, and have correct ideas of each particular castle, mountain, and wood-scene, with which he endeavours to make them acquainted. Take away this, and you will rob his works of their most engaging quality. His drawings in a similar manner, are divested of every thing which does not contribute to a simple general effect; but much of likeness is sacrificed to attain this purpose. His enthusiasm in every thing relative to picturesque scenery, is not without its interest, and we were both astonished and provoked at tracing him up almost to the summit of Snowdon, and then—tracing him down again; and finding ourselves for a description of the prospect from its apex, referred to a quotation from Pennant. We do not know whether to wonder more at the apathy, or cowardice, of this lover of landscape scenery; especially, as we have lately read of a very young lady's undertaking and accomplishing this enterprise, with no other companion than a hired guide.*

No observation of the author has afforded us more satisfaction than that on the approach to Henly; the idea has not, perhaps, the merit of absolute novelty; but it is just, and well applied.

The first view of Henly, lying among folding hills, is picturesque, and the approach to it through a noble vista along a valley near two miles in length, has, from its regularity, the beauty at least of *propriety* to recommend it. The tower of the church fronts the vista; and gives still further intimation that we are approaching a town. The back-ground is composed of woody hills. A vista of this kind at the entrance of a town, is one of those connecting circumstances, which draws (draw) the eye gradually from one mode of object to another; and prevents (prevent) abruptness. The two objects united here, are a town and a country. A vista partaking both of the regularity of the one; and of the natural simplicity of the other, is a good connecting link, &c.

We think this second division of the work, (the Tour through N. Wales) by far the most interesting portion of the book; and were the whole unaccompanied by plates, and consequently sold at half the price, we should recommend it to the attention of our readers, as containing some original, and many pleasing observations. As it is, truth obliges us reluctantly to declare, that except to those who wish to contri-

* Fragments written by a young lady, (Miss Smith,) published since her death.

bute their charity to a judicious and benevolent establishment, without the ostentation of giving, we cannot recommend it as a cheap, or very valuable acquisition.

A few grammatical errors are to be met with; but those who are in the habit of hasty composition, without the advantage of correcting the press, will not consider this as an imputation on the author's general accuracy of language; though they will reprobate the carelessness of the editors.

We must repeat that we are much dissatisfied with these gentlemen; because they have withheld from the public all information of the intentions of the author in respect to the manuscript, and have forced us by their silence, (connected with other circumstances,) to entertain, what they will deem, a very ungenerous opinion on the authenticity of the embellishments.

ART. V.—*Dangers through Life; or, the Victim of Seduction.* 3 vols. By Mrs. Plunket, (late Miss Gunning.) London, Ebers, 1810. Price 15s.

NO species of publication tends so much as the general class of novels to vitiate that proper taste for reading which we wish every young person to acquire and to retain. The reading of novels perverts the judgment, and alienates the mind from those occupations to which females would do well to attend, and renders every instructive book dull and heavy, when compared with the romantic love-tales which they are in the habit of gorging with such avidity. Mrs. Plunket has distinguished herself, and acquired great credit by this kind of writing in some of her former works, and it would have given us no small pleasure, if we could have said that she had added to that credit by her present story.

Mrs. Plunket tells us in her dedication, that her simple tale is founded on truth, and that it may not be useless to give it to the world.—That many of her remarks on marriage, and the duties incumbent on husband and wife, are very just and good, we are most willing to admit; yet, we must own, that *this simple tale* of Mrs. Plunket, appears to us on the whole, more likely to produce mischief than to promote good. Can Mrs. Plunket imagine, that a tale of seduction, in which the adulteress is pictured as every thing that is amiable, and represented as plunged into a guilty intrigue, through the art of a disappointed lover, and the indifference of a gay and depraved husband, can prove a good lesson when taken up by a thoughtless wife, or perused with a heated imagination by

some giddy girl? No, Mrs. Plunket; you, who have moved in the highest circles of fashion, and whose experience in life and thorough knowledge of the world are so extensive and almost unrivalled, must know to the contrary.

The thoughtless and coquetish wife, who fancies, or who really feels herself slighted by her husband, will take no moral lesson from the fall of Lady Warwick; but we fear she will be apt in her own mind to wish to retaliate on her husband's indifference and infidelity in the like manner, by an amour with one of those pests of society and disturbers of domestic peace, whom we so often see buzzing their disgusting and baneful flattery in the ear of every pretty married woman on whom they can prevail to listen to their treacherous voice.

The romantic girl who pants for the gay scenes and the passionate lovers, of whom she reads such warm descriptions, will, we fear, pass over with the yawn of *ennui*, the wholesome advice of Mrs. Delmond, contained in the opening of the first volume for the perusal of the rapturous letters of the lover and the guilty wife; nor will she see the wickedness of the wife's conduct to her husband, nor her cruelty to her children, with that horror which she ought to feel, when that wife is represented so amiable, so slighted by her husband and so loved by her paramour; who by the way is also described as vastly good; a husband and a father, who quits a most amiable and dutiful wife, to ruin a beautiful woman, and destroy the domestic peace of a family. Where, in the name of reason, can be the good moral of this story, when the guilty characters are so held up to admiration?

In many of Mrs. Plunket's novels there is an easy elegance of fashionable life that pervades the whole very pleasingly, and shews the woman of sense and good breeding; but this production seems hastily written, and we look in vain for elegance of language or beauty of sentiment; instead of which we are favoured with a rhapsody, and with hot descriptions of still *hotter* love, if we may use such an expression.

This novel is written in a series of letters; a mode, which, if not particularly well executed, is apt from the repetition of the same matter, to render the perusal very irksome; but in this work of Mrs. Plunket we do complain of this very general defect. The best of these letters are from Sir Frederick Neville to Lord Clermont. The latter is a young nobleman, who is made the dupe of the Marquis Belville, a dissipated debauchee, who fixes on this young man (who is represented as naturally amiable, but impelled by a sensibility and enthusiasm, amounting almost to madness), as an instrument to avenge the slight he has experienced by a repulse from

Lady Warwick. Lady W. who is a woman of great beauty, virtue, and every estimable quality, is married to the man of her choice, but is after a time totally neglected by him, owing to his love for horses, dogs, and prostitutes. After regretting his indifference for some time, and conducting herself with great decorum, she finds that she cannot reclaim him, and falls into that common error of seeking in dissipation those pleasures abroad which she fancies it impossible to procure at home. She has wit and good sense, and was educated in the most rigid principles of honour and duty. She finds herself admired, followed, and caressed; but determined to be just to her husband and her children, she withstands every temptation with great firmness, till my Lord Clermont makes his appearance. Lord Clermont, who is privately married to a noble Spanish lady, falls in love with Lady Warwick, and my Lady with Lord C. After a violent bustle about *virtue*, and *violent struggles*, and *storming about Almighty love* on both sides, the Lady admits what is called a *platonic* affection. Here Mrs. Plunket remarks, though the same thing has been frequently remarked before. 'How imprudent is that woman, who, depending on the strength of her own heart and principles, admits to her breast the delusions of platonic love.'

In looking over several of these letters, we are struck with almost a *conviction* that they are a translation, or at least a very strict imitation from the French. Does Mrs. Plunket suppose the Marquis of Belvill's first letter can add to the morals of the youth of either sex? Is it at all *English*? no! it is truly French;—French principles and French depravity mark the whole work. Let us ask Mrs. Plunket one question, as she is pleased to speak of the morality of her work:—What moral benefit is a young woman of 16 likely to derive from the answer of Lady Warwick to the Marquis of Belville's letter? His letter also to his friend Beaumont in Spain is highly immoral; and though it may in some degree shew the man of fashion and dissipation, we think that it does not shew the *English* nobleman. As Lady Warwick is represented as a neglected wife, we will extract a part which certainly comes very home to those sporting husbands, who neglect their wives for the dog-kennel, the stable, and the race-ground.

* I was in hopes the return of Sir Charles would have removed, in some degree, the idea from the mind of his lovely wife that she was become so totally indifferent, as, from her conversation with me, I discovered she thought him; but I regret to say, my dear madam, that when he did come, it rather must have added

to the mortification she before felt, than have diminished from it. It was past five when his post-chaise drove up to the door. He saluted his wife politely, welcomed me to the house, but did not appear in the best humour, for we soon found out he had met with a disappointment. The truth is, he had lost a very considerable sum of money; but that did not give him, he told us, half the uneasiness as he had received from the reflection that his favourite horse, *Invincible*, should be beat hollow. However, as he had not seen Lady Warwick so long, he was so exceedingly polite as to dine at home, though he assured us he had a thousand things to do, and persons to meet at the club.

'Lady Warwick appeared very happy; asked him a number of questions respecting his journey, and told him all the little events which had passed during his absence, with a degree of vivacity and good humour which ought to have engaged the attention of any husband.

'When the dessert came on the table, she said—'But, my dearest Sir Charles, you have not yet seen your sweet boys!'—and, ringing the bell, ordered the nurse to bring them to the dining-room.

'And do you hear, Thomas?' added Sir Charles; 'bring that little puppy, that was sent me yesterday by Davenport. It is the best bred thing, Cecilia, that ever joined a pack.'

'He seemed; however, vastly pleased with his lovely children, gave them two or three affectionate kisses, and stuffed them with fruit; but, being soon sent to their nursery, and Davenport's present introduced by the servant, he kissed and slobbered the dirty animal for half an hour, and then fell fast asleep on the couch, with the dirty brute in his arms, leaving his lovely wife and myself to contemplate the pleasure of a conjugal state, or to reflect how it was possible that the same person could have been the most passionate of lovers, who was now become the most indifferent of husbands. Cecilia seemed mortified, and ready to burst into tears; and I confess I felt enraged, but was determined not to give her the additional mortification of knowing I observed the reason she had to lament her fate. While we were thus unpleasantly situated, his brother George came to our relief. "My dear Cecilia," said he, "I beg you will not disturb the slumber of that sleeping beauty on my account; let him doze on; but, for heaven's sake, what is that lies smothering in his arms there, and he is stifling with affection; it is not surely one of the boys?"

'No,' replies Lady Warwick, 'it is a puppy, Sir Charles says, of the finest breed imaginable.'—'Upon my word, he has lately become the most extraordinary dupe to dogs and horses I ever met,' said the good-humoured George; 'the folly and absurdity of the whole jockey-club is not, when put together, equal to his. In a short time he will, I suppose, give up all his acquaintance except grooms or jockeys.' At the close of this observation, in which Sir Charles bore a part with the music of his nose, coffee was brought in; and soon after he awoke.

‘What, George here!’ said he.—‘I hope you are not unwell, brother? I do not remember to have before seen you sleep after dinner.’

‘Only fatigued,’ continued Sir Charles; ‘’tis inconceivable what a scene of hurry and confusion I have passed through within these last six weeks. I What with the regiment, the races, private matches, trials among my own horses—then joining our hunt, which drinks very freely, with several intermediate visits, where we have had exceeding hard bouts, I have scarce had one regular night’s rest since I saw you.’

‘I rejoice then,’ said his kind-hearted brother, ‘that you are returned to your own peaceful home.’

‘I wish it was in my power to indulge myself for a few days; but I am under the necessity of setting out to-morrow by four o’clock, as I have a young filly in training, at Newmarket, that, with proper training, will win the whole world. I cannot, therefore, be absent; and I am afraid I must renew these journeys every fortnight, for some time.’

While he was uttering these words, as he sat with his eyes fixed upon the tea-table, his head reclined somewhat to the right shoulder, his lips closed, but pouted out as far as he could stretch them, his forehead knit, and his eye-brows lowering.

‘Surely, my dear,’ said Cecilia, ‘you do not think of leaving me again so soon?’

‘But he was too intent upon the important business which was to carry him to Newmarket, to hear any voice but that of a groom, who, at the moment, requested to know if the puppy was to be led to Newmarket, by one of the boys that was to set off in the morning?’

‘No,’ says he, ‘it is too young to travel in that way; its life too valuable to be risked. No, it shall go with me in the chaise; and here, Tom, do you know what mare the bay filly was out of?’

‘Black Moll,’ says Tom.

‘Nobody,’ says Sir Charles, ‘will have any horses to run against me soon—I shall have the best steed (stud) in England.’

‘Then you’ll win every thing, your honour,’ says Tom.

‘True, Tom; I shall beat the whole world out of the course.’—And then he returned into his brown study.

Tom left the room, Mr. Warwick looked grieved, Cecilia angry; and this scene continued till my Lord started up on a sudden, rung the bell, ordered his carriage at eleven, and informed us he was sorry he was under an absolute promise to meet Lord L—, at White’s. He then retired to take off his boots, and Warwick asked Cecilia why she did not use her influence over him to stay at home?

‘Oh, my good brother!’ said Cecilia, ‘that influence is all gone; however wild and dissipated you and the world think me, I can truly say I have ever made his will the rule of my conduct; and when I discovered that he chose to be governed by his own

will alone, I determined never to interpose any wish of mine; indeed, I have ever been as happy in consulting his inclinations, as I should have been had I continued mistress of my own; and, before you and Mrs. Fitzroy, I may venture to declare, gay as I appear, the only anxiety which I have laboured to keep from the world, has been that, of late, I could not discover his inclinations, or his wish. He is grown so indifferent to me, that every endeavour of mine meets with coldness and neglect. This unmerited contempt stings me to the soul; and who can wonder that I fly to the pleasures of the world to forget myself?

'Suffice it to say, my dear madam, we saw no more of Sir Charles for that night; Cecilia pressed me to accompany her to a supper party, at Mrs. Danvers'; and, as I thought she had met disappointments enough for one day, I consented. Lady Darnley, Lord Clermont, and the Marquis of Belville were there; the former appears a sensible, pleasant, and is, I fear, a dangerous young man, far superior to the butterflies of the day. The Marquis and his sister you know my opinion of, therefore I need not expatiate on them.

'We returned to Grosvenor-square early, and the next morning we heard Sir Charles was set off for Newmarket. Cecilia said to me, the next morning,—'Good heavens! my dear Fanny, what can be the meaning of this strange alteration in Sir Charles towards me?—that the same man, in the space of two years, should differ more from himself than one man does from another?—Tell me, my dear, am I grown so old, and those charms, in praise of which this man, whose understanding is now scarce better than a jockey's, was eloquent, so mightily changed from what they were, that he should thus endeavour to remove every particle of affection I may still feel for him? However, thank heaven, his cold indifference shall never more torment me, if I can judge my heart; and, for the future, I will be as cold as himself.

'I endeavoured to reason on this point, and to open her eyes, if possible, to the danger of her situation; young, lovely, as she is—hurt at the conduct of him who ought to be her pilot on the dangerous sea of life, and who, for the present, had unthinkingly abandoned her to steer through it without his protecting aid;—she appeared more sensibly affected by my conversation than I expected, and promised me she would be particularly on her guard, that no levity on her part should balance his indifference.

'I have now, my dear aunt, given you every particular. How happy I should have been had my communications been more agreeable. To-morrow I return to the Lodge; Mr. Fitzroy cannot, he writes word, give me a further leave of absence. Indeed I long, short as has been my absence, again to see him and my babes.—Adieu, my dearest madam!—Being most affectionately yours,

F. FITZROY.

However mortifying such conduct must be to a wife, we must own that our old fashioned ideas of the duties attached to a wife and a mother, leave no excuse for her infidelity. Because she has an indifferent husband is it right that she should rush into dissipation? If her husband is unfaithful, does it follow that she is to retaliate in the same gross way, and heap disgrace and affliction on herself, her children, and her friends? We have had too many of these tales in fashionable life, and they have done more mischief and led to more misery than Mrs. Plunket or any other writer of the school of Madam Genlis or Cottin can ever do away. If we can pick out any thing that looks like virtue, it is the character of the Spanish Ismena, the wife of Lord Clermont, who abandons her to gratify a guilty and gross passion for Lady Warwick, the mother of three children. What little appears of Ismena's character is well drawn; but it is not new, and savours much, as we said before, of a *translation*. Before we bid Mrs. Plunket adieu, we must inform her that we are not only disappointed with her present performance (knowing her talents), but sorry that she should so far mistake the proper way of promoting the morals of the age, as to suppose that a tale of seduction, written in the style of *Dangers through Life*, could be likely to hold up a useful lesson to the young wife, the unexperienced girl, or young man who has just commenced his fashionable career. When we meet Mrs. Plunket again, we trust that it will be as the author of a less exceptionable publication.

ART. VI.—*The History of the Helvetic Republics.* By Francis Hare Naylor, Esq. London, Mawman, 1809, 4 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 16*s.*

THE history of a people, who after having for ages waged a successful war against the constant exertions of arbitrary authority, established on a firm foundation the edifice of their civil and religious rights, cannot fail of exciting considerable interest at a period when despotism encompassed with myriads of satellites, preceded by every instrument of terror, and accompanied by all the arts of seduction, is making such rapid strides towards universal empire. The Swiss have always claimed our admiration—they now deserve our compassion: that heart must indeed be callous which can read their romantic deeds in the cause of freedom without shedding the tear of pity over their present wretched and we fear hopeless situation.

The subject is new and inviting. We need scarcely mention that Mr. Planta's work was by no means calculated to fill up the chasm. Mr. Hare seems to have been aware of the difficulty of his undertaking, and has, in general, done justice to his task. He has handled his subject with judgement, and does not detain and fatigue his reader, by a long and tedious detail of unnecessary particulars. We must however, once for all, caution him against the frequency and length of his digressions. Though they tend considerably to enliven the prospect, and cheen the progress of the reader, by combining views of general polity, and illustrations of contemporary manners with the less interesting detail of municipal occurrences, they indisputably break the unity of the whole. 'Non erat his locus.' We particularly allude to the account of Italian painting, and poetry, at the end of the 39d chapter.

The author's criticism on the works of Raphael and of Tasso, may be entitled to the praise of correctness, but they possess no very intimate connection with the general subject of the history. The style is animated and flowing. There are many passages which will be read again, and again, with increased satisfaction; but Mr. Hare has sometimes frittered away the dignity of his descriptions by a partial or affected fondness for short unconnected sentences, and sometimes weakened the intenseness of his meaning by an accumulation of superfluous epithets. The description of William Tell, shooting the arrow at his son, page 251, vol. I; and of a nocturnal meeting between a lover and his mistress, in the Castle of Rotzberg, page 258, are particularly liable to the former of these objections. An attentive reader of these volumes will easily furnish himself with examples of the latter. But these are only subordinate defects in a work which undoubtedly possesses great merit, and is entitled to much praise. We will proceed to lay before our readers a succinct account of its contents. We must however, premise that Mr. Hare's principles, both political and religious, are candid, sound, and liberal. His attachment to the cause of virtue, and morality, is uniform and vigorous; his zeal in favour of liberty, and his hatred of ecclesiastical persecution, are every where conspicuous. The cant of fanaticism is censured with manly firmness; whilst he loses no opportunity of inculcating the advantages, and exhibiting the beneficent effects of sober and rational christianity. After having taken a rapid sketch of the original situation of Helvetia, Mr. Hare draws, in his first chapter, the slender thread of authentic story from the earliest times to the appearance of Charle-

magne on the political horizon; but as the most flagitious iniquity, and the grossest vice are more than usually nauseous when depicted in the person of a Gundibald, a Gundicar, or a Gundewick, we will hasten to introduce the character he has drawn of that great prince to the notice of our readers.

‘Whatever may have been the means, by which Charles was delivered from a troublesome competitor, they were obliterated by the wisdom of his institutions, and the brilliancy of his exploits. History indeed, produces scarcely any character more worthy of admiration than the son of Pepin, so well known by the honourable and appropriate appellation of Charlemagne. Whether we contemplate the magnitude of his designs, the extent of his conquests, the variety of his establishments, or the sagacity of his measures, whether we consider him under the splendid character of a conqueror, or behold him providing for the future happiness of his subjects by correcting abuses, and instituting laws, we shall not, I think, hesitate to assign to him a very distinguished place among those extraordinary personages, whom nature sometimes produces for the improvement and civilization of an unenlightened age.’

The actions and principles of this extraordinary man, have of late engaged a more than usual attention from the real or fancied similarity which exists, or is supposed to exist, between Charles and Napoleon. We confess we think the parallel unjust and liable to more than a common share of the objections which usually are the desert of antithetical comparisons. They are both conquerors. They are both legislators, neither was very regardless of the means, provided he gained his end. The profound policy of the one, and the savage sagacity of the other, may be ascribed to the age in which they lived, or the education they experienced, but the same features more or less diversified by originality of genius, or versatility of talent, may be traced in Tamerlane, Theodoric, and a hundred more who have been dignified by the flattery of their subjects, the vanity of their historians, or the voice of posterity, with the appellation of Great. Our passions are too deeply engaged to judge Buonaparte with impartiality; our evidence too scanty to discriminate Charles with accuracy. We beg pardon for this digression. The three succeeding chapters make us acquainted with the state of literature, of government, and of society, with the progress of superstition, and the gradual encroachments of papal power; with the receding limits of imperial prerogative, and the development of the feudal system, with the overbearing pride of the nobles, and the gradual elevation of the people, with many of the wearers of the imperial purple, and with all the successive changes of masters, which

Crit. Rev. Vol. 19, April, 1810. C c

Helvetia experienced from the eighth to the thirteenth century, from the succession of Charles to the election of Rodolphus. And here the regular narrative begins. We extract the following account of the founder of the House of Austria. Vol. I. page 206.

The name of Rodolph is so justly celebrated in modern story, as the most distinguished personage in an age, when mankind began to throw aside the shackles of barbarism, and to feel themselves capable of something better than the toils of pedantry or of war, that curiosity dwells with peculiar satisfaction on the annals of his reign. He was in stature considerably above the common standard, though his form was by no means athletic; his features, strong and masculine, gave an occasional air of sternness to his countenance, which seemed to indicate a severity of temper, not natural to his character. But no sooner did he enter warmly into a debate than they gradually softened, and by their animation and affability effaced every unfavourable impression. His conversation was lively, familiar, and amusing, even amidst the most important occupations. Plain and unassuming in his manners, he was the declared enemy of luxury, and endeavoured, by his own example, to check the ostentation and expensiveness which began already to find their way into the dwellings of the great. When in the field, his way of life scarcely differed from that of the meanest soldier. He ate of the same homely viands; he reposed upon the same bed of straw. Nay, so far did he carry his love of simplicity, that he has been found sitting before his tent, patching his tattered doublet, while he issued orders to surrounding generals, and secured victory by a well-planned attack. The early part of his life was spent entirely in camps; and we have already seen him defending the cause of liberty against the outrages of the great. In this respect, indeed, his conduct has exposed him to the imputation of impolicy; and he is accused of having contributed to the elevation of a fabric which rose in the sequel to so enormous a height. Yet, if we could wholly divest ourselves of all historical information, and forgetting the eventful revolutions which five centuries have produced in the affairs of men, could identify those views which experience and reflection (the sure guides of human conduct) appear to have suggested to the count of Hapsburg, we should perhaps discover sufficient reason to consider his actions in a different light.

With his son Albert commenced the glorious struggle, in which the Swiss were so long engaged. Exasperated at their refusal to submit to what he was pleased to term Austrian protection, Albert prepared to enforce his *equitable* demands, and constrain them to accept the boon they persisted so pertinaciously in refusing. Gessler and Hadenberg were the

original instruments his humanity selected for that honourable service, and their temper seems to have been well suited to the task they had to perform. Such princes will never fail to find such servants. They are the growth of every country, and happily for mankind, they generally outdo the business they are sent on. The precise boundaries of obedience and resistance cannot be distinctly delineated; but there are political offences, which at once preclude the necessity of speculative justification, which call forth all the energies of a people, and which never call them forth in vain. Such were the wrongs which roused the inhabitants of the forest cantons, such the sparks which kindled the purest flame that ever burnt on the altar of freedom.

‘Sacred be the name of him, who first dared to cherish the noble project of liberating his country from her ignominious bondage! Staufacher was that hero. In silence he contemplated the degraded state to which his nation was reduced. He brooded over her wrongs in secret. He meditated upon the energies of the human mind, and felt from inward conviction, that man was not destined by nature to be the slave of despotism. Having reduced his ideas to a rational form, he hastened to communicate them to his friend Walter Hurst. At his house he met Arnold of Melchthal, who had taken refuge there from the pursuits of Landenberg. Misfortune is the parent of confidence. They both suffered in the same cause, and they flew to each other's arms with all the attachment of men connected by the strongest of ties, the love of freedom. Having deliberately weighed the dangers of the enterprise, they bound themselves by a solemn oath, to break the fetters of their country, or to perish in the attempt. But as their sole object was personal security, they resolved never to deviate from the path of justice in the pursuit of liberty. It was therefore laid down as a fundamental principle of their union, that they should in no case separate from the Germanic empire, nor refuse to their feudal lords, ecclesiastical or secular, those services which, by their barbarous system they were bound to perform. Having finally engaged to observe the profoundest secrecy, and agreed that no partial attempts should be risked till the time was ready to be sprung, they appointed a place where they might assemble, with a few chosen friends, to concert the preparations necessary for a general insurrection; and took leave of each other, not with the suspicious jealousy of men hurried by interested motives into a factious opposition, but with that honest confidence which is the result of conscious integrity, and the characteristic of truly patriot hearts.

‘To propagate the electric flame among a people, whose wishes were in perfect unison with their own, required not the arts of persuasion. The founders of Helvetic liberty discovered an ar-

dent partisan in every person to whom they entrusted the important project.

'On the 17th of November, 1307 (the day fixed for their meeting) each of them appeared at the appointed spot, attended by ten chosen companions. This nocturnal assembly was held in the field of Rutli, a retired meadow on the shores of the lake of Lucerne, exactly on the confines between Uri and Schweiz.'

The Burgundian war, the most memorable of all the struggles in which the Swiss were engaged as principals, and the most productive of important results to posterity, is detailed in the twentieth chapter with considerable spirit.

The temerity of Charles is calculated to attract our notice even at this distance, and perhaps his connection with an English monarch of no mean ability, tended to raise the interest we naturally feel in the eventful history of his life. Had his conquest of Switzerland proved successful, what his ulterior projects might have been it is difficult to determine; but we may indulge in conjecturing, that a strong and efficient barrier might have been raised between the encroachments of France on the one hand, and the pretensions of Austria on the other; and much of the blood which has been wantonly shed, and most of the treasure which has been lavishly squandered in the long and doubtful contest between those powerful rivals, might have been eventually spared. Charles did not, however, unite prudence of execution to originality of design; he wanted that calm composure of mind, that serenity of intellect which constitutes the first and leading feature in the true portrait of heroism. Hurried with the violence of a torrent from one undertaking to another, he omitted, or was incapable of ascertaining the means most conducive to his purpose. Possessing the bravery of a grenadier rather than the skill of a general, he risked the safety of his person without providing for the security of his soldiers; and uniting the ferocity of a despot with the ambition of a conqueror, he began by alienating by the violence of his temper, those whom he was preparing to subjugate by his army.

Granson, Marat, and Nancy, destroyed for ever the reputation which whole years had been employed in rearing, and have taught mankind the impracticability of enslaving a people determined to be free.

Lewis XI. is next brought before his reader, and his character may be fairly taken as a criterion of Mr. Hare's best manner. We shall therefore insert it entire.

'The artful policy of Lewis XI. produced such important

changes in the government of France, and eventually in the situation of modern Europe, that it is a matter of curious interest to investigate the transactions of his memorable reign. To use the words of a celebrated historian, "Lewis was formed by nature to be a tyrant." In whatever period he lived, it is probable that his administration would have been characterized by systematic attempts to increase the prerogatives of the crown, and to annihilate the rights of the people. Endowed with a deep and penetrating genius, he was most sagacious in discerning his real interests, and most indefatigable in pursuing them. Neither difficulties nor dangers could arrest his course. To a temper, alike cunning and severe, he united the most perfect disregard for the opinion of mankind; looking down with contempt upon every tie, by which ambition, when ennobled by a sense of honour, is of necessity restrained. At the commencement of his reign, he seems to have traced out a well-digested plan, from which he never deviated. Callous to the feelings of humanity, and a perfect stranger to the frailties of love, he had no earthly inducement to turn aside from the crooked path of deceit. With a jealous eye he beheld the power of the great nobility, and secretly resolved to destroy those dangerous privileges which had been conferred by the justice of former sovereigns as the reward of meritorious services, or wrung, from their weakness, by successful rebellion. To degrade that illustrious order was the leading object of his pursuit, and that he might accomplish it with greater facility, he selected men from the lowest stations, whom he raised to most distinguished offices of confidence and authority. Not satisfied however with shutting out the nobles from those dignities and employments to which exalted birth had hitherto given an exclusive title, and driving them from a court where they were no longer able to appear with appropriate splendor, he proceeded to despoil them of every prerogative to which the enjoyment of ages had given them a kind of prescriptive claim, and reduce them to a level with his commonest subjects.

Such treatment was not to be endured by men of lofty spirits, accustomed to consider the favours of royalty as belonging of right to themselves. In repulsion of the indignity they took up arms. This was precisely what the despot wished, as it opened an ample field for confiscation and torture. Persons of the most illustrious descent were now brought before tribunals, from whose jurisdiction rank had hitherto been exempt, and were condemned to punishments of the most cruel and ignominious description. Thus the people who had been accustomed to contemplate their feudal lords with veneration and awe, were led gradually to feel an abated respect, when they beheld the noblest blood of the land flowing beneath the axe of the executioner, and saw the first personages of the kingdom immured in dungeons, or exposed in iron cages to public derision.

The king was too well acquainted with the haughty spirit of

his victims to imagine that they would bear with patience such a reverse of fortune. A general combination might have proved fatal to his projects; but he had nothing to dread from their insulated opposition. It was therefore his constant study by insinuations and artifices, to keep alive the ancient animosities which had long divided the feudal nobility, and which were indeed the necessary consequences of that barbarous system; and in the conduct of this insidious undertaking, he displayed that unqualified contempt of truth and honour, which has rendered his name proverbially odious to posterity.'

The haughty and stubborn genius of Julius, and the mild and refined elegance of Leo, are so forcibly contrasted in the mind of every reader of reflection, with the present degenerate inhabitants of Italy, that we are naturally led to examine the moral and physical causes of so extraordinary a change. A nearer insight will however convince us that they were only wonderful phenomena in the age in which they lived; and that the generality of their fellow-citizens possessed all that fertility in intrigue, that fondness for duplicity, and that incapacity for decisive exertion, which are characteristic of their descendants. That the petty and almost insignificant principalities into which Italy was divided, tended greatly to cramp the energy of the inhabitants, by narrowing their field of exertion, we are not disposed to deny, but we must protest against the sweeping conclusions which are drawn from the softness of the climate, and the temperature of the air, when we reflect that heroes bled in defence of their liberties, where pilgrims now bend with humility at the shrine of superstition. The original progress and subsequent establishment of the reformation, is detailed in the fourth volume at considerable length.

'It was neither (page 181) as Mr. Hare expresses it, to the bold invectives of Luther, to the insinuating eloquence of Melancthon, nor to the rigid and gloomy genius of Calvin, that the success of the reformation ought solely to be ascribed. It was the simony, the profligacy, and the ambition of the Vatican, that undermined the stately fabric of superstition, and sapped the foundation upon which it had rested for ages. With an eye of envy and indignation, enlightened wisdom beheld the profusion of the monastic orders, so contrary to their own professions, and to the benignant views of their founders. Humanity revolted at the barbarous executions, which were daily ordered by the inquisition, whose leading object was to silence the voice of reason, that it might safely tyrannise over the opinion, continually feeding the god of charity with a copious effusion of human blood. Various other causes combined to give to the doctrine of the reformers unbounded popularity. Since Italy had become the

theatre of war, all the nations of Europe were better acquainted with the internal mechanism of the pontifical government. Till now, they had viewed the stupendous machine at an awful distance. But the fascinating charm had dissolved under closer inspection, and the gigantic monster, displayed in its real form, presented to the astonished spectator a disgusting compound of pride, ambition, fraud, avarice, and hypocrisy. Nor was this important discovery exclusively confined to those who made it. The invention of printing soon spread their complaints and invectives throughout every quarter of the civilized globe, tearing away the magical veil which had so long shrouded the mysteries of Rome.

'The prevailing cry of christendom was in favour of a reform. The councils of Constance, Bâle, and Pisa, called loudly for the correction of ecclesiastical abuses; but the attempt was too repugnant to the interests of the higher clergy, to be suffered to proceed. It would be deceiving ourselves to suppose that the reformation arose from the preconcerted scheme of improvement; or that it was the work of philosophers deliberately examining the errors and disorders which had gradually crept into the christian church, and endeavouring to correct them by salutary institutions. Although the boldest champion that ever wielded the pen of controversy, Luther, when first he ventured to censure the sale of indulgences, entertained no idea of the lengths to which, in the heat of polemical disputation, he was subsequently hurried; and in all probability, would at that time have regarded many tenets as heretical, which he afterwards inculcated with so much fervour and effect.'

Though the temporal advantages which were offered by the secularization of the convents, and consequent appropriation of monastic property, might induce many individually to adopt and propagate the doctrines of the reformation, the true reason of the inconceivable rapidity, with which tenets so different from those which were hitherto received, spread from the Baltic to the Alps, rests on very different grounds; and we need no oracular declaration to discover it in the corruptions of the church, in the flagrant profligacy of its ministers, in the gross extension of clerical prerogative, and in the union radically growing more intimate, and consequently more powerful between civil and ecclesiastical usurpation on sanctioned and legalized authority. These arguments are more cogent and better adapted to the body of the people, and the feelings of the multitude.

Mr. Hare has very properly concluded his history before the commencement of the French revolution. That ground is still too slippery to be trod with safety.

'But it is time to pause. To attempt a description of the

tremendous scenes which accompanied the fall of Switzerland, would lead to discussions, which cannot be undertaken at the present moment with any rational hopes of success. Every passion which agitates the human heart, is too deeply interested in the contest for the most temperate mind to command its moderation. The French revolution, impartially examined under all its bearings, is perhaps the most stupendous, and certainly to the present generation, the most awful event that has ever been accomplished by the crimes, the follies, or the courage of man. To investigate a subject so complicated in its means, and so comprehensive, in its results, belongs to the future historian. Should it be his painful duty to commemorate the farther victories of despotism, may providence in mercy so deaden his feelings, that he may execute the degrading task with sensations far different to mine. But if the fall of tyranny be his theme, may he possess sensibility and genius to do it ample justice, and taste the pure delight, excited in every generous bosom by the spectacle of returning justice, and by the virtuous triumphs of insulted freedom. To us the events of the last twenty years appear to be a magical illusion, in which ghosts and demons pass in quick succession before the eyes, leaving no impression on the troubled mind but those of amazement, of horror, and of despair.

We shall not detain our readers any longer by making general comments of our own, but we hope the specimens we have given will induce them to undertake the perusal of the work itself.

We had almost forgot to mention that the two first volumes have 'second edition' added to their title page; and we recollect that Mr. Hare published them in 1801. They are, however, so entirely changed, the additions are so numerous, and the improvements so considerable, that were it not for that circumstance, we should have scarcely recognised our old acquaintance.

ART. VII.—*Observations on the Criminal Law of England, as it relates to capital Punishments, and on the Mode in which it is administered. By Sir Samuel Romilly. Cadell, 1810, 8vo. pp. 76, pr. 2s.*

THIS pamphlet contains "the substance of a speech delivered in the House of Commons on the 9th February, 1810, on moving for leave to bring in bills to repeal the acts of 10 and 11 W. 3, 12 Ann. and 24 G. 2. which make the crimes of stealing privately in a shop, goods of the value of 5s., or

in a dwelling-house, or on board a vessel in a navigable river, property of the value of 40s. capital felonies."

Our observations on Mr. Montagu's book, in the last number of the C. R. were in the hands of the printer before this pamphlet fell into our hands. It gives us no common degree of pleasure to find that the opposition which, in the course of those observations, we made to Dr. Paley's Theory respecting the penal administration of this country, are amply justified by the authority of Sir Samuel Romilly, who, in the refutation of that theory, pursuing in most respects the same course of reasoning with ourselves, has sifted every separate sentence, every distinct assertion, with that logical force and perspicuity of argument, of which truth alone can withstand the scrutiny, and only prejudice or envy disown the triumph.

In addition to, and as corroborative of, our former arguments, we shall now only transcribe the following passage, the force of which is not to be exceeded by any thing that can possibly be alledged in favour of the desired reform.

' There is still another view which may be taken of this subject, and which is perhaps more important than those which have been already considered. The sole object of human punishments, it is admitted, is the prevention of crimes; and to this end, they operate principally by the terror of example. In the present system, however, the benefit of example is entirely lost, for the real cause of the convict's execution is not declared in his sentence, nor is it in any other mode published to the world. A man is publicly put to death. All that is told to the spectators of this tragedy, and to that part of the public who hear or who read of it, is, that he stole a sheep, or five shillings worth of goods privately in a shop, or that he pilfered to the value of forty shillings from his employer in a dwelling-house, and they are left in total ignorance that the criminal produced upon his trial perjured witnesses to prove an alibi, or some other defence, and that it is for that aggravation of his crime that he suffers death. The example cannot operate to prevent subornation of witnesses to establish a false defence, for it is not known to any but those who were present at the trial, that such was the offender's crime; neither can it operate to prevent sheep-stealing, or privately stealing in a shop, or larceny in a dwelling-house; because it is notorious, that these are offences for which, if attended with no aggravating circumstances, death is not in practice inflicted. Nothing more is learned from the execution of the sentence, than that a man has lost his life because he has done that which, by a law not generally executed, is made capital, and because some unknown circumstance or other existed, either in the crime itself, or in the past life of the criminal, which, in the opinion of the judge who tried him, rendered him a fit object to be singled out for punishment. Surely if this system is to

he persevered in, the judge should be required in a formal sentence to declare why death is inflicted, that the sufferings and the privations of the individual might be rendered useful to society in deterring others from acting as he has done, and drawing on themselves a similar doom. The judge would undoubtedly be required to do this, if the discretion which he exercises in point of fact, were expressly confided to him by law. But unfortunately, as the law stands, he is supposed not to select for capital punishment, but to determine to whom mercy shall be extended; although these objects of mercy, as compared with those who suffer, are in the proportion of six to one. Were recorded reasons to be required of the judge, it will be said, they must be his reasons for extending mercy, which is his act, not his reasons for inflicting punishment, which is the act of the law; an additional proof of the mischief which results from leaving the theory and the practice of the law so much at variance.' p. 25.

To advert for one moment to the particular subject of the bills now pending, let us ask, who can dignify by the name of law two or three statutes which in practice are so nearly reduced to a dead letter, that in the course of the last seven years, out of 1872 persons committed to Newgate for trial, charged with the crimes which are by those statutes made subject to capital punishment, *one* only has been executed? But an advantage has been taken of this position, by the enemies to reform, to which it cannot justly be applied. Why disturb, say they, an established system, which is proved to exist only in theory, and from the abolition of which, therefore, no good can be expected to result?

'Although,' replies Sir S. Romilly, "these laws are not executed, and may be said, therefore, to exist only in theory, they are attended with many most serious practical consequences. Among these, it is not the least important, that they form a kind of standard of cruelty, to justify every harsh and excessive exercise of authority. Upon all such occasions, these unexecuted laws are appealed to as if they were in daily execution. Complain of the very severe punishments which prevail in the army and the navy, and you are told that the offences which are so chastised, would by the municipal law be punished with death. When not long since a governor of one of the West India islands was accused of having ordered that a young woman should be tortured, his counsel said in his defence, that the woman had been guilty of a theft, and that by the laws of this country her life would have been forfeited. When, in the framing new laws, it is proposed to appoint for a very slight transgression a very severe punishment; the argument always urged in support of it is, that actions, not much more criminal, are by the already existing law punished with death. So in the exercise of that large discretion which is left to the judges, the state of the law affords a justification for

severities, which could not otherwise be justified. When for an offence, which is very low in the scale of moral turpitude, the punishment of transportation for life is inflicted, a man who only compared the crime with the punishment, would be struck with its extraordinary severity; but he finds, upon inquiry, that all that mass of human suffering which is comprised in the sentence, passes by the names of tenderness and mercy, because death is affixed to the crime by a law scarcely ever executed, and, as some persons imagine, never intended to be executed.

‘ For the honour of our national character (the honourable mover thus concludes his eloquent appeal), for the prevention of crimes—for the maintenance of that respect which is due to the laws, and to the administration of justice—and for the sake of preserving the sanctity of oaths, it is highly expedient that these statutes should be repealed.”

ART. VIII.—*Latin Prosody made easy*, by J. Carey, LL.D. Private Teacher of Classics, French, and Short-hand; a new Edition, enlarged and improved. London, Longman & Co. 1808, 8vo. pp. 407.

THIS work has been a long time before the public, who, by calling for a second edition, seem to have testified their approval. As this criterion, however, does not equally hold good with school books, as it may with other publications; since in the former a few individuals, who are engaged in education, and may conceive a work useful, have it in their power very soon to dispose of an ordinary edition; we have conceived it our duty, however late, to notice the book.

To us it appears that this work, though containing much useful matter, is too dilated for its purpose; this has been partly effected by the redundancy of the examples quoted, and by frequent notes, many of which go farther into metrical criticism than is necessary for the young student. The prosody in the Eton Latin Grammar runs into the contrary extreme, and is undoubtedly too concise. This conciseness, however, renders it adapted to the exercise of repetition, an advantage which is not attainable in the present attempt; for though the author has thrown the general rules of prosody into a species of verse, that rivals the harmony of the first parts of our Latin grammar, yet these verses, which are placed at the heads of the sections, are separated from each other by such masses of explanation and illustration, that the student will find much difficulty in collecting and arranging the limbs of this grammatical poet.—If, however, this work is intended, not as an elementary one only, but a book of re-

ference, in which all the observations which a tutor would make to his pupil, while instructing him in this portion of classical learning, are carefully recorded, we shall find many omissions. We will observe a few of the most common, for the commoner they may be, the more necessary they are for the pupil to be acquainted with, and if this book is intended to supersede the necessity of oral explanation, a method which we prefer, they should not have been neglected.

In the figure Synalephe, the author has neglected to warn his pupils against eliding the final vowels in words of one syllable; there are, no doubt, instances to the contrary. Every school-boy recollects the words 'Me, Me, adsum Qui feci.' Virg. *Æn.* In which case the hurry of the speaker is such as to render the verse even ungrammatical; but there rarely occurs an instance of this elision, which we cannot trace to a similar reason. Dr. Carey has omitted the observation that the pentameter verse should never end in a noun adjective, which rule, however, does not apply to the possessives *meus, tuus, and suus.* Ovid, who is in some instances a slovenly writer, seems to have been very cautious in this respect; nor can we agree with the author that a word of four syllables stands well at the end of a Latin pentameter, though the usage is admissible, especially in the case of proper names, with which words the Roman poets took greater liberties than in any others. In the Greek pentameter the difference is great, as in that language even a trissyllable at the end of the line is by no means offensive to the ear. Dr. C. thought it probably unnecessary to observe, that though the last syllable of every verse is justly accounted common, yet that the custom of ending verses with short vowels, if it recurs at all frequently, is very objectionable indeed, more so perhaps in the pentameter verse, and in the four verses which we call the *Alcaic stanza*, than in any others. In his rules indeed for the formation of the *Alcaic stanza*, Dr. C. has been rather negligent; for we do not conceive that Horace was by any means indifferent to the quantity of the first feet of the lines, whether they were spondees or iambics; as in the best and most laboured odes, the latter bear no kind of proportion to the former, and are indeed very rarely admitted, particularly in the third line of the stanza; nor can we conceive this to have been the effect of chance, for the more important the subject, and the more beautiful the odes are, the greater is the attention which has been paid to these rules.

In that noble ode in the third book, beginning with the words

'Justum et tenacem propositi virum.' Od. 3. lib. 3.

which consists of seventy-two lines, there are only two lines which begin with iambic feet, and only one which ends in a short vowel. In the fourth ode of the third book, which is still longer than the preceding one, there is only one line which begins with the iambic, and only one which terminates in a short vowel.—In the sixth ode of the third book, the twenty-ninth of the same, the fourth ode of the fourth book, and the fourteenth of the same, we do not meet with a single initial iambic, and it would be difficult to point out any four odes in Horace, on which more attention seems to have been bestowed, or which extend to a greater number of lines. Most of these common place rules would probably be anticipated by a boy of fifteen at a public school; but as this work takes so wide a view of the subject, they might be inserted without increasing the size of the volume, by merely omitting some of the examples.

The analysis of the hexameter is correctly drawn, and may perhaps be amusing, by exhibiting the varieties of which that verse admits; of its utility we have our doubts; for we conceive, that unless where the ear is very deficient indeed, the cœsura will fall into proper situations as well by accident as by rule; the words themselves, which the subject obliges the poet to adopt, are so various in length, quantity, &c. that it is next to an impossibility but what the lines will of themselves acquire a difference of formation; and the commonest observation will teach the pupil how seldom distinct words can stand as distinct feet in the first parts of the verse, without destroying all idea of versification, even though the line be metrically correct. Perhaps the most useful part of this volume is the table which ascertains the quantities of syllables in the declensions and conjugations of the verbs and substantives. This was a great desideratum in prosody, as it was one of those omissions in the Eton grammar which was not remedied by applying to the '*Gradus ad Parnassum*.' The account of the Horatian metres will likewise be found of use to the boy in the higher departments of a school, or to the university student. With respect to the initials S. P. S. C. and S. T. we think with our author, that the addition of a third consonant, as in the word '*scribo*,' can make no sort of difference in the quantity of the concluding vowel of the preceding word. There are certainly so many instances where vowels thus situated are considered short, and so many, where they are made long, that Dr. C. seems fully warranted in describing all vowels thus circumstanced, as common in respect to their quantity. We nevertheless think that the pupil is to

be guarded against placing short vowels in such situations, as the lines

‘Est in quâ nostri littera scripta memor.’ Ov. Ep. 5. 26.

and

‘Occulta spolia, et plures de pace triumphos.’ Juv.

sound equally inharmonious and harsh to a classical ear. On the whole we conceive that if Dr. Carey, instead of enlarging a future edition, will compress it into an appendix to our old Latin prosodia, by retaining the most useful portions, namely, those which are not noticed in that very concise compendium, his book will become very useful. At present it contains many clear and appropriate rules, but they are spread over too large a surface, and the work is more of use to the tutor, who wishes to save himself the trouble of explanation, than to the pupil, who may learn most of the leading rules of prosody by a shorter process.

We likewise take this opportunity of cautioning our author against the illicit practice of publishing his professional advertisements on the back of his title-page; for though it is, no doubt, a desirable thing for the public to know, where ‘adults’ may learn classics, French, Prosody, and short-hand, perhaps washing and combing included, for two guineas, yet we cannot admit of a practice, which though it may possibly bestow an additional value on a literary work, by handing down to posterity the facilities, with which learning may be acquired in the present day; yet, has at the same time an evident tendency to injure the revenue of the country.

ART. IX.—*An Account of the Operations of the Corps under the Duke of Brunswick, from the Time of its Formation in Bohemia to its Embarkation for England.* London, Stockdale, 1810, pp. 51.

THE Duke of Brunswick, during the last conflict between France and Austria, concluded a convention at Vienna, by which he was to raise a corps of 2000 men at his own expense. With this small force the Duke, in conjunction with an Austrian detachment, maintained a sort of desultory war in Saxony, till he received intelligence of the armistice which had been concluded between France and Austria. This event put an end to the hopes which the Duke had conceived of exciting in Germany a general spirit of resistance to the

French. Instead of submitting to the conqueror, the Duke very gallantly determined with his small band of warriors, who were willing to adhere to him in every change of fortune, to fight his way to the sea, in order to embark for this country. In this attempt he had to encounter the numerous obstacles, which were opposed by treachery on the one side, and by a vigilant and enterprising enemy on the other. Before the Duke began his march, he informs us that he called his officers together, and addressed them to the following effect :

‘ Acknowledging their zeal and ardour in the defence of the liberties of their country and bestowing just praise on their conduct, he observed to them, that they could not be ignorant of the principal object of the formation of their corps, that of operating in the north of Germany : that there was some ground to hope for the disembarkation of English troops in that quarter, and that perhaps they might calculate upon the co-operation of the inhabitants of the north ; that this was the best, and perhaps at present the only mode of serving the Austrian army and promoting the common cause. He acknowledged the difficulty of the march, and the obstacles which an active enemy would throw in their way ; but, confiding in their principles of honour and in their zeal for the service of their country, he did not doubt that they would cheerfully pursue the path which he pointed out to them.

‘ What was the astonishment of the duke on receiving answers directly the reverse of these just expectations ! All the officers of cavalry (with the exception of ten of the youngest) immediately quitted him, and their conduct was the more unpardonable, as they attempted, through the medium of the subaltern officers, to seduce the hussars. The duke, however, without appearing to notice this, set the troops in motion, the officers remaining behind, and after two hours march he halted the troops, and explaining to them the reason of the officers’ departure, made promotions of some inferior officers, and dismissed those soldiers who desired to return. Substituting in the room of the latter 300 recruits, who followed the corps, and whom he immediately put into uniform, the duke thus possessed the certainty of being surrounded by a corps, entirely attached to his cause.

When the duke arrived at Halberstadt, he found the gates shut, and the town in the possession of the fifth Westphalian regiment of infantry, which amounted to nearly 3000 men. The duke not willing to leave such a force in his rear, immediately gave orders for the attack.

‘ The *Harsleben* gate was forced with howitzers ; the second gate was broken open with hatchets, &c. ; and the third, for want of tools and implements, was set fire to, and burned off its hinges.

'It was a most difficult and sanguinary task to get possession of the entrances to the city; the enemy had done every thing in his power to cause delay by throwing impediments in our way; the massy iron-bound gates were barricaded with strong beams, and the vaulted passages filled with leaded dung-carts, and other obstructions, all of which were to be cleared and carried out piecemeal under a constant fire of small arms. Several hundreds of our bravest soldiers were killed and wounded in the performance of this service, without our being able to do the least injury to the enemy, who were placed in security behind the brickwork.

'After gaining admittance into the city, much still remained to be done; the enemy, who had made a most obstinate and unexpected resistance, had thrown themselves into the houses on both sides of the street, and annoyed us by a most galling fire from the windows. The resolution and courage of our soldiers however at length overcame every opposition; rushing forwards into the streets and exclaiming—"Long live our brave duke!"—"Long live the black Jägers!" they broke into the houses, and put the enemies they found concealed within to the bayonet. House after house and street after street were obliged to be separately stormed and conquered. The principal street, with a garrison of about 400 men, maintained itself the longest; the taking of this street cost many Brunswickers their lives, and it was not till after five o'clock in the morning that it capitulated.

'The result of the battle was most brilliant; the commander of the fifth Westphalian regiment of infantry, Colonel Count Wellingerode,* was made prisoner, together with the remaining part of his officers, and about 1600 men.'

On the 31st of July, 1809, the duke passed through Brunswick, which his ancestors had governed for several centuries; and which he now quitted with those sensations of regret, which must be experienced by him, who is compelled by some severe stroke of adverse fortune to abandon his home, his patrimony, and the works of his ancestors. After leaving

* Colonel Count Wellingerode, formerly a captain in the navy, named Mayronnet, brought Jerome Buonaparte from America, and from that circumstance became his bosom friend. Jerome afterwards promoted him to the rank of a German Count, and appointed him *Maréchal du Palais*, &c. As the possession of this person was of great consequence to us on many accounts, and particularly for the security of several brave officers belonging to our corps, who were obliged to be left behind in Germany on account of their wounds, he was therefore brought with us to England, and now resides in Chesterfield, in Derbyshire. The other officers who had been taken at Leipzig, Halberstadt, Hanover, &c. amounting to about 150 in number, were permitted to return to their homes (in order to avoid the inconveniences attending the conveying of prisoners) after having bound themselves in writing, upon their word of honour, not to serve against the duke or his allies till exchanged.

Brunswick, the duke was in imminent danger of being overpowered by the superior numbers of the enemy; but he at last succeeded in reaching the Weser, where he embarked with the remnant of his force. He landed at Grimsby in Lincolnshire, on the 14th of August; and was, no doubt, happy to set his foot on the land, which has so often given a hospitable reception to the fugitive princes of the continent. We are not acquainted with the particular merits of the present duke of Brunswick, but as an unfortunate individual, whom the tyranny of Buonaparte had doomed to destruction, and who is intimately allied to the present royal family, we have no doubt that he will experience that generous sympathy, which humanity in general indulges, and which the humanity of Englishmen in particular cherishes, for the fallen fortunes of the great.

ART. X.—*Travels of the Duke de Chatelet, in Portugal: comprehending interesting Particulars relative to the Colonies; the Earthquake of Lisbon; the Marquis de Pombal, and the Court. The Manuscript, revised, corrected, and enlarged, with Notes, on the present State of the Kingdom, and Colonies of Portugal. By J. FR. Bourgoing, late Minister Plenipotentiary from the French Republic, in Spain, Member of the National Institute, and Author of the Modern State of Spain. Translated from the French, by John Joseph Stockdale. Illustrated with a Map of Portugal, and View of the Bay of Lisbon. London, Stockdale, 1809. 2 vols. 8vo.*

THE duke de Chatelet arrived at Lisbon in May, 1777; he had embarked at Falmouth, and taken his passage by sea. The duke was present at the coronation of the queen of Portugal. The author, who is not sparing of his strictures upon our countrymen, says, that it was the English nation, 'the real sovereign of Portugal, which had been crowned in the person of the queen.'

The author calls the climate 'extremely salubrious.' The country according to him, is 'well adapted to the purposes of agriculture, though the English have endeavoured to persuade the Portuguese to the contrary, with a view to induce the belief that the produce of their soil is inadequate to their subsistence.' We do not believe that the English ever took any pains to establish this opinion in Portugal; or that their commercial interest, by the sense of which all Englishmen are supposed to be so imperiously governed, would have ever led

them to make the attempt. The interest of this country was, and is, perfectly in unison with the improvement of the agriculture, and the consequent extension of the industry of Portugal. The more industrious those nations are with whom we are connected by commercial ties, the larger quantities of our manufactures are they likely to demand. In private life, one man's good is too often thought to be another man's bane; and a similar prejudice is cherished with respect to the relative circumstances of nations. But, rightly considered, the highest degree of commercial opulence, which one country can attain, has a natural tendency to promote that of their neighbours, except where the bad passions interpose to engender wars and prevent an amicable intercourse. But, where the relations of amity are preserved, and a good correspondence maintained, the prosperity of the rich state must operate as a stimulant in the industry of the poor. And the advantages are mutual; for the more the sum of industry becomes increased in a poor state, the more exchangeable values will they acquire, by which to procure the manufactures of the rich. The intercourse of this country with Portugal would have been more advantageous, if her agriculture had been more flourishing and her industry more intense. So far is it from being true, according to the assertion of this *ci-devant* duke de Chatelet; or of M. Bourgoing, his editor, that the English had any latent interest in impeding the culture of the Portuguese territory, French writers in general, represent this country as enriching herself by impoverishing the continent; but only a moment's calm reflection can be necessary to dissipate the malevolent assertion; for the commerce of a rich country cannot but operate as an incitement to the industry of a poor.

The following is part of the account which the duke gives of the religion of the Portuguese, which does not appear, from more recent accounts, to have experienced any improvement, since his grace was in that country. The irruption of the French, and the subsequent occupation of the country by the English, will probably leave the religion of the people where it was before. As far indeed as example goes, the example of soldiers can never be supposed very likely to make any accessions to the stock of moral worth in any region of the globe.

'The Portuguese,' says the duke de Chatelet, 'carry superstition to a greater length than any other nation. They place implicit confidence in their saints; and though several worthy patriarchs have abolished most of the ~~manumeries~~ begotten by ignorance, the Portuguese character has prevailed. It reconciles the monstrous alliance of the most superstitious practices with

the most criminal excesses. The Portuguese adore the statues of their saints, and violate the most sacred laws of morality, the most peremptory precepts of their religion: they are incessantly passing from guilt to penitence, and from penitence to guilt: they tremble at the mere mention of hell and the devil, and yet indulge in all the excesses of the most brutal debauchery: their stupid credulity is encouraged by the government itself. During the war of the Spanish succession, the Portuguese troops, who espoused the cause of the archduke, having no leader, and being desirous of having a Portuguese to command them, took it into their heads to elect St. Anthony, a native of Lisbon and their patron, for their general. The king, Don Pedro, directed his commission to be made out accordingly, with a salary of three hundred thousand reas. This saint is still commander-in-chief of the army, and every year, on the eve of his anniversary, the king waits upon him at his church, and carries with him the salary of this valiant general. Every body kneels as he passes, and worships, in this wooden image, the chief protector of Portugal.

Formerly, processions were very numerous, and much more calculated to bring religion into contempt than to gain it respect. Part of these have latterly been suppressed. That on Corpus Christi day, which is still kept up, is accounted the most magnificent of any in Catholic Christendom. The streets through which it passes are strewed with flowers, and covered with the richest stuffs; every one being eager to display the most costly things that he possesses. The statue of St. George, who, since the alliance between the Portuguese and the English, is treated with great respect, commences the procession at three o'clock in the morning. This statue, of silver, is mounted upon a white pig: the saint is preceded by his page on horseback, and attendants on foot hold his stirrups. The most wealthy ladies lend their diamonds to adorn the saint's hat: there are several which are his own property, and these are finer than any of the others. All the king's horses, richly caparisoned, follow the saint; all the monks, in bodies, attend this procession; and the knights of the different orders are there in their appropriate habits. Next come all the tribunals, high and low. Lastly, the procession is closed by the king, the court, and persons of the highest distinction. It commonly takes up six hours. The queen and the rest of the royal family are without the church, in a pew, erected for the occasion, by the side of the front gate.

In general, all religious ceremonies are performed with extraordinary magnificence at Lisbon. There is no country in which the people sacrifice more to the external practices of religion, and where they, at the same time, violate its precepts with greater impudence.

It may easily be conceived that monks lead a life of the most unbridled licentiousness; but it must excite some astonishment to be informed, that every nunnery is a sort of seraglio,

where the most shameless debauchery readily finds gratification. The convent of Odivelas, during the reign of John V. contained three hundred nuns, all young and beautiful. Each of them had her professed lover; they were seldom dressed in the habit of the order. The most refined gallantry was their occupation, and they were accounted the most accomplished courtezans in the kingdom. Hence issued the numerous illegitimate children of king John V. who made a real harem of this convent. The marquis de Pombal, who disapproved generally of the multiplicity of convents, made this notorious circumstance a pretext for suppressing a great number, and incorporating them with other religious houses of not quite so bad a character. Still, however, the convents of both sexes in Portugal may be considered the most depraved in Christendom.

In the VIIth. chapter on the 'manners and customs of the Portuguese,' we have some general remarks on the character of the people. Such remarks are usually deduced from too few instances, or from too contracted observation to be true, or to approximate the truth. Exemplifications of traits of national character, though only in single instances, are usually better, and always more interesting than general remarks. The author intimates that the Portuguese harbour an inveterate hatred to the Spaniards; that they bear no good will to the English; and that they have a secret hankering after the French. The duke does not assign any very good reason for the Gallic partialities of the Portuguese; though he says, '*our vivacity is congenial with their own.*' We must remember, that when the duke de Chatelet wrote this, his countryman, general Junot, duke of Abrantes, had not displayed his *vivacity* by melting down the silver saints of the Portuguese in his inexorable crucible.

The description which the author gives of the *virtue* of the Portuguese ladies, and of the state of gallantry in the country in general, accords with the more ancient as well as more recent accounts.

'The Portuguese are extremely jealous; accordingly the women have all the appearance of austerity. They never go abroad without an old negro servant, who acts the part of a governante, and attends them to church, to places of diversion, and to the public walks. To these duennas you must address yourself, if you wish to succeed in any intrigue; without their assistance, you can do nothing; but money, of which they are very greedy, removes all obstacles. Nevertheless, woe be to him who is suspected by the husband or the lover! Their jealousy seldom forgives, and sooner or later you incur the risk of falling by their dagger. As they know it is common to make assignations in churches, there are very few houses but have their chapels, in

order to deprive the women of every pretext of going abroad : hence the proverb which says, that the Portuguese women go but three times to church, that is to be baptized, married, and buried. They are, however, suffered to go to the theatre, because they are separated from persons of the other sex, and especially strangers.

The author informs us, that the sensual propensity of the Portuguese is such, that it can neither be repressed by their devotion, their saints, nor even hell itself. They are said, with the exception of the Spaniards, to suffer more from a certain loathsome disease than any other people.

'The Portuguese is ignorant of the means of curing himself; his blood, once corrupted, is corrupt for ever : he lives with this odious disease, as other people live with the gout. The excessive heat and continual perspiration, indeed, mitigate its effects; and many an one braves its power in the south of Europe, who could not withstand it in the north.'

The spectacle of the bull-fight, is said to afford

'extraordinary gratification to the Portuguese of all ranks, and especially to the fair sex. It is not indicative of much humanity of disposition. Some, however, assert, that it is attended with considerable advantages, because it accustoms men to confront danger, to meet it without terror, and to behave with courage and resolution, under perilous circumstances. But people seem to shut their eyes against the fatal effects resulting from this sport. Wherever bull-fights are in vogue, assassins are more dexterous than in other countries; they go to these fights to take lessons, and to accustom themselves to the sight of blood: in proof of which, all the unfortunate persons who are found assassinated, are dispatched in the same manner as the bulls. Young children make this kind of combat one of their favourite amusements. One of them acts the part of the bull, and the others torment him; so that it is an extraordinary treat for them to behold this spectacle in reality. They are taken to it from their earliest years.

'The processions of Corpus Christi day, and the Passion week, are the real carnival of the Portuguese, and of the inhabitants of Lisbon in particular. During the latter period, the pretext of going to church is the more favourable to affairs of gallantry, as these pious visits are paid at night. It is accordingly observed, that if you begin to reckon from that season of the year, you may know when to expect the greatest number of christenings.'

The author says that 'all the males of the house of Braganza have an hereditary disease, the principal symptom of which is swelled legs.' In Chapter VII. which is entitled of

the government, the author tells us that the 'English were the greatest enemies of the Portuguese; they made it the principal article of their policy to subjugate that credulous nation, to reduce it to a merely nominal government, to assimilate it in point of fact with their colonies.' This is another of those foolish calumnies which only a Frenchman could be sufficiently base to invent, or weak enough to think that it would be believed.

A large part of this seventh chapter relates to the marquis de Pombal, who, for more than twenty years was the prime, or rather the only minister of Portugal. Several different characters are given of this distinguished statesman, who, notwithstanding some defects, appears to have been sincerely desirous of increasing the prosperity of Portugal, and of raising her importance in the scale of nations. Like all reformers, he had to contend with a host of malevolent, and interested opponents. He had besides to introduce new and improved modes among a people, who were surpassed by none in Europe in ignorance and superstition. Portugal, at that time, as well as since, has evinced the misery of a country which is under the dominion of priests. Where a dominion is founded on superstition, the great object must be to prevent the diffusion of knowledge, and those improvements in the political and social state of man which are the consequence. The duke de Chatelet says of Pombal, that 'he established manufactures, protected arts and sciences, attacked the priests, whom he characterized as the most dangerous vermin that can prey upon a state.' One of his errors, in which he bore some resemblance to Peter the Great of Russia, was, the notion that civilization was a kind of plant which might be forced. He did not consider that a premature growth, which is thus produced, is almost sure to be followed by a premature decay. This was the fate of many of his improvements.

It seems usually a fruitless attempt to introduce in any country new institutions, which, though abstractedly considered, they may be better than the old, are opposite to the manners, and habits of the people for whom they are designed. Such changes, in order to be permanent, require much previous preparation, or a state of manners and habits, suited to the reform which is desired. But this cannot be produced by a violent nor sudden effort; it must be the work of time. The triumph of Christianity over Paganism, or of a good moral system over a bad, though favoured by a miraculous agency, required more than three centuries to effect. *'Tantæ molis erat doctrinam condere Christi.'*

M. Pombal seemed to imagine that the political ordinances, or statutes of the government would be sufficient to render

the Portuguese a nation of industrious, enterprising, and wealthy manufacturers, merchants, and farmers. But all political regulations are worse than inefficient, which do not accord with the genius of the people. One of the objects of M. Pombal's administration, was to render Portugal independent on other countries, and particularly on England, for a supply of grain, and various commodities of utility, or convenience. Among his other projects for this purpose, he attempted to convert a large portion of the vineyards of Portugal into corn fields. He ordered a great part of the vines to be grubbed up, and the land to be sowed with wheat. The prisons were soon filled with the refractory proprietors. 'The whole tract of Santaren, about eight leagues in extent, was sown with wheat.' The sage reformer, M. Pombal, saw the grain ripen, and thought that he had effected a beneficial change. But he did not consider that all such violent innovations are fugitive; and that what is established by force, will usually fall of itself when the force is removed. He did not reflect that, when his dependents had cut down the vineyards of the Portuguese, he had made no salutary change in their inveterate indolence; and that while that indolence remained as it was, a more easy mode of culture was not likely to be forsaken, for one which required more labour and greater expense. The marquis, in his wisdom, made commercial arrangements with Denmark, Sweden, and Russia; but he forgot that the Portuguese had no predilection for a voyage to the northern seas. He prohibited the importation of foreign stuffs, in order to force the sale of coarse substitutes of native manufacture; but the people were still either foolish or wise enough to prefer a good foreign commodity to a bad one, even of Portuguese extraction. Some of his measures were, nevertheless, more practically politic, and very enlightened for the times in which he lived. Among these, we may reckon the modifications which he introduced in the powers of the inquisition. He deprived the inquisitors of the censorship of the press, and confided it to a board of laymen and ecclesiastics. He removed the controul of the papal nuncio over the clergy, and he rendered the latter amenable to the laws of the realm like other subjects. He put an end to many onerous restrictions on the colonial trade; and his wise and strenuous exertions contributed very much to repair the losses which had been occasioned by the earthquake at Lisbon, in 1755. But, with all his energy and patriotism, his character was sullied by one vice, which is seldom, perhaps never, the associate of a great and comprehensive mind. Avarice was his predominant infirmity!

Almost immediately after the death of the king of Portugal, Joseph I. in 1777, Pombal was dismissed from all his employments by his bigoted successor, who was better qualified to take the veil of a nun than to wear the crown of a queen.

In Chapter VIII. the author treats of the Portuguese colonies; from a note subjoined to which, we extract the following account of the Portuguese settlement of Goa :

‘Goa is situated on a fertile little island, on the coast of Malabar. Admiral Albuquerque, with a fleet, of nineteen ships, took possession of it in 1510. The inhabitants made no resistance, because, one of their priests, had foretold the arrival of a foreign fleet, to which they would be obliged to yield. Since that period, the Portuguese have lost and retaken this place, of which they are now the peaceful possessors. They have made it the principal mart of India. Goa has become the key of all the commerce of the East. It has resident inhabitants of every nation in Europe. The city is well built, its situation delightful, and its territory fertile. The heat there is excessive. The following is the account given, by a Portuguese writer, of the habits, manners, and customs of his countrymen, in this part of the world.

“The Portuguese, form the smallest proportion of the inhabitants of Goa. Besides the slaves, and the monks, there are several distinct classes of citizens : the *castices*, the offspring of Portuguese parents ; the *mestizos*, the children of Portuguese fathers and Indian mothers ; and the native Indians. The *castices* are commonly appointed to the principal posts, but, be their profession or occupation what it will, they all assume the title of gentlemen.

“The class of *mestizos* is held in much less consideration than the *castices* : the individuals belonging to it, are admitted into the religious orders, which Indians, perfectly black, cannot be. The monks refuse to admit them into their number, though the archbishop has given them permission to enter into what orders they please, after they have been baptized. There are, among them, physicians of great eminence. The rich at Goa, make a point of keeping a great number of slaves : a considerable trade is carried on, in that city, and when the female slaves have no husbands, the Portuguese cohabit with them. The issue of these connexions are legitimated. The mother then becomes free, but the children belong to the masters. The women,” says he in another place, “have an extraordinary partiality for Europeans ; there are no artifices but what they make use of to apprise them of the passion, which they feel for them : for they are strictly watched by the Indians. Neither the Portuguese women, nor the female *mestizos*, ever walk in the streets of Goa ; they, as well as their husbands, are carried in palanquins, and, like them, they make a great parade, and are attended by a numerous

retinue. There, as in this country," continues the author, "husbands are extremely jealous, and the fair sex, like the women of European Portugal, are eager after the pleasures of love, especially when it is at the expense of conjugal fidelity." With respect to Christianity, the same religious forms prevail at Goa as in Portugal. The processions there are still more pompous, and exhibit the appearance of the most extravagant masquerades. The inquisition exercises unlimited authority; and, finally, at Goa, as in Portugal, religion is allied with the most atrocious crimes, the most depraved manners, and the most profligate debauchery.—To this account we shall add, that Goa, which is one of the most important possessions of the Portuguese, has declined, exceedingly, from its ancient splendor. Their indolence has suffered immense wealth to pass into the hands of foreigners; and the Dutch have profited, more than any other nation, by the negligence and mismanagement of the Portuguese.

In the chapter on the army, we are told that the Portuguese are robust, lively, dexterous, and although not, individually, of an *advantageous* exterior, yet, when assembled as a body of troops, they make a very respectable appearance. They are extremely patient under difficulties, and possess a degree of sobriety unknown to any other nation but the Spaniards. There is no set of men on earth more adapted so sustain the fatigues of war.

If this be really the case, how happens it that they are the worst soldiers in the universe? Is it the tyranny of the king or of the priest which has totally annulled this supposed military capability? Is it one of these, or both united, which has rendered them too recreant and indolent, even to defend their own homes, or to make any determined resistance to an enemy who came to annihilate their national independence? The Portuguese may have the carcasses of soldiers, but what is to infuse an heroic soul into the insensate mass of flesh? What is to kindle that public spirit, which is the incitement to illustrious deeds, and without which the love of country is but an idle name? A total change is wanting in the institutions of Portugal as well as in those of Spain. It is vain to think of exciting the flame of liberty among this people, while we scrupulously support every vestige of the servitude which has debased the national character.

When the duke de Chatelet was in Portugal, all the military appointments were in the lowest state of degradation. Many of the officers in the army were the valets of the nobles, and were often seen waiting at table, even after they had obtained their commissions. When the count de la Lippe, who was appointed to the command of the Portuguese army, when

the country was invaded by an army of 40,000 Spaniards, in 1762, was one day dining with the baron des Arcos. He

'observed behind his chair, a valet de chambre of the family, who was intended to wait upon him, in the dress of an officer. He soon learnt that he was a captain of cavalry, in a regiment of *ouirassiers*, of which the general had the command, and which, at present, bears the name of *Alcantara*.'

The count de la Lippe, who was determined to put a stop to this proceeding, very properly rose, and declared that he would not dine unless the officer were allowed to sit at the table. He accordingly placed the commissioned valet between himself and the baron, to the no small mortification of his host. After the dismissal of the count de la Lippe, the officers of the army were subjected to their former menial occupations:

'In the inn where I put up,' says the duke de Chatelet, 'was a Portuguese major, whose servant was a lieutenant in his regiment. One day, as I was going out, I observed a captain give a small parcel to my servant; I asked him what was in it? It was my silk stockings, which the wife of this captain washed, and which he himself brought whenever he came for those that were dirty. From the selection of officers, we may easily conceive what the soldiers must be. More than twenty times have I been assailed by *continels*, who, with much importunity, pressed me for alms. The soldiers are not restrained by discipline, nor watched in the slightest manner; lodged in poor wooden barracks, they escape in the night without difficulty, and commit all kind of excesses in the towns. It is very dangerous to meet them, for it is not at all uncommon for them to ask for charity with a knife in their hands.'

Such was the deplorable condition of the Portuguese army, when the duke de Chatelet left Lisbon in 1778; and it does not appear to have been much improved since that period. How is the independence of any country to be supported by such contemptible instruments?

The author devotes one chapter to the science and literature of the Portuguese; but the catalogue of their literati, as far at least as it has excited the curiosity of other nations, seems to be confined to one name; that of *Camoens*, and of him they were unworthy, as they suffered him to live in penury, and to die in an hospital.

ART. XI.—*Cases of Diabetes, Consumption, &c. with Observations on the History and Treatment of Disease in general.* By Robert Watt, Member of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, Glasgow. Edinburgh, Constable. London, Murray, 1808.

THE first of the cases narrated by Mr. Watt, was treated according to the direction of Dr. Rollo, by a strict confinement to animal food, as far as it was possible to comply with such an injunction. The poor man made every effort to continue this regimen; though nature seemed to abhor it. It would not remain on the stomach. 'Even the very sight of it,' says Mr. Watt, 'was like to make him vomit.' In two or three months the patient died.

The second patient, a labouring man, aged 36, was treated in the same manner with regard to regimen; but to this was joined the extraordinary practice of taking away, at separate times, what would commonly be deemed, now-a-days, an enormous quantity of blood. Above 100 ounces were extracted from the veins of this subject, in ten or twelve days, and, as we are told, with the happiest effect! We must beg leave to remark on this case, that we do not feel certain that it was a genuine case of pure idiopathic diabetes. The man was in the prime of life. Though the urine was very abundant, and said to be sweetish, the saccharine matter was never extracted from it.

The motive for instituting this depleting process, was this—'After coughing up some tough mucus, from his throat, in the morning, it was followed by blood.' So says Mr. Watt. This seems hardly indication sufficient for bleeding, unless there was a considerable straightness of the respiration, or other signs of disorder of the lungs; with which it was indeed accompanied. Was not this then the primary disease? Upon the whole, we do not feel completely satisfied with this case; though we think the facts worth recording. Among these we esteem the following remarks on venesection deserving consideration.

In this instance, venesection was employed in the most forbidden circumstances. The pulse was slow, feeble, and not altogether regular. His strength and spirits were almost gone. The lower extremities had been cedematous to the haunches, and were always cold and lifeless. When newly drawn, the blood was extremely dark; on cooling, the crassamentum was found to be as black as pitch, and totally devoid of tenacity. These were sufficient to have deterred me from trying this prac-

tice, had I not known from former experience, that many of them were ill-founded. The state of the pulse is a most fallacious guide, in the practice of venesection. A strong full pulse, accompanied with pain, in some particular part of the body, certainly indicates bleeding; but it may often be of service, when the pulse is in the opposite extreme. The fear of inducing dropsy, by the too frequent use of the lancet, is in most instances groundless. On the contrary, there are many diseases, accompanied with dropsy, particularly œdema, where venesection is of the highest service. To such as have never seen, or tried, the practice, this account will appear incredible. I have not often bled in ascites, because this is frequently brought on, or accompanied, with some incurable organic affection; but in recent cases of anasarca, I have seen as good effects from venesection as from any other practice. Fears, arising from the rotten decomposed state of the blood, are equally ill founded. Nothing can be a stronger proof of this than the present case. The blood was pretty much the same, as is generally met with in diabetes, and seemed to agree with the description given by Drs. Dobson and Rollo. Little change took place in the first three bleedings. The fourth, however, was greatly altered. It had become sizey on the top, and on cooling, the crassamentum acquired a considerable degree of firmness. The fifth was remarkably inflamed; the buffy coat was thick, firm, and contracted, to the size of a shilling. The coagulum had assumed a globular form, and become so tenacious, that it could be held out upon the point of a probe. The sixth was still firmer, and in addition to former appearances, the serum had acquired a white, milky, or chylous appearance. These changes in the blood were singular, and unexpected; but I have seen them often since. I remarked too, that the veins, which, as the patient himself observed, were at first smaller than usual, became more and more turgid, and the blood flowed with greater force every successive bleeding.

The effects of this practice, on the general system, were no less remarkable than on the blood. Even the first bleeding produced a degree of hilarity, to which for many weeks he had been a total stranger. After the third, the pristine vigour of his mind was completely restored; and his feelings rendered more comfortable. After the fourth, the pulse rose to about 80, became firm and regular; and some degree of perspiration appeared on different parts of the body. Still, however, there was no very remarkable change produced on the urinary discharge. After the fourth, there was evidently a relapse. The fifth seemed to act like a charm. The recovery after this was instantaneous, and striking. The painful sensations in his bowels left him; the powers of virility returned; the gums became sound, the skin soft, and perspirable; the saliva, the urine, and the alvine discharge, natural; in six days he returned to his work, and in two months he was restored to his original strength.

We remember well when we were reading Dr. Bardsley's account of the cure of diabetes, by the plan suggested by Dr. Rollo, of a total abstinence from vegetable matter, that we were struck with the circumstance, that almost the only patient who received a cure, died soon after from an attack of inflammation. Dr. Bardsley esteemed this to be an accident. Such was not our opinion. We suspected that this was a natural consequence of the extraordinary stimulus of the animal diet, when uncorrected by a due proportion of vegetable matter. The cure so effected, we believe to be fallacious; the diabetic symptoms may disappear; but commonly diseased action will recur in some form still more alarming. We find our opinion much confirmed by some facts related on the authority of Dr. Cleghorn, of Glasgow.

'In course of conversation with Dr. Cleghorn,' says Mr. Watt, 'I gave him a short account of Stevenson's case, and the success attending the mode of treatment, which had been adopted. He observed, that, for some years past he had modified the treatment, recommended by Dr. Rollo, in consequence of the death of some patients, *from violent inflammations, soon after their recovery from diabetes*; that only two of his patients were alive; that both of them recovered, without a rigid abstinence from vegetables, and that he considered the risk of inflammation, resulting from animal food, as calling loudly for further investigation, more especially as the plan had failed more than once.'

These remarks concur precisely with our own ideas, and we hope practitioners will weigh them well. How can a regimen cure a constitutional disease, which is in itself absolutely insalubrious? Are not the diabetic symptoms merely symptomatic of a more general disease of the chylipoietic viscera; and can it be shown that the confinement to animal food has any tendency to correct this original disease? If too, Dr. Cleghorn's two patients recovered without a rigid abstinence from vegetables, neither does it appear that they were bled profusely, nor indeed that they were bled at all. This might induce Mr. Watt not to be quite so confident of the extraordinary beneficial effects of his bleedings, and in spite of all his reasonings, we shall be loth to imitate his practice.

The third of Mr. Watt's cases is not very well marked; and he does not feel inclined himself to call it a case of diabetes. 'The urine,' he says, 'on one or two occasions, was supposed to have a degree of sweetness, but at all other times it was perfectly insipid. Whatever it was, it was attended with considerable debility of body, and nervous irritation, and the powers of the mind were much impaired. The same copious bleedings were used as in the former case, and it was observed,

that the intellectual powers became stronger after each evacuation. It was observed too that animal diet was injurious, and it was changed for a vegetable regimen. After a certain length of time the patient recovered.

The fourth of Mr. Watt's cases, has likewise little or no right to be called a case of diabetes.

* Neither the quantity nor quality of the urine were strikingly characteristic of that disease; but the other symptoms, as enumerated by our best authors, were most distinctly marked.

To this it may be answered, that these strikingly characteristic symptoms are not peculiar to diabetes, but common to many other diseases. The patient was bled copiously three times, used a low diet, had some appropriate medicines, and recovered.

The fifth and last of these cases is one of a true diabetes in an aged man. It proved fatal speedily, and no very decisive practice having been used for its relief, it does not afford any conclusion of importance.

We must observe of these cases, that they are much too few on which to lay the foundation of any rational theory, or to build the superstructure of a successful practice. It has appeared, that of cases of true diabetes there are but three at the utmost, and of these two proved fatal. What can be inferred from materials so scanty? Absolutely nothing—but that in one instance the patient has borne a loss of blood, from which many would apprehend great danger. As the other cases are not of diabetes, Mr. Watt must allow us to ask him, whether he has not tried the same method on many other occasions, and whether the result has been uniformly as favourable as it is here represented. If it be so, we can only say that his experience is much at variance with that of other practitioners. Venesection is a practice coeval with medicine itself; and we cannot conceive it possible, that at this time of day, any very important discoveries as to its powers can be made. Sometimes, perhaps, it may have been too highly extolled; sometimes it may have fallen into unmerited disgrace; but, upon the whole, we doubt whether any will be ever rescued from death by bleeding to greater extent than is common; and must beg leave to think the apprehensions of mischief, from profuse evacuations, not to be generally ill-founded.

But we do not by any means undervalue Mr. Watt's labours. He has well exposed the foolish and vulgar objection made to bleeding, because, forsooth, *the patient is so weak*: as if a patient were not weak in a pleurisy, or in an acute

rheumatism. He has shown the superiority of a vegetable to a regimen of animal food in cases attended with debility. The benefit of all stimulating processes, whether in the form of food or of medicine is more apparent than real; and, they seem eventually to exhaust and destroy the powers of life.

But we think that Mr. Watt has done considerable service to science, by shewing that bleeding may be useful in cases in which almost all other practitioners have felt apprehensive of its consequences. We particularly allude to anasarca of the limbs. There is much vulgar, and we believe unfounded prejudice, on this subject. What would you bleed in a dropsy? every apothecary is apt to exclaim. And why not, since you give the most powerful drastic purgatives in a dropsy, often with the happiest event? But Mr. Watt has distinctly shown that the anasarca offers no impediment to this evacuation. After successive bleedings, as the other symptoms gave way, the anasarca too was removed. We believe that by an attention to regimen, much more may be done in dropsical complaints than is commonly believed.

We must add, that Mr. Watt, in our opinion, has formed ideas of the efficacy of medical treatment, which are quite ill-founded and extravagant. After his first successful case, he gravely says,

'When a variety of articles are used, in treating a disease, it is difficult to ascertain which of them had the principal share in accomplishing the cure. In this instance, here are five, to each of which it may be partly attributed,' &c.

Can he not suspect it possible, that a patient may struggle through a severe illness and recover without the aid of drugs? Wretched indeed would be the condition of the poor, if health could not possibly be restored without the administration of draughts and boluses! More wretched and precarious still would be the tenure of human life, if it depended greatly on the skill, science, and discernment of the medical practitioner. We doubt not that Mr. Watt will discover, if he keeps his mind unwarpd by prejudice, that a patient may *get well*, though he is not *cured*; and that he gets well often, not by reason of, but in spite of the drugs which are crammed down his throat. On this very subject of bleeding, how often have we, in consequence of the obstinacy of the symptoms, ordered a patient to be bled, towards the termination of an acute disease; and how often have we found the order neglected, and yet all those untoward and obstinate symptoms have disappeared spontaneously! Sound stamina and a good

constitution are of more avail, however severe a disease may be, than all the drugs that ever issued from Apothecaries' Hall.

To the cases in this volume are annexed some physiological, pathological, and practical remarks. We do not think very highly of them, though we gladly allow that they bear the marks of proceeding from an acute and inquisitive mind. We have been better pleased with his observations on the precursory and antecedent symptoms of the paroxysms of different diseases. Those he has particularly attended to are asthma, cholera, and cholic, which he seems to have selected, not on account of their being particularly favourable to the object he had in view from the comparison, but because his opportunities of observation were more favourable in regard to these complaints. Previous to the attack of a paroxysm of any of these disorders, the digestive power seems to be suspended. Hence whatever is taken is thought to disagree, and the subsequent paroxysm is attributed to the property of the food. The following is an account of this erroneous impression (which is a very common one) given by an old asthmatic subject.

'One thing perplexed him exceedingly, and several years he was unable to form even a conjecture how it happened. If he took food on the afternoon or evening preceding the paroxysm, it was sure to disagree with his stomach, and a great part of the subsequent distress seemed to arise from this cause. He overlooked the previous indisposition, and always imputed the attack to the particular food he had taken, and was extremely cautious to avoid it in future. But he found that one thing disagreed with him after another, till he had not an article left that had not been previously tried. This obliged him to go over some of them again, and he at last discovered, that it was the total want of digestion, at that particular period, and not any thing in the food, that occasioned the disorder. After the symptoms of an approaching fit have come on, he finds the best rule is abstinence.'

This is an important and valuable observation. It points out, moreover, the reason of the utility of emetics at the beginning of acute diseases.

Besides this state of the stomach, Mr. Watt has shown that the other premonitory symptoms are perfectly similar in those different complaints; and that, therefore, the difference in the subsequent phenomena depends on the constitution. He says,

'The first and second stage was nearly the same in all; the variety consisted in the form of the paroxysm. Exposure to cold

was the original cause. If the body happened to be heated, it became the more susceptible of the impression. One person caught cold, and after a longer or shorter interval, was seized with asthma; another with cholera; a third with colic; a fourth with diarrhoea, or dysentery; a fifth with sore throat; a sixth with pneumonia; a seventh with inflammation of some of the abdominal viscera; an eighth with erysipelas; a ninth with rheumatism; a tenth with gout. Prior to the paroxysm, a case of pneumonia was not more distinguishable from a case of rheumatism, diarrhoea, or asthma, than one case of pneumonia was distinguishable from another: the same might be said of all the rest.

'The impression of cold and the first stage of re-action is very similar in all diseases. After re-action is further advanced, it is modified by a variety of circumstances. It is seldom the part of the body exposed, which is the seat of the disease. In every patient there is generally one part of the system which is apt to give way, hence the disease to which he is most liable. One person cannot bear the least exposure without inducing a sore throat; in another the same exposure brings on a colic, or diarrhoea; in a third some affection of the chest.'

We meet with many other remarks which evince the acuteness and sagacity of the writer. We are not converts to his opinions, nor shall we readily adopt his practice; but his work is well worthy of the attention of the profession, as possessing originality of thought, correctness of description, and an earnest endeavour to improve the practice of medicine. We wish that in narrating his cases, he had condensed his materials, and avoided prolixity. By the introduction of extraneous matter, and indulging in general discussions, cases are rendered insufferably tedious; and the very instruction they are intended to convey is often lost. The reader is perplexed and bewildered; and the impotent points escape his attention. We wish Mr. Watt, if he again commits his speculations to the public censure, to weigh these considerations. He would do well also to study a little more the idiom of the English language. These remarks are made in the spirit of friendship; and we doubt not that they will be properly received.

ART. XII.—*The Influences of Sensibility; a Poem, in three Parts.* Mawman, &c. 1810, 8vo. pp. 64. pr. 5s.

NOBODY, except a professed critic, knows from experience the full emetical potency of this unhappy word "Sensibility."—How few then can justly appreciate our

CRIT. REV. Vol. 19, April, 1810.

merit in looking beyond the title-page of the present volume, and actually reading enough of it to persuade ourselves that the author possesses too much real taste for a mere follower of the exploded school of Della Crusca and Anna Matilda.

He is very young; and of this we are convinced, no less by the want of arrangement, of polish, and method of all sort which distinguishes this poem, than by the curious advertisement, in which he professes himself to have been ignorant at the time of writing that any one had ever thought of the same subject before him, and is apprehensive that he may be attacked as a plagiarist for adopting by way of title, a word, which one Mr. Robins, and one Mrs. Hannah More, had also made the mark of their respective pegasuses.

Of the Author's clearness of method we cannot give a better instance than in his prose argument, or, as he chuses to style it, "The Progress of the Poem."

'The *prefatory idea*,' says he, '*suggests the impossibility of reconciling men to the inferior situations of life, were the resources of happiness confined to the participation of power and wealth. But as the means of gratifying the particular impulse of the breast are easily attained, and happiness in various forms accessible to all, the ardour of its pursuit is then considered, and the principle which invests every thing that is proposed to the imagination with attraction, attributed to the great and universal quality of sensibility.*'

And so our friend goes on for a couple of pages, which in mercy to our readers, we shall only desire such of them to read as feel themselves duly imbued with *that principle which invests every thing that is proposed to the imagination with attraction*. As for the "easy attainment of the means of gratifying the particular impulse of the breast," we cannot say much, our breasts, perhaps, not being in the habit of particular impulses; but if the particular impulse of the breast be, for example, a very good dinner, with excellent wine, and the unfortunate owner of this impulse a man with just sixpence in his pocket, we question if the attainment of the means of gratifying this impulse is quite so easy as our young poet would represent it; unless, indeed, he wrote in anticipation of the effect which some of our venerable judges seem to expect from the passing of Sir Samuel Romilly's bill for the encouragement of private stealing in shops and dwelling-houses.

To leave, however, our author's logic, in which we are unable to cope with him, let us give one or two such examples of his versification as lead us to expect better things from him when time shall have matured his judgment.

‘ ——— Not alone to pierce the distant shade,
Man calls on hope, and hope imparts her aid;
Oft to the past will memory turn to view
Scenes to which hope and joy have bid adieu;
Whilst softer feelings rise, and half suppress’d,
Steals the slow sigh of languor from the breast.

‘ As when at sea the intermitting gale
With gentler progress swells th’ impatient sail,
Gradual beneath the adverse current glides,
The vessel lingers on the placid tides;—
So hope and memory equal charms employ,
And lull the heart in indolence of joy.’

p. 17.

The following lines are too evidently suggested by a well-known passage in the *Pleasures of Hope*.

‘ Ah! what were youth without the tender mind,
And hours of purest bliss to love assign’d?
What then could hope, through nature’s wide survey,
Suggest to charm the lingering hours away? ****
** With all its sails life’s vessel bounds before,
As hope’s full tides connect the distant shore,
Whence fraught with odours float the welcome gales,
And the glad mind the prosperous omen hails;
At every port its secret freight improves,
Rich with the commerce of delight it moves!’

The foregoing metaphor sounds very finely; but we fear that Della Crusca lacks at the bottom of it. The condition of a disappointed lover is painted with more real feeling in the lines which immediately ensue; but we have not room to extend our quotations.

The bathos into which the Della Crusca poets are apt to fall from their ill-supported eminences, may be exemplified from many passages in this poem;—As,

— ‘ Is not the amiable secret this?

— Yet in the medium may the fair indulge;’—&c. &c.

Uninspired readers may also entertain some doubt as to the propriety of

‘ ——— Wild exuberance of song,’

as applied to the author of the *Seasons*.*

However, with these few words of admonition, we shall now take our leave of a writer whose performance evinces talents which deserve encouragement at least as much as in its execution it calls for censure.

ART. XIII.—Observations on the Utility, Form, and Management of Water Meadows, and the draining and irrigating Flat Bogs, with an Account of Prisleys Bog, and other extraordinary Improvements, conducted for his Grace the Duke of Bedford, T. W. Coke, Esq. M. P. and others. By William Smith, Engineer and Mineralogist. Longman, &c. 8vo. 8s.

ZEALOUS for the honour of his art, and ambitious of mingling the sweet with the useful, this ingenious drainer has exerted his power, not only on the real bog of Prisleys and the water-meads of Lexham, but also on the imaginary marshes at the bottom of Parnassus. Verses are prefixed to every chapter, and enliven his subject as the willows brighten with their silver foliage the dark expanse of the Bedford Level. These efforts of genius are very appropriate and descriptive; they affect the feelings so strongly, that they are hardly to be read without a shivering fit.

‘ For which there seems no cure,
But to be cast into a calenture.’

What tenant of the fens can read the following lines without calling for water-proof boots and brandy?

‘ O ye midst marshes doom’d to dwell,
Speak ye, for ye the best can tell,
The various curse of agues, frogs,
Foul water, and unhealthy fogs,
Where hissing vipers, crawling toads,
Their horrors add to dirty roads;
Ducks, geese, and gulls join notes as harsh,
While ocean roars above the marsh;
Reeds, rushes bending to the breeze,
From pelting storms no sheltering trees;
Where swarms of gnats obscure the skies
Far as the blue horizon lies.’

p. 79.

But let the magic hand of our inspired irrigator be extended over this hateful scene, and what a new and beautiful creation arises from the touch!

‘ Come art, and change this hateful scene,
By moving mills make meadows green;
Bid stacks and steeples break the line,
And herds in wonted groups combine;
Plant the bare plain with rising trees,
And spread the sail to catch the breeze.’

Mr. Smith’s qualifications for a drainer and irrigator are not confined to his skilful performance on the reeds of poetry; he is learned in geometry, mineralogy, and engineering.

Without doubting the validity of his claim to these accomplishments, for which we have the proof of his own assurance, we cannot but lament, that his modesty as a writer has prevented him from exhibiting them in the scientific reasoning and systematic arrangement of his treatise. In its present statement it is a little too like the specification of a patent, wherein there is much said and little told; at least, this may be affirmed, that if the book contain any thing like a body of information, it would be a gigantic labour to collect and incorporate the now disjointed members. The writer honestly confesses, that he finds less difficulty in directing the labours of the spade than those of the pen, and claims an unusual indulgence from those who criticise the works of the press, as an uneducated man writing to plain men on a plain subject. Had he been plainer, more methodical and less tautologous, we should have had no quarrel with him, and this publication would have been a more grateful offering to the shade of his departed patron, the lamented Duke of Bedford.

We are far from denying that there are several good practical observations introduced, and some hints of a theoretical nature which deserve consideration. In the plenary exercise of his zeal he recommends, that villages should be removed, when they interfere with the purposes of irrigation; he would have surveys and levels of all low lands taken previously to any application to parliament for the purpose of draining and improving, that proper clauses may be introduced, to enable the commissioners of inclosure or proprietors of the land, to derive the full benefits of a judicious management of the water.

‘I know,’ says he, ‘that land-owners suffer much in many low situations for want of the liberty of making a straighter or deeper outlet for the flood through some other land, or by the side of a mill, which does not belong to them. But I see no reason why the legislature should not grant one general power to improve all lands of that description, by cutting such drains as in the opinion of able engineers and commissioners shall appear to be necessary, and that the damage done by such drains, and the value of the land occupied by them, shall be settled by commissioners, or a special jury. It too often happens, that a miller who has no other property in the parish than his mill and his water, takes a pride in penning up the water to the annoyance of his neighbour, and the great damage of some of the best lands, and he is generally supported in this by some prescriptive right which people do not care to litigate; for there is nothing more uncertain than the determination of disputes respecting water and water-courses. Any

one who should bring about a revision of those laws, by which streams of water may be better regulated, would merit the thanks of his country. I could enumerate many instances where the water-mills do much more damage to the land than they are worth. p. xvii.

Mr. Smith asserts that he has established many successful experiments in the art of irrigation in different parts of the kingdom, even upon soils, and with water which were formerly considered to be unfit for that purpose, and that it has been fully proved by the accurate experiments of a most able chymist, and also by the extraordinary growth of grasses in Prisley meadow, that ferruginous waters are not at all prejudicial to vegetation. A detailed and clear account of these experiments would have added much to the value of Mr. Smith's observations.

In p. 87, a new mode of manuring lands in the neighbourhood of salt water is proposed.

'Salt itself, being known to be a most valuable manure, I do not see why, in many cases by the sea side, machinery might not be erected, to throw up sea-water for irrigation. The portion of salt-water for agricultural uses must be small, and therefore easily obtained for a large proportion of land, and applied at particular seasons in proper quantity, might destroy an astonishing number of small plants and insects, which would be converted into manure. I apprehend this may be one of the ways in which salt-water improves land. The moisture which the salt absorbs from the atmosphere may be another, putrefaction being known to be one of the greatest sources of manure, and fresh water in the summer months also to engender much animal and vegetable matter, which becomes highly putrescent. Where both sorts of water can be procured for irrigation, it might be well to float the land with fresh water enough to produce animalcula, and then with salt-water to destroy them. Perhaps, some of our old agriculturists may think these hints too theoretical; the proposed experiments are not complicated or expensive, and probably may enable us to discover the true cause of the extraordinary rich vegetation of *overflowed* meadows, at the meeting of the fresh and salt-water floods.'

The opus magnum, to the history of which, the former part of the volume may be considered as little more than an introduction, is the extraordinary improvement of Prisley Bog, where the genius of Elkington had been foiled. Of this *pattern of perfection* a plan is given, and a more distinct and regular description of the manner of proceeding, than in the chapter professedly on the formation of water meadows; but we cannot, therefore, accuse Mr. Smith of inequality of

style, as if we rightly understand him, it is the composition of the duke of Bedford. The advantages derived from these improvements would appear incredible; on evidence less respectable.

March 1803, the meadow was stocked with 240 sheep, 3 weeks, estimated at 6*d.* each, 18*l.* making the spring feed worth more than 2*l.* per acre.

April 16, shut up for hay.

June 23, mowed 2 tons per acre, at 4*l.* per ton—72*l.*

August 20, again mowed 1½ ton, at 4*l.*—56*l.*

September 16, put on 80 fat sheep, for 3 weeks, at 4*d.* each—4*l.*

And then it was fed by lean bullocks, which is not reckoned in the account, producing 16*l.* 13*s.* 8*d.* per acre.

After a statement of various other wonders of the same kind, our author concludes his work with a summary of the benefits of water-meadows:

‘Their crops are produced at the least expense (taken for a considerable time together) and greatest certainty of success. They produce the earliest spring feed and the largest bulk of hay. The grass is of the most succulent nature, and the best food that can be given to breeding stock. The herbage of dry land is impoverished by wanting water, and that of wet land by its remaining stagnant, but both these evils are remedied by irrigation. Winter, when water is most abundant, is proved to be the most proper season for applying water. No one should be discouraged by vague opinions of improper situations, soil, or water. Water has the power of producing the most manure, and leaving the most disposable for other parts of the farm. A good system of irrigation is the best practicable plan of draining bogs and making them good. All these advantages must surely entitle water-meadow property to the first place in the scale of estimation.’ p. 119.

ART. XIV.—*Elements of Geometry, Geometrical Analysis, and Plane Trigonometry, with an Appendix, Notes, and Illustrations.* By John Leslie, Professor of Mathematics in the University of Edinburgh. Longman & Co. 1809. 8vo. 493. pp.

THIS book should have been entitled the Elements of *plane* Geometry, since it contains only the substance of the first six books of Euclid; and as solid geometry is not at all touched upon, we are inclined to suspect that the latter part of the work has been omitted; yet, the author does not any where

intimate an intention to omit it. The 11th and 12th books of Euclid form an important part of the Elements of Geometry, and appear to be essential in an introduction to a complete course of mathematics.

It may serve to check the vanity of modern science, when it is considered how little which is really useful the collective discoveries of ages have added to the Elements of Euclid, and how few improvements in the arrangement and evidence of the system at large have been made by the successive endeavours of many learned and ingenious men. But admirable as Euclid's system is upon the whole, it cannot be denied that several parts are liable to serious objections. On this account, whilst almost every eminent elementary writer on geometry, has, in the general conduct of his performance, followed the methods of Euclid, many have admitted partial alterations in particular passages. That some of these alterations, suggested by men of acute reasoning powers, aided by modern discoveries, are ingenious must be allowed; but it has nevertheless so happened, that their systems have been considered upon the whole to be inferior to that of Euclid. Mr. Leslie has entered the lists as an adventurer, and we regret to add that, in our opinion, he is one more of the unsuccessful adventurers.

The most important objection to the definitions in this work is, that the author has allowed himself the licence of drawing inferences, in the nature of corollaries, from the definitions; a licence so much at variance with scientific arrangement, that it is surprising the learned professor, who appears so well to understand the pure reasonings of the ancient geometricians, should not have avoided it. Perhaps, it is unnecessary to say much upon so obvious an impropriety, still it may be observed, that all the propositions are nothing more than deductions from the definitions, and it may be inquired, if any are admitted in the progress of the definitions, why are not all admitted?

To the 10th definition he has added a demonstration similar to that in Euclid's 15th prop. that vertical angles are equal. To the definition of a right angle, he has subjoined two deductions; first, that the angles made on the same side of a line are equal to two right angles; and secondly, that all right angles are equal. The first (which is the 13th of Euclid) no preceding author, as far as our recollection suggests, even of those least strict in demonstration, has thought unworthy to be ranked as a proposition; and the latter, although it stands as an axiom in Euclid, certainly requires a demonstration, and has been very clearly demonstrated in Bonnycastle's Elements.

The present author is aware that the latter inference needs a proof, and he has attempted, not very successfully, to prove it from his definition of a right angle, of which definition it is proper that some notice should be taken. He defines a right angle as 'the fourth part of an entire circuit, or revolution.' This definition introduces into the Elements of Geometry the principle of revolution, or, of motion. Philosophers have decided that no more principles should be admitted than are necessary; and this rule may surely be adopted in geometry, a science exceeding all others in the simplicity with which it is constituted. That this new principle is not necessary is very evident; for Euclid's theory of right angles has never been questioned; the author has not even made it useful to himself, but on the contrary, he has demonstrated the 6th prop. which is the first concerning right angles, (if we except those given among the definitions) from Euclid's definition.

The passages in plane geometry, wherein Euclid has often been supposed to be principally defective, are those concerning the properties of parallel lines, and the doctrine of proportion. It is to these points, therefore, that those who have attempted to improve the Elements, have generally directed their principal attention. We come now to examine how far Mr. Leslie has succeeded in his endeavours to place these subjects in a clearer light.

His first proposition on parallel lines, he enunciates in the same manner as the 29th of Euclid, which is the proposition where all the difficulty lies. The professor here stands chargeable with the same offence which he has imputed to Euclid, 'that he had only sought to evade the difficulty by styling the fundamental principle an axiom;' with this difference, that our author has rendered the evasion less obvious, because he has assumed the axiom without writing it down. For in fact he has demonstrated only the converse of the proposition enunciated, that is, he has shewn that if the exterior angle is equal to the interior and opposite angles, the lines cannot meet, as is shewn in the 27th and 28th of Euclid: and this he has shewn by admitting the principle of motion, or, in other words, the revolution of one of the parallel lines about a fixed point. We object to this mode of arguing, not only generally for the reason above suggested, but also, in this particular case, because it is contrary to the hypothesis of the theorem under consideration.

Euclid's method of treating this subject appears to us to come nearer to a solution of the difficulty than Mr. Leslie's, or than any other that we have seen. It only requires this

axiom to be admitted, that there can be but one parallel to the same line through a given point, (almost indeed a *petitio principii*) and then by transferring the 12th axiom, as a corollary, to the 28th prop. the 29th will be demonstrated without difficulty. The subject has been treated somewhat in this manner by Bonnycastle, in his Elements, a work of which the general character is that it has at once retrenched the superfluities, and supplied the deficiencies of Euclid.

The fifth book of Euclid has always been found extremely difficult and perplexing; and it may safely be asserted, that his definition of proportion has never been understood by many of those who have read it. If, therefore, any mode could be found, upon *whatever* principles, to investigate the theory of ratios in a manner at once easy and correct, we, for our parts, should be little disposed to recur to the metaphysical subtilties and laborious tediousness of Euclid. With this impression upon our minds, we do not object to the method Mr. Leslie has chosen, of reducing proportion to numerical principles, because it is a deviation from Euclid, but because it appears insufficient, and is to our apprehension as much calculated to perplex the reader as Euclid's manner of discussion.

Mr. L's. definition of proportion is, 'that a submultiple of the first is contained in the second, as often as a like submultiple of the third, is contained in the fourth.' The definition contains a property simple, and easily comprehended: but it cannot be applied to incommensurable quantities. Those who reject the 5th of Euclid, are in general too much inclined to depreciate the importance of adapting the theory of ratios to incommensurables: they do not seem to be well aware how essential the consideration of these quantities is in investigating the proportions of geometrical magnitudes. That Mr. Leslie has occasionally forgotten this (for it will appear that it has not escaped his knowledge) may be collected from the following passage in his notes:

'The obscurity that confessedly pervades the 5th book of Euclid, being occasioned solely by the attempt to extend the definition of proportion to the case of incommensurables, the theory of which is contained in his 10th book—the pertinacity of modern editors of the Elements in retaining such an intricate definition, appears the more singular, since, omitting all the books relative to the properties of numbers, they have not given the slightest intimation respecting even the existence of incommensurable quantities.' p. 463.

If this might have served some preceding authors as an apology for deviating from Euclid, it cannot avail the author

of the work now under our consideration, since he has shewn what incommensurable quantities are, and has proved their existence in two geometrical instances. He has not only shewn their existence; he has allowed the possibility of their entering into other propositions, in several places, particularly in the 1st of the 6th book, where he treats of the proportionality of diverging lines cut by parallel lines, and in the 35th of the 6th, where it is shewn that angles are as their subtending arcs. The first of these propositions, the author makes the foundation of the whole of the 6th book, and of all those propositions in which the proportions of geometrical quantities are ascertained: Need we observe that the latter is the principle upon which trigonometry must be grounded, and a great part of the practical uses of geometry, as far as they apply to navigation and astronomy?

It is likewise obvious, that in the whole of the 5th book, which treats of proportion in the abstract, it is necessary that the possibility of incommensurable quantities should be held in remembrance; otherwise, all those propositions in the 6th book, and in other parts of the mathematics, wherein proportions are transformed according to methods intended to be proved in the 5th book, must become uncertain: and of this the professor seems to be aware. We shall transcribe the passage in his introduction to the 5th book, wherein he admits this, and explains the method he has adopted to meet the difficulty.

‘But mathematical quantities are not all susceptible of such perfect mensuration. Two quantities may be conceived to be so constituted, as not to admit another which will measure them completely, or be contained in both without leaving a remainder. Yet, this apparent imperfection which proceeds entirely from the infinite variety ascribed to possible magnitude, creates no real obstacle to the progress of accurate science. The measure, or primary element, being assumed still smaller and smaller, its corresponding remainder must be perpetually diminished. This continued exhaustion will hence approach its absolute term, nearer than any assignable difference.’ p. 147.

The reader is accordingly taught, by the course of reasoning pursued throughout the 5th book, and in so much of the 6th, as is demonstrated immediately from Mr. L's definition of proportion, that these remainders, because they are less than any assignable difference, are to be entirely disregarded; and that the multiple of the approximating common quantity which comes nearest to the quantity is to be considered as the quantity itself. This author charges Euclid with having sheltered himself behind a certain indefinitude

It is con- cluded

we could have wished that he had pointed out wherein this evasion (for his phrase amounts to this) consists. But be this charge substantiated, or not, it is certain the author has committed a similar fault in the principle of rejecting the remainders, because they are small. Those who remember the difficulties involved in the theory of prime and ultimate ratios, and of evanescent quantities, must remember also the differences of opinion, between men of considerable mathematical knowledge, which have occasionally occurred respecting the accuracy of the resulting deductions: and they will be disposed to think that to a young student in geometry, this mode of reasoning can appear neither certain, nor explicit. Such a reader, knowing no more of the mathematics than he finds in this book, (and for such readers we presume the book to be written) cannot but feel some doubts as to the accuracy of the reasoning, and the truth of the inferences, when he is told that a quantity has the same ratio to a part of a given quantity that it has to the whole, because the difference may be made infinitely small, and the whole is the limit to which the part approaches.

This is precisely what the reasoning comes to; because the author has not shewn, as he might have done, that wherever a proportion takes place, if there is no exact common measure to the two first terms, there is no exact common measure to the two last; and that, therefore, there is a compensation; but, even if he had shewn this, perhaps, it could not be proved that the compensation would be just. Thomas Simpson, indeed, whose theory is, in substance, the same as this, has shewn a method by which the truth of proportions, demonstrated on the supposition of commensurable quantities, is established in the case of incommensurables; the method being much the same as that used by Euclid (which we regret Mr. L. did not retain) in demonstrating that 'circles are in the duplicate ratio of their diameters.'

The author has not succeeded in clearing away the two great difficulties of plane geometry which occur in the Elements of Euclid; but let it be urged on his behalf, that he has only failed where all his predecessors have failed. His ill success arises neither from want of industry, nor want of talents; and he has been overwhelmed by difficulties from which no man has yet been able to emerge, and which have defied even the minute exactness of Euclid, and the laborious suraile of Dr. Simson. Of Mr. Leslie too it may be said, *men excidit ausis.*

If this misception of the passages already mentioned, and apology for de- accuracies, Mr. L's. Elements are entitled to

commendation: The demonstrations are in general clear and correct: to some propositions which Euclid has proved by the *argumentum ad absurdum*, are given elegant direct demonstrations. The whole of the 4th book, in particular, deserves high praise for the mode of arrangement; the neatness of the constructions, and the fulness of information contained in it.

A great number of propositions, not to be found in Euclid, and many not in any other elementary treatise, are incorporated into this work. Some of these propositions are both elegant and useful, and such as may properly stand in an elementary book; but many are unnecessary, and some appear perfectly useless. It is ill judged to encumber the student with knowledge that is to him not essential. There is a certain series of propositions which are generally and frequently applicable, and from which all others may, without much difficulty be deduced; give him these, and leave him to discover other properties (which are less often required) when he may have occasion for them. This will teach him, what is to him of more use, than all that science can bestow;—the habit of thinking for himself, and of bringing into action the resources of his own mind.

The other parts of the work our limits will not allow us to notice so fully as their merit demands. In the first book of the Appendix, the author has given the methods of performing some geometrical problems by means of straight lines only, and in the second by circles only. Much ingenuity and geometrical invention have been wasted upon these useless, though curious speculations.

The highest claim which the author has to approbation, rests upon the geometrical analysis. There are three books, which contain nearly ninety propositions; the greater part of which have been handed down to us by tradition, as the studies in the ancient schools of geometry; but, lost, from the effects of time and accident, they have been restored, or, (if the phrase be conceded) re-invented, from detached vestiges and occasional hints, by the successive labours of several learned mathematicians. Mr. Leslie has rendered a very acceptable service to the science by collecting these scattered materials, no doubt with great exertion and commendable industry; and he has added some propositions which are of modern invention; but there are few of these which are not to be found in other authors. The demonstrations of these propositions are conceived in the spirit and purity of the ancient geometers; and the whole of the geometrical analysis is fully entitled to ample unreserved praise. It is calculated

to be of important benefit to young men who have gone through the elements, and at the same time will afford much pleasure, and some instruction to those more advanced in science.

The Treatise on Trigonometry is sufficiently easy and correct, but it is merely elementary, and is not adapted to teach the practice; neither the modes of calculation, nor the solutions by construction are explained. The notes although they are brief, contain some interesting information.

The professor has not effected all that he intended; but his work in many parts may be serviceable, and by the perusal of it we have occasionally been much gratified.

ART. XV—*Mylius's School Dictionary of the English Language, intended for those by whom a Dictionary is used as a Series of daily Lessons, in which such Words as are pedantical, vulgar, indelicate, and obsolete, are omitted; and such only are preserved as are purely and simply English, or are of necessary Use, and universal Application. The second Edition, to which is prefixed, a New Guide to the English Tongue, by Edward Baldwin, Esq. London, Godwin, Skinner-Street, 2s. 6d. fine, and 2s. on common Paper.*

THIS work is intended to abridge the labour of acquiring a competent knowledge of the English tongue; and it appears upon the whole better adapted for that purpose than most of the publications which are written with similar intent. The first part of this work, which is called, *A new Guide to the English Tongue*, is almost entirely taken from Mr. David Booth's admirable 'Introduction to an Analytical Dictionary of the English Language,' which was mentioned in the C. R. for December, 1807, p. 443. The only novelty which we have discovered, is to be found in what Mr. Baldwin calls tables of '*the real declensions of the English tongue.*' We will extract two of these tables as specimens.

I.

'Love, substantive.
Love, verb.
Lovely, adjective.
Unlovely, negative adj.
Lover, substantive of
the person.

IX.

Use, substantive.
Disuse, negative substantive.
Use, verb.
Disuse, negative verb.
Useful, } adjective.
Usual, }

<i>Loveliness</i> , substantive of the thing.	<i>User</i> , substantive of the person.
	<i>Usefulness</i> , } substantive of the thing.
	<i>Uselessness</i> }
	<i>Usefully</i> , } adverb.
	<i>Uselessly</i> , }

Mr. Baldwin has exhibited examples of thirteen of this new species of declensions. As we have been in the constant habit of associating the term *declension*, with those changes of termination, which are used in the nouns and verbs in the Greek, Latin and other languages, to denote the different cases, persons, tenses, and moods, we should have been more pleased if Mr. Baldwin had called his declensions, tables of derivations, or tables of the modifications of sense and sound, which any radical word undergoes. As many parts of speech, or classes of words shoot out from one radical, as verbs, adjectives, adverbs &c. from the name of some particular thing or substantive, it might be useful to form a dictionary arranged into tables like the *declensions* of Mr. Baldwin, in order to shew how one root gradually sends forth a variety of words, which have always more or less affinity to the parent stock, but the sense of which is altered or modified by certain accessions, diminutions, or qualifications of meaning. The first words, which man invents are undoubtedly the names of things, and these must serve him for sometime, as they do children to express their paucity of ideas. The first *verbs* are formed by adding the personal pronoun to the substantive. Many *adjectives*, particularly in the Latin and Greek languages, are produced the same way, as *liber tener miser sacer* where *er*, is the German personal pronoun *he*, which originated, as Mr. Booth has well remarked, from the Celtic *er*, signifying *man*. Hence may be explained the termination of the numerous English personal substantives in *er* and *or*. But to return more immediately to the object of the present article. We think that this dictionary might have been rendered much more useful to the learners of the language, if the whole had been thrown into the form of that part of the introductory matter which contains what are called the tables of *declensions*. Thus the words, instead of being placed in strict alphabetical order, would have been arranged under their different radicals, in much the same manner as they are in the *Lexicon of Scapula*, or the *thesaurus of Damm*. The juvenile student, who was required to find any particular word, would according to this plan, be obliged to exercise a little of his reflective power before he began the search. He would first have to consider whether the word, which he wished to find, was a simple or a compound term, whether a radical or derivative, &c. &c.

We throw out this hint to Mr. Baldwin, and advise him to lose no time in forming a dictionary on this plan, which, if well executed, must, from its general utility, have a considerable circulation. We were much pleased with Mr. Booth's plan of giving the meaning of the different prefixes and suffixes in the English language, in the beginning of his work, in order to abridge the size of his dictionary, by saving the necessity of inserting a multitude of words of which the sense may be readily ascertained as soon as that of the prefixes or suffixes is understood. Thus, for instance, when it is known that the prefix *de* signifies 'off or away from something,' to which the word refers, or *from* what the word itself simply denotes, there can be no necessity for inserting in the dictionary all the compounds of *de* which are to be found in the English vocabulary. For the scholar who knows the meaning of *de* cannot be at a loss for the meaning of *debar*, *decrease*, *decamp*, *decompose*; nor would it be necessary to those who were previously taught that the suffix *fy* was from the Latin *facere*, to insert in a dictionary all the English words which terminate in *fy* as *beautify*, *liquefy*, *purify*, &c. &c. Those who are taught that the termination *ly* etymologically signifies *like*, will by no means want to have the pages of their dictionary occupied by all the adjectives and adverbs in the English language which terminate in *ly*, as *lovely*, *manly*, *godly*, &c. or *beautifully*, *feebly*, *ably*, *kindly*, &c. If Mr. Baldwin, or Mr. Mylius will favour us with a school dictionary arranged according to the plan of Mr. Booth, with the omission of those words whose sense may be readily defined when the meaning of their prefixes or suffixes is understood, and if they will arrange the words themselves, not in alphabetical order but in classes of etymological descent, or of genealogical affinity, we think that they will consult both their own interest, and that of the rising generation.

CRITICAL MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 16.—*Scripture Characters, in a Series of practical Sermons, preached at St. James's Church, Bath, by the Rev. Richard Warner, Curate of that Parish.* London, Wilkie & Robinson, 1810. 12mo, 5s.

GENERAL exhortations to duty, or general descriptions of virtue or of vice, are very weak and insipid, unless resolved into

particulars, and thus made to correspond with the familiar details of common life. But, however particular the instructions of the moralist or the preacher may be, they must lose part of their efficacy, unless they are illustrated in the lives of individuals. Hence we highly approve of sermons, in which some particular virtue or vice is treated in reference to some particular character. Instruction is thus rendered more vivid and interesting; and, consequently, more easy of retention and more likely to be retained. It must indeed be confessed that the Scriptures, particularly those of the New Testament, furnish but very few and very scanty notions of the lives of individuals; which the preacher can adduce, as exemplifications of the truths which he wishes to enforce. More biographical particulars are scattered through the general history of the Old Testament; to which the preacher may have recourse to illustrate the moral nature of man, and to deliver precepts and cautions which may not be useless to an audience even in the nineteenth century of the christian era. These sermons of Mr. Warner are fifteen in number, and refer to the characters of Adam, Noah, Abraham, Joseph, Job, Moses, Balaam, David, John the Baptist, Peter, Judas Iscariot, Pontius Pilate, and Paul. This work does not exhibit a very deep insight into human nature, but it contains many sensible remarks. We noted some few passages which appeared to us objectionable during the perusal, as, where the author says, p. 151, 'to transgress is the essence of our nature,' and others of similar import; but such sentiments, which constitute what may be called the badge of a particular class of religionists, will with such persons be an additional recommendation of this volume.

ART. 17.—*A Discourse delivered on board His Majesty's Ship Trident, in Malta Harbour, Nov. 19th, occasioned by the Death of Sir A. J. Ball, Bart. His Majesty's Civil Commissioner for administering the Affairs of Malta, and its Dependencies, Rear-Admiral of the White, &c. &c. By Richard Crutwell, LL. B. Chaplain of the said Ship, and late Secretary to the Rear-Admiral.* London, Cadell & Davis, 1809.

NO novelty of remark can well be expected in a funeral sermon. Mr. Crutwell has detailed the common places of admonition, of solace and of hope, which are properly enforced on such occasions.

ART. 18.—*The Sin and Folly of Cruelty to Brute Animals; a Sermon, By Thomas Moore.* London, Johnson, 1810, 9d.

WE wish that christian ministers would more often preach on this subject, and never let the year pass without delivering at least one sermon on the sin of cruelty to that part of the sensitive creation who want language to make known their wrongs. A great senator seems to think that cruelty to the brutes produces courage, and renders the character robust; but we believe it will be found that this species of cruelty is always accompanied with cowardice. Those who are most in the habit of giving pain to animals, will be commonly found most afraid of feeling it themselves. We remember to have been once told by a person who drove a great trade in extracting plebeian teeth, that butchers

were the persons who gave him most trouble from the timidity and irresolution which they betrayed. Yet these same butchers were, no doubt, perfect adepts in cutting the throats of lambs and calves, and in crushing the skulls of cows and oxen with a pole-axe. But, when the necessity came for inflicting a temporary pain on themselves, it appears that their former habits had not taught them even that common hardihood, which a woman, or a *petit-maitre*, would practice better than they. It may be regarded as a general truth, liable to very few exceptions, that *cruelty makes men cowards*; and that men are always brave in proportion as they are humane. Let the advocates for bull-baiting and cock-fighting remember this.

ART. 19.—*Select Passages from the Holy Scriptures, containing a summary of religious and moral Instruction, proper to be committed to Memory by young Persons. Compiled by Henry Tuke; second Edition.* York, Blanchard, 6d.

We are friendly to this method of instruction.

ART. 20.—*Remarks on the Reverend Mr. Simeon's 'fresh Cautions to the Public.'* By Edward Pearson, D.D. Master of Sidney College, Cambridge, and Christian Advocate in that University. London, Hatchard, 1s.

These remarks are written with candour and good humour, without the bitterness or asperity of a controversialist.

ART. 21.—*A Sermon, preached at St. Aubin's Chapel, Jersey, on Occasion of the Jubilee, when His Majesty George III. entered the fiftieth Year of his Reign.* By the Rev. W. G. Plees. Jersey, P. Mourant, 1809, 4to, 16 pp.

Mr. Plees is a very sensible preacher; and appears to entertain very just notions of the Christian covenant. His sermon is not inferior to any which we have read on the Jubilee; and we request him not to forget in the next discourse which he publishes, to place the name of a London bookseller in his title-page.

ART. 22.—*The Spirit of Christianity, exhibited in a faithful digest of those Declarations and moral Precepts of Jesus Christ, which are of general Application, and which are recorded in unambiguous Terms.* London, Eaton, High-Holborn, 1810, 12mo, pp. 86.

THE essence of christianity, as a collection of rules for our conduct in this life, and for the moral qualification of our nature for a better, is comprised in the present volume.

POLITICS.

ART. 23.—*A Notice of the Evidence given in the Committee of the House of Commons, during the Inquiry into the Conduct and Policy of the late Expedition to the River Scheldt, with Observations. The Whole intended to facilitate and elucidate a just and clear View of the Matters in Discussion.* London, Becket, 1810, 2s. 6d.

ART. 24.—*Thoughts on the Resolutions to be moved this Day, Monday, March 26, in the House of Commons.* By Lord Porchester. London, Becket, 1810.

ART. 25.—*Brief Remarks upon the public Letter of Sir Richard Strachan, and the Narrative of the Earl of Chatham; second Edition.* London, Becket, 1810.

THESE three pamphlets contain a defence of the Walcheren expedition. Its policy, its wisdom, the vigour of the execution, and the conduct of the commander in chief, are extolled in a strain of declamatory panegyric. The mind of the country is, we believe, fully made up on the subject; and the resolutions of the house of commons, which have acquitted the ministers and approved the plan, as well as the execution, have made no alteration in the sentiments of the people. But those resolutions have unfortunately strengthened the general belief, that the majority of the house of commons are under a species of influence, which, in many cases, renders them insensate to the force of truth, and to the real interests of the country. It is allowed by all, except by a certain number of persons, with whom wrong is right and right is wrong, that the annals of this country do not furnish an instance in which any armament of the same magnitude and expense ever sailed from our shores, which performed so little, or terminated in a manner so disastrous and disgraceful. A wise man is said before he undertakes to build a house, to sit down and calculate the cost; and when a cabinet of statesmen who are supposed to be, and who certainly ought to be pre-eminently wise, project any achievement of great national importance, does it not behove them to consider not only the practicability of the scheme, but, supposing it practicable, whether it be worth the expense of blood and treasure, which it must cost? Now, for a moment setting aside the prodigal waste of lives, which has been occasioned by the failure of the expedition, let us ask whether, if it had succeeded to the utmost extent of the original expectation, whether if the marine in the Scheldt had been destroyed, and the citadel of Antwerp taken, the object would not have been dearly purchased by an expenditure of eleven millions sterling, which the expedition is supposed to have cost at the lowest calculation? Would not Bonaparte himself for half the sum have put us in the possession of Antwerp, and supplied us with torches to set his ships on fire? We verily believe that he would not have hesitated a moment if the offer had been made; as he must have known that he could retake Antwerp whenever he chose, and that he had resources at all times for building more ships than he has sailors to navigate. Buonaparte can build ships with facility, but his wide-spread dominions will not so readily supply sailors to man them! It is our object rather to prevent him from making sailors, than from building ships; and this we do more effectually by depriving him of his fisheries, his commerce, and his colonies, than by sending a cargo of combustibles into the Scheldt to destroy his men of war. With the resources for ship-building which Buonaparte possesses, we can not for any great length of time prevent him from having a large navy; but ships without experienced sailors need be no object of alarm to us; and we believe that nothing

but the extension of his commerce in a long interval of peace can enable him to procure a body of sailors at all capable of rivalling the skill and bravery of British seamen. But, supposing peace to be made with Bonaparte to-morrow, and to continue for ten or even twenty years, his commerce during that period could not be much extended, while his present system of tyranny is continued, while property is so insecure in his dominions, while the power of taxation, which he exercises is so arbitrary, and while civil and personal liberty are so little respected. The history of the world will prove that commercial prosperity is, in a great measure, dependent on political freedom; and we might as well expect a child to be reared in the paws of a bear, as commerce to grow and flourish under the pressure of despotism.

But to return to the pamphlets before us. We have asked whether, if the scheme for destroying the French ships in the Scheldt, and for capturing the citadel of Antwerp, had even been carried into execution, the object obtained would have been worth the expense incurred? We should have done Bonaparte an injury, which, with his extraordinary resources, he could easily repair, but in doing it, we should have expended more than eleven millions of money, besides the destruction of more than twenty thousand of our best troops. Might not this treasure and these troops have been employed in a manner more conducive to our own security and advantage? This is the criterion by which the real wisdom or folly of the expedition ought to be determined.— But the writers of these pamphlets, in the first of which a good deal of special pleading, and no small share of ingenuity are displayed, seem to think that the capture of Walcheren, and the destruction of the basin of Flushing, were objects of such mighty moment, as not to be put in competition with the blood and treasure which they cost. One of the writers represents the *most important and desirable object of the expedition to have been effected by the conquest of Walcheren.*

‘As to the relative importance of the objects,’ says the author of the “notice of the evidence,” ‘higher up the river, it may be permitted to express a very considerable doubt, whether it has not been grossly mis-stated, in any comparison, which has been made of them, with the permanent possession of Walcheren; which was, evidently, the intention and calculation of this government, as it had been the long-lingering, though vain, desire of many preceding administrations. The arsenals and docks of Antwerp are not (in the frugal judgment of the writer) half so full of apprehension and danger to this country, as the basin of Flushing. It is from thence that *invasion* menaces the Thames, from thence that one day suddenly collecting the innumerable transports, which lie under his hands, in the canals and rivers of Holland and Flanders, Bonaparte may emit a fleet of sixty ships of the line, to convoy them during a navigation of from twelve to four and twenty hours; and from thence, that in the mean time, as soon as he has restored the very foundations, which we have demolished, of the piers and abutments of this great basin, he will awe and threaten us with the terror of his

eye, that he will fix us to the ground with perpetual, weary watching, and apprehension, as the poet describes the human race under the fascinating horrors of superstition.

Humanæ ante oculos sædæ cum vita jaceret,
In terris, oppressa gravi sub religione,
Quæ caput è cœli regionibus ostendebat
Horribili super immittans, &c.

LUCRET, l. l. v.

It is true that the far greater part of this navy is to be furnished from Antwerp; but Flushing is the outport, at which it takes in its armament and ammunition, where it rides in tranquil shelter and security, while our observing squadrons are pelted by every storm, or forced to abandon their cruizing ground altogether, for neither at Yarmouth or the Downs is the anchorage secure, nor do we possess any naval station, upon the whole of our eastern coast, which, as I apprehend, can be called a harbour, or afford protection for the ships, appointed to watch the enemy in the Scheldt.

Under this view of the campaign, it is impossible that those persons, who concur in it, should not think its most important object to have been accomplished; and that if ministers had been obliged to disjoin and choose between the component parts of their project, it would have been more politic and beneficial to the country, to have made the conquest of Walcheren, than to have destroyed the French fleet in the Scheldt, or the docks at Antwerp.

In this conclusion I am guided by the opinion of the chief engineer above cited, confirmed by that of Commodore Owen and General Don, all concurring, in effect, to establish the point, that the basin cannot be re-established within two years; because I am not aware that any blow could have been inflicted at Antwerp or in the river, which, with an unlimited quantity of human labour, Bonaparte could not have repaired within that period.

I cannot therefore think, that it would have been justifiable to have committed so much to hazard, for the sake of destroying the docks and ships at Antwerp, as for the conquest of a naval station, of which, if we could have prudently retained it, the importance would have proved infinitely and incalculably beneficial; and by the temporary possession of which, during four months, we conferred singular advantages upon a great military power, our ally; prolonged the glorious struggle in the Peninsula, and delivered ourselves for two years, at least, from the most peculiar and imminent danger of the war.

The conquest of Walcheren, and the diversion effected in favour of our allies, did always appear the most important and desirable of the objects of the expedition, as well as those, of which the attainment was the least adventurous and uncertain. And it is in every point of view astonishing, that with a complete success in these two principal points, a failure in the third (if not attempting a thing can be called failing in it) should have caused such an extravagant excess of feeling, as we have lately had occasion to witness in the nation.

The author of the "Thoughts on the Resolutions," &c. strews the following declamatory tinsel over the folly and iniquity of the Walcheren expedition.

'So far,' says he, 'from *disgrace* of any sort having been received on this expedition, it is impossible to deny, that so far as it proceeded, it was crowned with perfect victory and success. Opposed to the enemy, the British arms have done nothing but triumph; the mercenaries of Napoleon have not won a trophy from them; and it is no light or unnoticeable point of the present preposterous situation, into which we have been whined and consoled so ingeniously, that the French Ruler hurls the sentence of death against his General for being beat, and we are putting Commander and Ministers together upon their trial for having succeeded. The conquest of Flushing, Veer, Ramekin, &c. &c. with ten thousand prisoners of war, is thrown into the shade, while our excessive sensibility is all engrossed and monopolized by the Medical Staff and the Ague. We have no eyes to pore over any thing but epidemic disorders, just as if we had never heard of the Yellow Fever or the Dysentery in other conquests, and no other island in which we had set our feet, had had its peculiar and more ravaging mortality!'

'Our great Poet says that

'The poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance feels a pang as great,
As when a giant dies;

and I am sure that the warrior who combats the infectious insects of the air, to whose duty it falls to contend with the tainted atoms of the marsh and trench, deserves of his country as much as he whose more brilliant star conducts him to the encounter of a giant. If then the undertaking of this expedition could not be avoided with honour and true policy, and if, in the conduct of it, no disgrace or dishonour have been received, why should we tear the laurel from our own brow, but from the baleful spirit of party, or the more base and factious influence of private personal ambition and close closet intrigue?'

ART. 26.—*A Defence of Bank Notes, by John Grenfell, Esq. No Publisher's Name.*

THE following is the consolatory assertion of Mr. Grenfell, which we could wish to have found supported by some more ample evidence, than he has adduced; 'Our pound sterling has been actually exchanged for more than its corresponding value, in both Hamburgh and French currency, since bank notes have made part of our currency.' Thus the author seems inclined to make us believe that the fatal restriction, which Mr. Pitt imposed on the payments of the bank in specie, have tended to exalt the value of our paper-currency both at home and abroad.

ART. 27.—*The Veto. A Commentary on the Grenville Manifesto. By Cornelius Keogh, Esq. late of Mount Jerque, in Ireland, a Catholic, and a Member of some Literary Societies. London, Sherwood, 1810, 3s. 6d.*

MR. KEOGH appears to be a gentleman of warm feelings

which he takes no pains to moderate, and which he expresses, as they arise, in language, which his natural temperament seems forcibly to impel. We do not think that, in discussing such a weighty question, as that of Catholic Emancipation, any benefit is likely to be produced, by vehemence of invective, or intemperance of abuse, by passionate declamation or personal scurrility. Surely it does not become the Catholics of Ireland to alienate the friends to their just claims by the violence which they display towards those who think that the boon, if granted, ought to be accompanied with conditions, which are, or are supposed to be, requisite to the security of the Protestant establishment. We are not among those who think the *Veto* of so much consequence as it is thought, either by the Catholic clergy on one side, or by some rather timid Protestants on the other. We are indeed far from wishing that this prerogative should be retained by the pope; but we do not see, at the same time, how it can be consistently either ceded to, or exercised by his present Protestant majesty. Perhaps, therefore, the Catholics, as long as their ministers are not salaried by the state, had better keep their ecclesiastical appointments in their own hands; and let the bishops be elected by a majority of the clergy in each diocese, without submitting that election either to the ratification of a pope, of an emperor, or a king.

POETRY.

ART. 28.—*The Battles of Talavera. A Poem. Sixth Edition, corrected with some Additions.* London, Murray, 1810. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

THE ballad-style which may be said to have been revived by Mr. Walter Scott, is here employed to describe the battle of Talavera. The author has depicted the well-known events of the battle with a close adherence to truth;—but he has not attempted to introduce any particulars of individual suffering, which might have heightened the interest of the poem, and awakened the affections during the perusal. One fault of this work is that it deals too much in general description, which can hardly fail of being tame and vapid, unless blended with animating circumstances. The author thus describes the three vigorous attacks, which the French made on General Hill's position, which he represents to have all taken place about midnight.

‘Thrice came they on, and thrice their shock
Rebounding breaks, as from the rock
The wintry billows thrown;
And many a gallant feat is done,
And many a laurel lost and won,
Unwitnessed and unknown.
Feats that atchieved in face of day,
In Peter's holy aisle, for aye
Had lived in sculptur'd stone.
Oh, for a blaze from heaven to light
The wonders of that gloomy fight

The guerdon to bestow,
 Of which the sullen envious night
 Bereaves the warrior's brow !
 Darkling they fight, and only know
 If chance has sped the fatal blow,
 Or, by the trodden corse below,
 Or by the dying groan :
 Furious they strike without a mark,
 Save now and then the sulphurous spark
 Illumes some visage grim and dark,
 That with the flash is gone !'

This is, perhaps, altogether, as favourable a specimen of the poem as we could have produced. The last lines are well imagined.

NOVELS.

ART. 29.—*Scenes in Feudal Times. A Romance, 4 vols. By R. H. Wilmot. London, Robinson, 1809.*

THIS romance is as romantic as any lover of this kind of reading can wish for, and by no means uninteresting, though it must be allowed that there is not any thing very new in the mysterious nocturnal visit, the spiral staircase, the spacious corridor, the ruined abbey, or the gloomy vault. We have had all these repeated so often, that it would be difficult to strike out any thing new. The interest of this romance rests almost entirely on the distress of mind of the Baron Fitzbaynham; the reason of this distress is very well concealed, and the story ingeniously put together.

In his youth he is worked upon by the instigation of a man, who has been brought up in the family, by the name of Sebastian, to believe that his most beloved and intimate friend, a Spanish nobleman, has seduced his sister, the lady Eloise. In his rage, at the disgrace, he, in company with Sebastian, surprizes the nobleman who is going to meet Eloise (to whom he is privately married,) fights him, and leaves him for dead. Stung with remorse as soon as his friend falls, he goes in search of assistance, but on his return finds him removed, and no intelligence whatever for many years can be procured. At the same time, the lady Eloise, and Sebastian also disappear, and no trace can be found, nor any intelligence of the fate of the lady be obtained. These transactions embitter the remaining days of the baron, whose sufferings are aggravated by the very unamiable and cruel behaviour of his eldest son, who faintly suspects what has happened, from some information which has transpired, and holds his father's life in a kind of purgatory, by his threats of an exposure, accusing him of murder. Sebastian, who is the author of these miseries, is represented as being in love with the lady Eloise, and is made by the Spanish nobleman, the confidant of their private marriage. Stung with revenge, disappointed love, ambition, and all the direful passions that can possess the human mind, he forms the scheme of making the baron murder his

friend, carries off the lady Eloise, and confines her with the intention of intimidating her; and compelling her to marry him. In this he is disappointed by the death of this amiable and ill-fated lady, who dies in giving birth to a son, whom she commits to the care of a worthy friar, charging him to hide the child from Sebastian, which the friar accomplishes. This second disappointment of Sebastian renders him more furious, and, for some time, deprives him of his senses. On the return of his reason, he comes to the diabolical determination of getting possession of the child, in order to murder him, and destroy the Fitzbaynham family. He changes his name, and travels about a prey to malice and revenge. He falls soon after into the company of the baron's eldest son, on his travels in Italy, who marries a lady of quality, intimate with Sebastian, and who is represented as possessing all the bad passions which inhabit the breast of Sebastian. She is a murderer and an adulteress. She is also made the agent in Sebastian's schemes, and prompts him on to further crimes. Sebastian at length, gains the sight of Eloise's son whilst in the habit of a novice, assisting at the altar, during some grand ceremony in the chapel of the convent, in which he is secluded by the good old friar, of whom he demands him. The friar, alarmed for the danger of his ward, sends him away in the night. Sebastian, suspecting that this would be the case, follows and overtakes him, as he finds refuge for the night in a ruined castle, and, gaining admittance, attempts to murder him when he is reposing on a bed; but the youth who is called Almeric, happening to see him, has time to escape. Almeric goes to the wars, where he distinguishes himself and is knighted. He accompanies the baron Fitzbaynham's second son to England. Sebastian soon after in disguise visits the castle, and seizes Sir Almeric, and confines him in a dungeon. We are then transported into France, to the chateau of the baron, where the events, of which we have endeavoured to give the heads, had taken place. Here more mystery and trouble ensue. Sebastian is the demon who haunts the grounds, visits the baron, and proclaims him a murderer. Here also he brings Sir Almeric to visit the tomb of his mother, and endeavours to persuade him to revenge her death by the murder of the baron, and failing in this attempt, stabs him. We cannot follow the various incidents, surprises, and escapes that occur, but hasten to the conclusion, which is that the marchioness, who is wife to the baron's eldest son, jealous of Jacquenette, the daughter of the baron, instigates Sebastian to stab her whilst she is asleep. In this he is prevented by Sir Almeric, who, after the healing of his wound, discovers this cruel plan, by over-hearing the discourse between this bloody-minded lady and gentleman. Sebastian receives a wound from his own dagger, which he intended for Sir Almeric, and Jacquenette is rescued from her perilous situation. The marchioness, fearing from the delirium of Sebastian, that he would reveal her many crimes, determines to dispatch that amiable friend with her own hand, for which purpose she arms herself, and does her best to effect this desirable object.

She wounds Sebastian, but without entirely destroying him, and is herself in danger of falling a victim to his infuriated passion. Her husband also falls in a duel with one of her paramours. Whilst these murderous events are passing, Sir Edmund, the second son of the baron, returns from the holy wars, accompanied by the Spanish nobleman whom the baron thought he had killed, and for whose loss his days were embittered by the dread of detection, and the pangs of remorse. This gentleman clears up the mystery of his absence and his secret marriage. Sebastian dies as he had lived, a monster of malice and revenge. The marchioness flies into a monastery, Sir Almeric marries the baron's daughter, and the baron is restored to peace of mind, &c. &c. Our romance readers, if they delight in midnight assassins, glittering daggers, and nocturnal visitants, in flitting forms by moon-light, and terrific voices in the depth of night—will, we hope, have as much of it in 'Scenes of Feudal Times,' as heart can wish. Nor will they sigh in vain for empty suits of rooms, and a frightened old housekeeper. The chief fault of this romance, is the close imitation of Mrs. Radcliffe's publications. The licentious Italian lady, the talkative housekeeper, and the wicked Sebastian, all remind us of many scenes in the *Mysteries of Udolpho*, and the Italian. The great merit of the work lies in the mysterious fate of the lady Eloise and the supposed crime of murder, under which the baron labours, which is not thoroughly cleared up till the last, and gives a pleasing surprize to the finish. But, for our parts, we must confess that there appears rather too much of stabbing in the dark; and we think that the piece would be improved if the marchioness's character were less licentious and vindictive. We hope for the honour of the sex in any country, that this character, if not unnatural, is, at least, too highly coloured.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 30.—*Evening Amusements; or, the Beauty of the Heavens displayed, in which several striking Appearances, to be observed on various Evenings, in the Heavens, during the Year 1810, are described; and several Means are pointed out, by which the Time of Young Persons may be innocently, agreeably, and profitably employed within Doors. By William Frend, Esq. M. A. Actuary to the Rock Life Assurance Company, and late Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge; Author of Principles of Algebra, Tangible Arithmetic, Essay on Patriotism &c. London, Mawman, 1810, 3s. 12mo.*

THE merits of this publication are so well known, and have been so generally acknowledged, that it is only necessary for us to announce the appearance of the volume for the present year. Mr. Frend has been blamed by some for occasionally mingling religious remarks in this work, but those remarks add much to the value of the performance. We do not think that the feelings of that man are to be envied who can describe the appearances in the heavens, without being impressed with sentiments of religious veneration, and without endeavouring to diffuse through other bosoms the hallowed sentiments, which are vividly felt in his own.

ART. 31.—*Cursory Remarks on Corpulence. By a Member of the Royal College of Surgeons.* London, Callow, 1810, 8vo. 2s.

IN these times of increased and increasing taxation, there seems little danger that corpulence will become a general disease. But still there are certain persons, and classes of persons, who are placed in such circumstances as to be *in peril of obesity*, who may profit by these sensible remarks; and as the author earnestly recommends *abstemiousness and exercise*, as the best corrective of adipose tendencies; we particularly recommend this pamphlet to the devout perusal of the court of aldermen and the bench of bishops.

ART. 32.—*An Outline of a Plan for the more easily registering and better securing of Charitable Donations.* London, W. Plant Piercy, 1810, 8vo. 1s.

IT has long been a subject of complaint, that many public charities are grossly abused, that the original intentions of the founders have been frustrated, and that, instead of being made subservient to the public good, or to the intellectual and physical relief of necessitous individuals, they have been perverted to purposes of private gratification and emolument. The management is often left to corrupt and unprincipled persons, over whom no controul is exercised, or whose accounts are not subject to the inspection of those most interested in detecting errors and exposing fraud. The nature of the bequest, the mode of management prescribed by the founder, and that which is actually pursued, are frequently kept a profound secret, or at least are obstructed with more difficulties than individuals will readily encounter. A public registry of all charitable donations and a correct schedule of the state and distribution of the property, of cheap and easy access would be highly desirable, and the author of the present pamphlet deserves our thanks, for the judicious hints which he has suggested on the subject.

ART. 33.—*Geography epitomized, or a Companion to the Atlas; comprising a Series of Lessons proper for the first Course of Geographical Instruction in Schools; with copious Examinations corresponding to the Lessons, so arranged as to form, at the same Time, a Series of amusing Geographical Games. Also an Appendix, containing some easy Instructions and Problems relative to the practical Use of the Maps.* By the Rev. R. Bullock, Bolton. London, Mawman, 1810.

THE present work is very ingeniously contrived, so as to be capable of affording at once both instruction and amusement.

ART. 34.—*The Songs, Odes, Ballads, Duets, and Glee's, in an Opera, entitled Sketches from Life, or the Wandering Bard. The Music composed.* Written by Samuel Blake Frome. London, Dutton, 1809, Price 1s.

AS tastes are various, there may be some persons, whose taste these songs, ballads, &c. may suit better than our own.

ART. 35.—*Beauties selected from the Writings of William Paley, D. D. Archdeacon of Carlisle: Alphabetically arranged, with an Account of his Life, and critical Remarks upon some of his peculiar Opinions. By W. Hamilton Reid. London, Sherwood, 1810.*

DR. PALEY is not one of those writers whom we like to see undergo this species of literary dismemberment. We feel not a little indignant, when we behold writers of eminence *cut up* in this way. It strikes us as an outrage offered to their remains. Dr. Paley was not a desultory author, whose imagination could occasionally produce splendid specimens of rhetoric, which it might be worth while to select and place by themselves, as subjects which have an individual, and insulated interest. He was on the contrary, a man of a sedate judgement; and his fancy was not suffered to divert his reasoning powers from the direct object of pursuit. His pages are not strewn with the extraneous embellishments of sentiment, or imagination. He thought, and he wrote in connection. His works are a well compacted piece of reasoning. Why then should these compilers of *beauties*, mar the real beauty of Paley's compositions, by severing one part from the other, and exhibiting a few mangled paragraphs, instead of a perfect whole? Such selections as the present, from such writers as Paley, or Locke, or other close reasoners, tend only to make idle and superficial readers, and to increase the mass of literary coxcombs, who may thus perhaps be enabled to quote some disjointed sentence in Paley, without knowing the real drift, the premises, or the conclusion of any book that he ever wrote. If Paley had been an author, whose works contain more chaff than wheat, we might have thanked Mr. H. Reid for giving us the wheat without the chaff; but as the compositions of Dr. P. resemble a grain full of nutriment, we are not satisfied with having a few loose husks offered us instead of the condensed pulp, in which that nutriment resides.

ART. 36.—*Plain and easy Directions for preparing, and method of using an excellent Compost for manuring Arable, Meadow, and Pasture Lands, in general, in the cheapest Manner, from which greater Productions of Grain, &c. will be obtained, than from any other Manure, at equal Expense, discovered solely by John Morley, of Blickling, in the County of Norfolk, Farming Bailiff to the Hon. William Asheton Harbord; to which is added, his much approved Plan of Clamping Muck, whereby a considerable Expense is saved to the Farmer; and also, the Manner of Improving the Growth of Underwoods, in the most luxuriant Way. The second Edition, revised and corrected, by the Author, with additional Observations on various Kinds of Manure, not in general Use, in this or the adjoining Counties, and Remarks on the Cultivation of Turnips, Improving Grazing Lands, &c. &c. &c. Stanhopian Press, Norwich. London, Scatcherd, 8vo. 7s. pp. 72.*

AS it may be useful to some of our readers in the country, who are engaged in agricultural pursuits, we shall extract the description of the composition which the author recommends for a profitable manure.

About the beginning of June, as much of the headland in the

field or inclosure intended to be sown with wheat in the ensuing autumn, as will produce, at the rate of twenty good cart-loads of mould to every acre thereof—if olland, of one or two years laying, must be ploughed very shallow and of the usual breadth; this being done, the border between the headland and the fence, which cannot be ploughed, should be dug up a good pitch and turned thereon. The harrows are next to be applied for the purpose of clearing the soil from spontaneous rubbish; in this state the headland is to remain for a month or five weeks, it is then to be ploughed over again very deep, so as to furnish the quantity of mould required as above; harrowing is again requisite and must be well applied. The headland should be afterwards ploughed, and the beginning thereof ought to commence on the top, by which means a ridge of twelve or fourteen furrows may be found as high as a common plough will throw it. These directions being properly attended to, will cause the earth or soil to become perfectly clean and loose. Muck or dung from the stable or rack-yard, is then to be set on the ridge of mould thus raised, at the rate of four good cart-loads to every twenty loads thereof, and levelled over two third parts of the width of such ridge, care being taken to leave an equal sixth part on each side thereof, uncovered with the muck; the mould on the sides is then nearly all to be turned up on the muck, and as soon afterwards as may be, one chaldron of quicklime to every twenty loads of such prepared mould, is to be evenly and properly spread over the top of the ridge, or bed of compost; the sides are then to be pared down, and the remainder of the mould, together with such parings, are to be strewed over the lime, which would otherwise, (in case of wet weather following before it receives this covering,) be deprived of its intended effects by running together and becoming like mortar; but the mould being immediately put over, intermixes and causes it to heat and pulverise with the mould and dung, and the first rain that follows puts the whole body in a state of fermentation.' 'The composition having lain in the state of fermentation 6 or 8 weeks, the next process that follows, is turning over and mixing the mould, dung, and lime well together—this ought to be particularly attended to: the method pursued by the author in this part of the business, and which is conceived by far the best way, is, by the labourer's beginning at one end of the ridge to cut it down in slices, from top to bottom, with the broad end of a mattock, or some such kind of tool; when he has cut down, as much as he can fairly reach over, the lumps are to be well broken with the spade, in like manner as a gardener works his land in digging it; this being done, the same is to be turned back, and so on progressively, until the whole is well worked over, care being taken that the composition is properly ridged up again in the act of turning it over. This method causes all the different articles with which the ridge is composed, to unite and mix well together, in a manner superior to any other plan; and as the price for this labour does not exceed one penny the square yard, it is found little more expensive than the charge of the common mode

practised in this country of turning over dung heaps, which is by no means to be recommended. The manure being thus prepared will now become fit for use, and may be laid on land intended for wheat, either to plough under or as a top-dressing, as may be most suitable to the farmer.

'The above compost furnishes at least twenty-five loads of manure per acre, which is more than a double quantity of manure, that can be procured at an equal expense, and being worked over and pulverised in the manner before directed, renders it in point of quality and cheapness, superior to all other manure; it is a capital mixture for scalds and all light soils, as well as those of a more fertile nature; it kills the anberry, and destroys all pernicious vegetation; and, as a manure, has been preferred in many instances to oil cake. The quantity is so great, and the quality so masterly, that it puts an entirely new face upon land on which it is laid, and causes the vegetation to be of such luxuriance as no other manure will produce with equal cheapness.'

We cannot conclude this article without remarking that the typographical part of Mr. Morley's work does great honour to the Norwich Stanhopian press. We have not often seen a better printed book.

List of Articles, which, with many others, will appear in the next Number of the C. R.

Studies for Political Reformers.

Whittington's Ecclesiastical Antiquities of France.

Mrs. West's Refusal.

Jones's Latin Grammar.

Brown's Philemon.

Narrative of four Years Residence at Tongataboo.

Barrington's Historic Anecdotes.

Sir Francis d'Ivernois, on the Continental Blockade.

Erratum.

P. 368, line 23, for *melting*, read *stealing*.

Alphabetical Catalogue of Books published in April, 1810.

Acceptance (The) as an Accompaniment to the Refusal. By the Author of Caroline Ormsby. 3 vols. 12mo. 15s.

Aikin---Epistles on Women, Exemplifying their Character and condition in various Ages and Nations with Miscellaneous Poems. By Lucy Aikin, post 4to 12s.

Anderson---A Mineralogical Description of the Environs of Landeck, in the County of Glatz, with a Mineralogical Map, by Leopold Von Buch, translated from the French, with Notes. By Charles Anderson, M. D. 8vo. 6s. 6d.

Abbadie---The accomplishment of Prophecy in the Character and conduct of Jesus Christ. By James Abbadie, D. D. 12mo. 4s.

Baussett---The Life of Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray, compiled from Original Manuscripts. By M. L. F. de Bausset, formerly Bishop of Alais, &c. &c. translated from the French. By William Mudford, 2 vols. 8vo. 18s.

Butler---The Life of Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray. By Charles Butler, Esq. 12mo. 7s.

Chalmers---The Works of the English Poets, from Chaucer to Cowper, including the Series Edited, with Prefaces, Biographical and Critical. By Dr. Samuel Johnson; and the most approved Translations. The additional Lives, by Alexander Chalmers; F. S. A. 21 vols. royal 8vo. 25l.

Churton---The Works of the Rev. Thomas Townson, D. D.; to which is prefixed, an Account of the Author, with an Introduction to the Discourses on the Gospels. By Ralph Churton, M. A. 2 vols. 8vo.

Coxe---The Valentine, a Poem on St. Valentine's Day (the 14th of February), with a Poetical Dedication to Mrs. Dorset, Author of "The Peacock at Home." By Edw. Coxe, Esq. of Hampstead Heath, 8vo. 2s. 6d.

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THE
APPENDIX
TO THE
CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE THIRD.

Vol. XIX.

No. V.

ART. I.—*Histoire de France, pendant le dix-huitième Siecle.*

An History of France during the eighteenth Century. By M. Lacretelle, the younger. Paris, 1808, 3 vols. 8vo. London, Dulau, Soho Square, 11. 10s.

THE first book of this history contains a succinct account of the latter part of the reign of Louis XIV. from the year 1709, to the death of that monarch in September, 1715.—The last years of Louis XIV. were clouded by public calamity and domestic woe. The victories of Marlborough and Eugene had reduced his power, and humbled his pride. But his personal sufferings from the dreadful ravages which death had made in his family, are such as may well excite our sympathy, and teach us not to envy the fate of greatness, which in the hour of affliction is usually left devoid of that undissembled love—and that genuine friendship which are more often experienced in a private sphere. On the 14th of April, 1711, Louis was deprived by death of his son, the dauphin, at the age of 49. The hopes of the monarch and of the people were now fixed on the duke of Burgundy, who succeeded to the title of dauphin. But these happy expectations were frustated by the untimely end of this prince, who had been the pupil of Fenelon, on the 18th of February in the following year. His amiable wife, Marie-Adelaide, of Savoy, had died six days before. Their son, and the great-grandson of Louis XIV. had hardly received the title of dauphin, when he also was seized with the measles, and expired. To add to this scene of horror and calamity, the duke of

APP. Vol. 19.

G 6

Orleans, the nephew of Louis XIV. was very generally accused of having administered poison to such near relatives. Though Louis XIV. did not give entire credit to these rumours, yet they probably contributed to embitter his last days with suspicions, which were artfully infused by the enemies of the duke, and which the monarch had not sufficient strength of mind left to dissipate. The court of Louis XIV. during the last ten years of his reign, was besieged by hypocritical devotees, who flattered the king, then enfeebled by a long course of sensual indulgence, and degenerated into a slave to the most abject superstition, with the hope of accumulating a large stock of merit, by combining the practice of intolerance with the ceremonials of artificial piety.

Bonaparte has told us that the people are always ready to embrace the first opportunity of avenging on their superiors the painful duty of submission to their will. But the French, who, as the author says, are inclined to vindicate their sufferings by epigram and song, abstained, at this period, from every wanton or malicious act which might injure the feelings of the aged king. This respectful silence, however, does not seem to have been preserved at least longer than his life, or to have accompanied his remains to the tomb. For, as the royal corpse was carried in procession to St. Denis, the people, who followed the funeral, and thronged the public-houses on the road, drank, sung, and abandoned themselves to the most extravagant expressions of joy. Ballads were composed and recited, in which the names of the great Louis, and of his wife or mistress, Madame de Maintenon, were treated with as little ceremony as they themselves had ever shown to the vilest of the *cannille*. As the solemn procession approached, the most dissonant shouts and the grossest ribaldry were heard. Such was the respect which the servile French at last showed to a monarch who had experienced a long reign of seventy-two years, and who, during at least half a century, had received the homage of a Pagan deity. But extremes often meet. The most abject servility is soon converted into the most overbearing insolence, and the habit of obsequious complaisance, when it is not, as it can hardly be, associated with unfeigned affection, serves only to generate the most insensate disrespect.

The devout courtiers, or rather the swarm of hypocrites who crowded the palace of Louis XIV. no sooner perceived that his end was approaching, and that he had not much longer to reign, than they had recourse to the basest means to recover the favour of the duke of Orleans, whom they had recently calumniated as an assassin, and endeavoured to bring to the

scaffold. The eyes of the dying king were closed by the hands of menials, while these *loyal devotees*, deserted him in his last extremity of suffering. Let every monarch beware how he relies on the services of hypocritical religionists.

The will of Louis XIV. was set aside by the parliament who had registered all his decrees, when living, with unhesitating obedience. They conferred the regency on the duke of Orleans; they left him unfettered in the choice of his council, and in the distribution of the public patronage.

The French people, after the several years of suffering and of constraint, which they had experienced in the latter part of the reign of Louis XIV. looked forward to halcyon days of relaxation and of gaiety, under the government of the duke of Orleans. In the commencement of his regency, the duke paid a visit to Madame de Maintenon, in her retirement at Saint Cyr, and he continued to treat her with respectful regard, notwithstanding the raillery of his courtiers. The last prodigy, says the author, in the destiny of this extraordinary woman, the widow of Scarron and of Louis XIV. was to be courted when her power was at an end.

The regent opened the prisons in which the unfortunate Jansenists had been so long immured by the intrigue of the Jesuits, and particularly by the influence of father Le Tellier, over the weak mind of Louis; who thought to expiate the sins of his youth by the polemical intolerance of his age. The Cardinal de Noailles was entrusted with the direction of ecclesiastical affairs, and he was assisted by d'Arguesseau and Joly de Fleury, who discovered not that narrow mind which is commonly found in the advocates of a sect, particularly when they have been the objects of persecution.

Louis XIV. had left the finances in a state of great confusion and embarrassment. The evil was remedied by the common resource of weak ministers, and weak governments at all times and in all countries;—*temporary expedients*. The great mass of politicians cannot carry their views beyond the narrow circle of ephemeral contrivances.

The court of the regent exhibited a very different aspect from that of the late king. Hypocrisy had fled, but it was not replaced by decency. Libertinism, which before had worn a veil, now showed its open and unblushing front. Those courtiers who were inducted with a more frigid temperament, took pains to acquire an air of irregularity. The stately and reserved tone of Louis XIV. was forsaken for a blasphemous obscenity. Intemperance directed the gaiety of the feast. No excess caused a blush; piety, virtue, and modesty became a jest. The duke de Noailles, the relation and

the friend of Madame de Maintenon, who, sometimes, accompanied the duke of Orleans to the opera, thought it right to affect to reel when the regent was drunk. It was the same deference to the profligacy of the court, which caused him to keep one of the women who danced at the opera. He taught the courtiers how to make a show of libertinism, as they had before put on the appearance of devotion.

The '*soups*' of the regent served as a seminary of corruption. In the evening he shut himself up with persons of both sexes, who ministered to his pleasures; and while he threw off the dignity of the prince, he did not retain even that of a man. But the women, who anticipated the exertion of so much influence in a reign consecrated to pleasure, were grievously disappointed. The regent seems to have regarded them only as far as they were subservient to his pleasures, which were of the grossest kind; but he did not suffer them to interrupt the uniformity of his sensual excess by their political intrigues. Their influence accordingly was not felt in any important acts of the administration.

We pass over some of the events which occurred in the regency of the duke of Orleans, as the conspiracy of the prince de Cellamare, the Spanish ambassador, which was promoted by the famous Alberoni, the prime minister of Philip V.; the ruinous speculations of Law, a refugee Scotchman, who became controller-general of the finances, and the plague, which ravaged Marseilles in 1720.

The constitution of the duke of Orleans became gradually undermined by the effect of his habitual debaucheries. After the failure of the financial schemes of Law, the voluptuous indulgences of the regent, which had never been mingled with any of the refinements of a more delicate luxury, became still more gross. He seemed anxious to expel the sentiment of his increasing unpopularity by a bestial excess. His nocturnal orgies dulled his faculties during a large part of the morning. He lost his aptitude for business; ennui occupied the intervals of his pleasures. In proportion as he became dissatisfied with himself, he manifested his petulance and ill-humour to others. His existence became a sort of vacuum, which he found that nothing but sensual excess could agreeably occupy. Hence he had recourse to higher stimuli than those to which he had been accustomed, till his sensibility was destroyed; and exhausted nature could endure no more. But habit still rendered necessary the excesses, in which he had ceased to experience any gratification. His friends observed with regret the symptoms of decay, which were visible in his countenance. His cheeks were inflamed, and

his eyes red with blood. He passed from a state of stupor to one of irritation. His physician, Chirac, in vain remonstrated against his excesses as precipitating his dissolution. "A sudden death," says he, "is what I have always desired." The importunities of his friends had prevailed on him to submit to a regimen, which was declared necessary previous to his being bled. But this short interruption of his accustomed orgies required an exertion which he had not strength to make. On the day in which he was to submit to the momentary privation, he determined to elude the orders of the physician, and thinking that a gratification, which was prohibited, would be doubly pleasant, he passed into his apartment, where a new mistress, the duchess de Phalaris was awaiting his arrival. But he had hardly entered the room before one of the blood-vessels of the brain burst, and he fell down lifeless on the floor.

'The duke of Orleans,' says the author, 'often rose above the vulgar level of princes, but he was often confounded with the most abject among them. None of the descendants of Henry IV. bore a nearer resemblance to him in military ardour, in intellectual capacity, in the winning familiarity of his address, in the quick sallies of repartee, or in that assemblage of qualities which captivates the affections and subdues the will. Henry had the imprudence to become too often and too long the votary of love. Philip (d'Orleans) despised all restraint, all shame; all delicacy in his infamous amours. This difference in their character caused such a difference in their conduct, that any parallel would be a profanation. Besides these propensities which made him dissolute in his manners, Philip had one which is more injurious to goodness, but which did not efface his; this was a general distrust in, a deliberate contempt for, mankind. He consented to be deceived by them, but he wished at the same time to deceive them in his turn by certain refinements. As he had often practised hypocrisy with success, he had continual recourse to the practice; he broke his word and sported with his promises. Hate could not find a place in his heart, but his friendship was only the fervour of the moment; it wanted consistency, because it had rarely been cemented by esteem. The gross and licentious habits of his life often threw a cloud over his more brilliant qualities; but they resumed their lustre to the surprize of the beholder, when some great occasion called for their exercise. It is said that he was thoroughly acquainted with every branch of the military art. While regent, he avoided war; this was a service rendered to France and to mankind, which would efface almost every stain which has been cast upon his memory, if he had exhibited more precaution in his public councils, and had not inconsiderately promoted the maritime ascendancy of Great Britain. His impiety, his atheism, were not moulded into a system; he em-

ployed them as an excuse for his vices, as a seasoning to his debauchery. He was inclined to toleration, without establishing it by the laws, but he propagated infidelity by his example.— Even in the year in which he died he went to church with great pomp and ostentatious effrontery to receive the sacrament at Easter. In the evening of the same day, he abandoned himself with more extravagance than ever to his accustomed pleasures. St. Simon in vain supplicated him on his knees not to offer this outrage to public opinion. Was the irregularity of his manners carried to the commission of incest? No accusation was more often repeated than this, and none is less susceptible either of proof or of apology. But the account is highly improbable. The regent is said to have perpetrated this crime successively with three of his daughters; the duchess de Berry, the abbess of Chelles, and Mademoiselle de Valois, afterwards duchess of Modena. It is difficult to conceive that, if his bosom had been the prey of these horrid lusts, how he could have beheld with indifference the unbounded passion of the duchess de Berry for the count de Rioms, and the indiscreet tenderness of Mademoiselle de Valois for the duke de Richlieu. The incestuous passion of a father for his daughters could not be exempt from the convulsions of jealousy, of frenzy, and remorse. The duke of Orleans pressed Mademoiselle de Valois to marry a foreigner, and he saw her quit the kingdom with little concern. Neither she, nor her sister, the abbess of Chelles, discovered that deep-seated depravity, which alone can set at defiance the laws of nature and society. The abbess of Chelles was much more distinguished by her caprice and eccentricity than by her vices. On the other side we must consider that the duke of Orleans never appeared much hurt by the accusation. He heard it often without indignation. When Louis XIV. said of him, “my nephew is a bragadochio in crimes,” he perhaps alluded to the faint defence which he made against the charge of incest. The duke of Orleans was, on the contrary, chilled with horror when he read the libels in which he was accused of poisoning his cousins. This prince perused without emotion the first stanza in the infamous invectives of Grange-Chancel. With a singular ostentation of impartiality and indifference, he very inappositely praised the merit of the poetry; but when he found that in these flagitious rhymes he was charged with the murder of the dauphin and the dauphiness, his emotions were the same as if he had heard the calumny for the first time. His dejection vented itself in tears, and in bitter exclamations against the perversity of mankind. Though he might have taken a signal vengeance on the libeller, and though public opinion seemed to call for the measure, and the tribunals would have sanctioned it, yet he limited the punishment of Grange-Chancel to a seclusion in the isle of St. Marguerite. This person contrived to make his escape, and a short time after discharged the venom of his malice on the ashes of the prince, whose clemency had saved him from an ignomi-

nious end. This propensity to mercy, the divine attribute of all great and all good kings, forms the best safe-guard to the memory of the duke of Orleans. In proportion as he was calumniated without moderation, we are inclined to pass the line of justice in his exculpation. He had a peculiar gift, which diffused a charm over his administration, and which preserved its tranquillity; it was that of accurately appreciating the character of the French.

The duke de Bourbon assumed the reins of the administration after the death of the duke of Orleans. He is said to have possessed some showy qualities, but his character was tarnished by avarice. He could practise a refined politeness, but there was something harsh and austere, which was seen through the veil. In any connected conversation he affected lenity, or made a demonstration of pride, in order to draw off the attention from the sterility of his mind. After the death of his first wife, he was ruled by the marchioness de Prie with a despotic sway. Avarice is said to have been her ruling passion; and the court of London thought her worthy to succeed to the pension which had been paid to the prodigal cardinal Dubois.

One of the first acts of the new government was an edict against the protestants, which exceeded in cruelty even the edict of Nantz. They were forbidden to exercise the reformed worship even in secret.

'The children of protestants were forcibly torn from their parents, in order to be educated in the principles of the catholic religion. The sentence of death was pronounced against the rebellious priests, and they confiscated the property of those who relapsed. They blasted the memory of those who died without receiving the sacrament. They renewed, in short, every species of oppression which the ministers of Louis XIV. had conceived, but which, owing to the horror which they excited, had fallen into disuse.'

The barbarous folly of the duke de Bourbon was contrasted with the greater tolerance which had been enjoyed under the regency of the duke of Orleans. The duke of Orleans had often signified an intention of modifying the law of Louis XIV. against the protestants; but his intentions were, in a great measure, frustrated by the protestants themselves, who soon after the death of the king, had taken up arms in the province of Guienne and Languedoc, and refused to pay tithes. The regent employed the greatest moderation in composing these disturbances; though, says the author, 'it is impossible to make any concessions to rebels beyond that of

pardon.' But, during the administration of the duke, the protestants at least experienced none of the rigours of persecution. The republic of Holland, to its honour, interceded with so much vigour for the religionists who were exposed to the operations of the new edict, that the duke de Bourbon was obliged to mitigate the severity.

Louis XV. had been originally destined to marry the infanta of Spain, who had been actually sent to France, and then dismissed with very little ceremony by the duke de Bourbon. The sister of the duke himself, Mademoiselle de Vermandois, seemed afterwards selected for the bride of the young monarch. But this match was defeated by the intrigues of marchioness de Prie, the mistress of the duke de Bourbon, who, in an interview with Mademoiselle de Vermandois, under a feigned name, found her not likely to be sufficiently grateful to her for her elevation, or rather sufficiently obsequious to her will. Mademoiselle de Vermandois had been brought up in a convent from a very early period; and her mind had been preserved uncontaminated by the vices of the court. When, therefore, in the interview abovementioned, the name of the marchioness de Prie was introduced, Mademoiselle de Vermandois spoke of the mistress of her brother with that horror which profligacy inspires in an innocent mind. The disguised marchioness could hardly repress her resentment. She took her leave without ceremony, and said, as she went away—*You shall never be queen.*

In 1725, Louis XV. at last married Maria Leczinska, the daughter of Stanislas, the dethroned king of Poland. Stanislas had been placed on the throne of Poland by the sword of Charles XII. and had been thrust off it by that of Peter the Great. When Charles XII. had taken refuge in Turkey, after the fatal battle of Pultowa, Stanislas conceived the generous project of visiting his benefactor in his adversity, of soothing his sufferings, and moderating the characteristic violence of his disposition. He arrived in disguise on the frontiers of Turkey, where he was recognized and made prisoner. When Charles was restored to his dominions, he allowed a handsome pension to the Polish monarch, which he enjoyed in the duchy of Deux-Ponts. After the death of Charles, a plot was laid for carrying off Stanislas: This happily miscarried, and the regent permitted the unfortunate monarch to reside in Alsace. He was living in a dilapidated castle, near Weissembourg, when he received a letter from the duke de Bourbon, acquainting him with the unexpected elevation which was destined for his daughter, who had been the fond companion of his wanderings, and had both participated and

soothed his sufferings. Her circumstances had conspired to promote the growth of the active virtues. There was nothing remarkable in her features, but youth, innocence, and goodness had infused a secret charm. Her person was tall and elegant, and she possessed much good sense without any dazzling qualities. Fearful of not pleasing a husband who was surrounded by so many objects of more brilliant attraction, she seemed to inspire a durable affection, rather than a lively passion.

After the disgrace of the duke de Bourbon, and the exile of Madame de Prie, the administration was entrusted to cardinal Fleury, part of whose pacific administration, constitutes one of those periods whose eulogy is pronounced by the *silence of history*. Those men, whose folly, whose avarice or ambition is perpetually disturbing the tranquillity and destroying the happiness of nations, make most figure in the page of the historian. The cares of a paternal government, which watches over the happiness of its children, seems less to interest the memory of mankind, than those tragic catastrophes and splendid disorders which signalize the stormy period of bloodshed, of prodigality, and confusion.

France and England had, at the same period, two pacific ministers. Sir Robert Walpole, altogether one of the wisest ministers by whom this country was ever governed, seconded the endeavours of cardinal Fleury to keep the sword in the scabbard, and to preserve the two kingdoms of England and France in that state of amity, which is so conducive to their mutual advantage. Cardinal Fleury indeed did not possess that vigorous comprehension of mind which gives birth to new institutions, or which imparts increased vigour and usefulness to the old. But though none of his measures were marked by grandeur of conception or originality of thought, he may be proposed as a model of economy and disinterestedness; two qualities which statesmen of more recent times might copy with advantage.

Cardinal Fleury, who was bishop of Freius, did not succeed to the ministry till the age of seventy-three years; and he preserved the reins of government to the advanced period of ninety. He died in the beginning of the year 1743. It is not a little remarkable that this ecclesiastic, who seems to have been able to moderate his ambition till he was seventy-three, could not in the subsequent period of his life, bring himself to retire to a private station, when he had once tasted the sweets of power. As he became more feeble he became accessible to flattery. Those who conversed with him, cajoled him with accounts of persons who had completed their cen-

tury of years. The public journals grossly exaggerated the lists of those persons, in order to gratify the cardinal.

Though cardinal Fleury had presided over the administration of an opulent kingdom for more than sixteen years, he died poor. He had spent his little patrimony, and the effects which he left behind him, hardly equalled those of a private gentleman. He possessed the rare faculty of living with the dissolute and unprincipled, without appearing either to approve them on the one side or to censure them on the other. He passed much time in the society of women, and scandal was often very busy with his pretended amours. But he seems to have possessed the faculty of self-control in an eminent degree. The author says, that he wanted that energy which is necessary to constitute a statesman of superior rank. But he was economical, disinterested, and pacific. These qualities are more necessary to the happiness of a nation, to the increase of its wealth, to the prosperity of its commerce and its agriculture, and to its advancement in civilization, than that energy, which the writer mentions, and which usually leads to those acts which involve nations in war, and oppress them with taxes. The greatest blessing which a minister can confer on his country, is to keep it at peace with its neighbours. The prosperity of nations is best promoted by those governments, which, protecting the lives and properties of their subjects, and subjecting both the rich and the poor to the authority of equal laws, leave the industry of individuals to work its own effects, without any political interference, which usually produces greater evils than it cures. LET THE PEOPLE ALONE; do not interfere with their industry and occupations, do not force their commerce nor their agriculture by premiums, nor obstruct them by prohibitions; let them see and pursue their own interest in their own way,—is the best advice which can be given to the rulers of states.

After the death of cardinal Fleury, Louis XV. gave out that he was going to be his own prime minister; which, in this case, meant in other words, that he was going to receive the law from one of his favourite mistresses, and proclaim her caprice to the nation as his will. The duchess of Châteauroux appears to have succeeded to the power of the cardinal.

In 1744, the Austrians had entered Alsace in great force. Louis XV. placed himself at the head of an army which was marching to the defence of that province. The king was followed by Madame Châteauroux, and both the sovereign and his mistress arrived at Metz on the 4th of August. The king, heated by his journey, and still more inflamed by the

effect of that intemperance in which he had long indulged, was seized with a violent fever. His mistress lavished on him those attentions which were but ill calculated to tranquillize his agitated frame. The physicians declared the malady to be a malignant fever, and the most serious fears were entertained for his recovery. At this moment the religious scruples of the monarch were awakened. The excesses of his past life recurred forcibly to his recollection, he expressed his contrition, ordered Madame de Châteauroux, whom he had had the cruelty to place among the maids of honour to the queen to be dismissed, and became reconciled to the woman whom he had so deeply injured. This reconciliation gave great joy to the people. The whole nation seemed plunged in deep distress by the illness of the king, which was elevated to a pitch of the most lively transport by the news of his recovery. The intelligence that the voluptuous sovereign was no longer in danger, caused the most enthusiastic joy. *Te Deum* was sung in every church in the kingdom. Louis, who was surprised and softened by this proof of his people's love, might well exclaim, "*What have I done to merit all this?*" Of what he had done, they had sufficient proof in his past life, and they had no more agreeable demonstration in his future. But, little as he had done to merit either affection or esteem, the loyal French invented for him the surname of *bien-aimé*, the well-beloved; of which he was as worthy as many other princes are of similar appellations.

Not long after his recovery from this dangerous sickness, in which he had manifested such a fit of religion and of penitence, Louis, the well-beloved, resigned himself to the arbitrary sway of another courtesan, Madame d'Etioles, afterwards the marchioness de Pompadour, who, for twenty years seemed to command the destiny of France.

On the 11th of May, 1745, Louis, and his son the dauphin, were present at the battle of Fontenoy, when the English, who were but ill seconded by their German allies and mercenaries, sustained such a signal and bloody defeat. The king was stationed on an eminence, where it was thought he might behold the conflict in security. The point on which the monarch was stationed, was in one period of the battle in danger of being turned by the English, till the close column in which they penetrated the French lines, was broken by the discharge of four pieces of cannon, which were attached to the king to protect his retreat. The English lost nine thousand men on the field of battle. The loss of the French amounted to four thousand in killed and wounded. Louis had but little share in this signal triumph of his troops. But instead of aban-

doning himself to any excess of joy on the occasion, he acted more like a sage than in most other transactions of his reign. He conducted the young dauphin during the night to the field of battle, and showed him the sad scene of suffering and bloodshed which it opened to the view. 'Think and reflect,' said he, 'on this terrible spectacle; let it teach you not to sport with the lives of your subjects, or to cause their blood to be spilt in unjust wars.' Louis himself, alas, showed no willingness to practice this advice; and we fear that it will yet be long, very long before the precepts of philosophy, or right notions of religion will cure the military mania of sovereigns.

(To be continued.)

ART. II.—*Histoire des Inquisitions Religieuses, &c.*

History of the Religious Inquisitions of Italy, Spain, and Portugal, from their Origin to the Conquest of Spain; by Joseph Lavallée, Chief of the fifth Division of the Grand Chancery of the Legion of Honour, perpetual Secretary of the Philotechnic Society at Paris, of the Royal Society of Sciences at Gottingen, of the Celtic Academy, and the Academies of Legislation, of Dijon, Nancy, &c. 2 Toms, 8vo. Paris, 1809.

WE love to give a man all his full titles, and therefore have translated, as well as the new nomenclature of the Almanack Imperial will permit, all the blushing honours of Joseph Lavallée, which he has thought fit to communicate to us, and would have done so to the end of the chapter, though it were as long as the superscription of a letter to his majesty the king of Siam, had he not modestly set bounds himself to the extent of our veneration by an *et cetera*. 'Fifth division of the grand chancery of the legion of honour!' What a sublime conception! When our high court of chancery in England contains but a single *bar*, and consequently no *division* at all; but it is thus they manage things in France.

"But we forget how unbecoming it is to jest in the presence of a secretary of the Philotechnic Society.

L'Inquisition n'est plus. The inquisition is no more; its abolition is a benefit which humanity owes to the greatest of heroes, and which was reserved for him alone to bestow.

We might have been led to suspect that M. Lavallée meant to flatter, did we not recollect that he is chief of the

fifth division of the grand chancery of the legion of honour, and perpetual secretary of the Philotechnic Society.

He has however discovered that

‘there are two epochs only on which it becomes useful to write on the subject of anti-social institutions: the first is, while they are still subsisting, for the purpose of enlightening men as to the dangers to which they subject them; the second is, at the instant of their overthrow, for the purpose of guarding people against the efforts which may be made for their re-establishment!’

Luckily for M. Lavallée and his readers, luckily also for his hero who might otherwise have escaped deification for this transcendent act of greatness, he (the historian) who was placed exactly in the door-way between inquisition and abolition, and had actually written his first volume against the *continuance* of auto-da-fé's (which have not been heard of for the last century) when he was informed that he might now change his style and write a second against the revival of them.

The contents and arrangement of this work will be best understood by M. Lavallée's own general division:

‘I have adopted,’ he says, ‘that division which appeared to me the most simple and consequently the most natural; that is to say, the inquisition considered in its general point of view as a political and religious institution, and the inquisition taken in its relation to individuals and things, and judged by facts and results. Consequently I have dedicated the first volume to an exposition of those gentle measures which were adopted by the primitive church, an inquiry into the causes of their alteration, to explaining the origin of religious intolerance, and tracing the thread of consequences, which by their concurrence accelerated the development of this system. Then I have exposed the events from which the popes conceived the first idea of the inquisition, the pretexts which they employed towards its establishment; the means which they made use of for the same end, and the first advantages which their policy and their ambition derived from it. I have followed the progress of those wars which marked its birth by their miseries, which presided at its encroachments, and established its authority; I have described the insurmountable barriers which many nations of Europe opposed to its entrance; its introduction, power, triumphs, and reverses in France; its establishment in Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Venice; its fatal influence over some great political events, the determinations of kings, the revolutions of empires, the opinions of the people, the conduct of those who either expelled or would not admit it. Finally, I have concluded the volume by an exposé of its general

principles, of its composition, its legislation, its internal regimen, its secret tortures, its public ceremonies.'

'I have devoted the second volume to establishing the constancy of its advances, the uniformity of its principles, the consistency of its spirit, in Asia and America, as well as in Europe; not only on reasonings but on facts, on the history of a crowd of wretches dragged before its tribunals. These anecdotes, drawn from authentic narratives, and from the best writers who have treated of the holy office, will prove to the reader that interest was its motive much more than religion; that it offered a resource, always open to national rivalries, private resentments, personal vengeance; that it opposed the greatest obstacle to the progress of religion; that it stifled in men the sentiments of nature, of honour, and of probity; making a duty of the trade of informers, welcoming calumny, erecting into a virtue that which every where else is regarded as a crime; that its hypocritical principles, its constitutional ignorance, its perpetual absurdity, its invincible prejudices, were the ruin of commerce, arts, and industry among all nations where it had obtained a footing; that it altered the character of the people, enchained their government, and led on their downfall, especially in Spain and Portugal.'

He then goes on to state his authorities, which he says he has selected with impartiality becoming an historian, who attends equally to the arguments of grand inquisitors and counsellors of the inquisition, in defence of their institution, and to those of learned and liberal writers of all ages who have 'most courageously raised their voices against it.' At the head of the latter stands the venerable name of father Paul, one of the earliest and noblest ornaments of the Roman church, who dared, in the 15th century, to publish his work, entitled 'Discourses on the Origin, the Form, the Laws and Usages of the Inquisition,' in the states of Venice, his native country. Marssolier's '*Histoire de l'Inquisition*,' the work of Philip à Limborch on the same subject, Madam Daunoy's *Memoirs of the Spanish Court*, the *Great History of Languedoc* by Vaissette, *Floury's Ecclesiastical History*, and the *General History of Thuanus*, are the remaining authorities which he has mentioned by name.

Heresy had her birth in the cradle of the christian religion. Persecution owed her rise only to the full establishment of it. It was not till after Constantine had removed the seat of empire that christianity, then become the religion of state, had her own tribunals and her own magistrates, and then men fell instantaneously into the error of making matters of conscience cognizable by the civil power. At the same time arose the yet greater error of a double jurisdiction over religious

offences, the ecclesiastical which pronounced the guilt, and the civil which decreed the punishment.

The primary cause of heresy is to be found in the nature of man. The principal secondary cause was, as this author thinks, the separation, and the consequent rivalry of the eastern and western empires.

In process of time, the bishops of Rome gradually advancing to the plenitude of their power, assumed the anti-christian privilege of supremacy in all matters of religion, independent of the authority of councils. This assumption was never submitted to in the eastern world, and even in the west, some nations, France especially, have constantly held out against its entire admission as a point of doctrine. But to support so extraordinary a claim, extraordinary measures became necessary and in this necessity is to be found the origin of the inquisition.

One of the earliest and strongest pretexts for catholic intolerance, was the alarming progress of the Saracens after the birth of Mahomet. M. Lavallée seems to be persuaded that nothing could have prevented the success of Abderhaman's invasion of France in the 8th century short of the great and complete victory obtained by Charles Martel, and that nothing could even afterwards have checked the ultimate ascendancy of the Mahometan religion but the measures of intolerance resorted to by the papal authority. The battle of Poitiers he accordingly characterises as 'the greatest service which the unhappy necessity of war has rendered to ages; (not to *all* ages, for that expression would have excluded the battles of Austerlitz and Wagram, the advantages of which M. L. must suppose to be incalculably greater to society); and respecting the ecclesiastical arms adopted by the popes to resist the alarming contagion, he says,

'this is the only point of history at which intolerance can call in reason to its defence, and impartiality will not permit us to dissemble.'

What this last sentence means we do not very well understand; but having allowed that in this instance alone religious persecution, *'though always in opposition to evangelical charity, was for once accordant with true philosophy,'* he goes on to assure the reader that he will find it fully proved in the sequel,

'that this intolerance, the cruel mother of the inquisition, was in all other stages contrary to the policy of governments, unjust, barbarous in all its undertakings, bloody in all its triumphs, the declared enemy of humanity and of the prosperity of empires, destructive of the faith which it pretended to defend, and the

cause, gradual without doubt but yet sure, of the total overthrow of the power of the Tiara.'

Now we can not willingly admit that even in a single instance the spirit of intolerance has been consistent with the spirit of philosophy, or that the acts of intolerance can be reconciled to the principles of philosophy; because, if admitted in a single instance, we shall not feel ourselves satisfied by the assurance of M. Lavallée that it is not to be equally well defended in other instances also. The truth is, if M. Lavallée had put his proposition in this way, that God permitted the intolerant spirit of the papal throne to be instrumental to good in the deliverance of mankind from the yoke of mahometanism; and if he had added that, looking back on the events of that period with a philosophic eye, it seems difficult to imagine, considering the seductive nature of the Mahometan faith, and the barbarous ignorance of the age in which it was first propagated, how else the world could have been saved from subjugation to its yoke, though we might even then have doubted, we yet should not so much have quarrelled with his assertion, because we know that God, in his infinite wisdom, often uses the worst of instruments for the accomplishment of the best of purposes; and M. Lavallée's *hero* is, we firmly believe, one of the most tremendous examples which he has ever given to the world of this mysterious and inscrutable design of his providence. But to say that man is therefore to be defended, either on the ground of religion or of philosophy, in acting on a principle which he supposes to be similar to this divine dispensation is, though a very convenient, a very dangerous relaxation of morality.

At the commencement of the 13th century, the popes wanted nothing towards attaining the full measure of their usurpation but 'the depriving bishops and councils of their right to pronounce, in the last resort at least, on religious opinions,' and this they effected by the establishment of the inquisition, and the consequent investment in two orders of monks, of the power of life and death over them. Saint Dominic was the first inquisitor-general, under popes Innocent III. and Honorius III. The Albigeois were then the principal objects of religious fury, and this holy father distinguished himself equally in a religious and military capacity by the extermination of this harmless, and virtuous *heresy*. As the reward of his pious toils, the monks of his order were after his death created by Pope Gregory IX, special members of the tribunal of the inquisition *in perpetuum*.

The mention of the Albigeois induces our historian to revert to some of the circumstances which preceded the esta-

blishment of the inquisition, in order to give a most animated and masterly sketch of that famous crusade, which was the greatest disgrace to the pontificate of Innocent III. and the reign of Philip Augustus.

Arnold of Brescia, the disciple of the unfortunate Abelard, had adopted many of his master's heretical opinions, (especially those which he entertained respecting the corruption of the monks and clergy); he preached them for a number of years with honest zeal, and perished at last in the flames for his assertion of them. From the ashes of this early reformer arose the sect of the Albigensis, of whose simple doctrines and manners the following is a most pleasing, and, we believe, a just account.

Not only the town of Albi (which was the cradle of these extraordinary people) but also Toulouse, Beziers, Carcassonne, Montpellier, and almost all the country between the Garonne and Rhône, was soon peopled with these new sectaries; and if power were to be calculated by numbers, that of the Albigensis would be most redoubtable; yet in respect to the public tranquillity, never were there men less dangerous; they aspired to a perfection, to a purity of manners, which gives them some resemblance to the quakers of our days, and the extreme gentleness of their principles set them at a distance from all factious and waslike proceedings. Historians are agreed in representing them as good citizens, faithful subjects, excellent fathers of families, as men true to their word, enemies of shew, attached to their business, and putting into practice the gospel principles, of which they adopted the moral. This is the portrait which the writers of the age have drawn of them, even those whose pen was most favourable to the catholic interest, and consequently to the crusade. They were divided into two classes, the perfect, and the believers. The perfect lived in sobriety and continence, forbidding themselves the use of meat, of eggs and cheese. They held falsehood, pride and bad faith, in detestation; oaths were never taken, and blasphemies never uttered by them. Paternal love, Altiapity, conjugal fidelity, were practised by them with a strictness which savoured even of rigour. The believers were less severe; their conduct was more unrestrained; but they had an equal confidence in the mercy of God, and hoped that they might be saved by the intercessions of the perfect. What then had Rome to apprehend from such men as these? But Rome was then resolved that all should think like her, should pray like her: believe or die was her device; her paradise, or her scaffold, was the choice which she presented to men.

The principal sovereigns of the country where this heresy in a short time produced such a multitude of converts, were Raymond count of Toulouse, the counts of Beziers, Foix, H H

and Cominges. Of these, Tolouse, by far the most powerful, though strongly attached to his people, and animated by sentiments of philanthropy and good policy superior to the age in which he lived, was timid and irresolute. Beziers was young, generous, and intrepid; a patriot and a warrior; the other two were singly too weak to oppose the power of the pope; but, had all been united in one general plan of resistance, the result of the war against the Albigeois might have been very different. Unfortunately no such system of union was formed or attempted. They all, singly resisted, and were singly crushed.

In the year 1147, St. Bernard, abbot of Clairvaux, had visited the citizens of Albi, for the purpose of suppressing the then infant heresy; but his generous and kind reception among those towards whom he was actuated by no friendly intentions, so far altered his disposition towards them that he was induced to employ the milder methods of persuasion to attempt their conversion, and such was the influence of his exalted character and of his copious eloquence, he might probably have succeeded in his endeavours but for death. The next notice that was taken of the progress of the heresy was of a different nature. The sovereigns of the infected states were commanded to expel the mischief by forcible remedies, and Raymond, refusing to abandon so large a proportion of those whom he conceived himself bound to protect, was excommunicated. This hasty and imprudent step, however, instead of operating in the mode intended by it, dangerously wounded, in fact, the vital interests of Rome, since it revealed to all the world that the censures of the church are only efficacious so far as they are respected by mankind. The subjects of Raymond, so far from deserting him who suffered for their sake, clung so much the more closely to his interest and person; and accident only enabled the pope to repair an error which might have been fatal to his authority. This accident was the death of Peter de Châteaufort, who, jointly with St. Dominic, had been employed in preaching the meditated crusade. His death was merely casual, but the circumstances of it afforded the court of Rome the opportunity they desired, and Raymond was universally declared; and, except in his own dominions, universally believed to be the assassin of one who was consequently invested with the honours of the Roman martyrology. An army was now raised expressly for the invasion of the county of Toulouse, and Simon de Montfort was appointed its general.

‘ In the centuries nearer our own time, this man would have been worthy only to figure among those celebrated adventurers,

whose cupidity, avarice, and barbarism, completed the disasters of the new world. His stature was gigantic, his strength corresponding, his constitution robust, and inaccessible to fatigue, and privations. He had served his apprenticeship in arms in the Holy Land, and in those blind and superstitious expeditions he imbibed the propensity to fanaticism, which pointed him out to the papal legates as fit for the command of their forces.—Born among camps, placed in an age when ignorance was the inheritance of the great, his only science was how to fight, his dearest pleasure and most immediate object, to massacre and plunder. Compassion he esteemed to be dishonour. No chivalrous virtue made amends for his ferocity, and his courage was the courage of robbers. Deaf to the voice of nature, a stranger to the right of nations, faithless to treaties, without respect for oaths, shameless in prosperity; such was this Montfort. They charged him with the interests of heaven, because he had all the vices of impiety, and sacerdotal intolerance opened the paths of glory to him who in more polished times would have been conducted only to the scaffold.

The timid submission of Raymond on the approach of this barbarous invader, would have consigned his name to eternal ignominy, had it not been for his late, but strenuous, repentance. He was sent an abject suitor for forgiveness to Rome, where the most humiliating penance was prepared for him, while Montfort took possession of his states in the name of the church, and turned the terrors of his arms against a less powerful but more worthy opponent. The courageous resistance of the count de Beziers, the sack and plunder of his capital, and the horrible massacre which ensued, his intrepid and eloquent manifesto, and his second daring opposition to the crusaders within the walls of Carcassonne, we can but briefly mention. This long and glorious resistance had insensibly weakened the force of the crusaders, and converted their ferocious courage into cowardice and despondency; it had even made the legates doubt the ultimate accomplishment of their object, when they had recourse to treachery, the last refuge of the baffled villain.

If in the ages of darkness ignorance was universal, if it served only too often for the support of tyranny, it must be acknowledged, nevertheless, that the virtues of chivalry shined over those times a lustre that cannot be effaced. What fidelity to their word, what loyalty in their conduct, what attachment to honour, what noble inspirations in their self-devotion! How great were these *chevaliers*, when natural reason supplied in them the lights which learning withheld! and so great is still the influence which their manners have over us, that if history presents us with an example of one degenerating from the generosity of character

which they maintained in common, and which sometimes excuses and compensates for the excesses into which they were led by the prejudices of rank, or birth, or power, we feel ourselves afflicted at his desertion, and the character of his baseness receives a more odious hue from the illustrious comparison of his contemporaries and peers. A man of this nature was necessary to the plan of the legates for surprising the confidence of the count of Beziers; they needed a *chevalier*, and they found him whom they wanted. This miscreant then presents himself before the gates of Carcassonne bearing the emblem of peace in his hand, and solicits an interview with the count. It is granted. "The legates at length yield," said the negotiator. "They desire, they wish, they demand peace; but it is with the hero himself that they must treat; they wait for him under their tents, and I am charged to conduct him to them. I know that distrust, under these circumstances, is natural; but let the count remember, that it is a knight who addresses him, who promises him protection, and pledges himself for the respect which he will find; who swears to defend him, if it were possible that any offence should be offered. Let him reflect that the legates are disarmed, that this happy day is the end of his people's misfortunes; and this instant will establish him for ever in his power, his honour, and his wealth; that he holds in his own hand the destinies of both the contending parties. Let him cease then to hesitate; let him reflect that a nobleman, a knight, one of his peers, entreats him." The count is for some time doubtful; at length overcome by the promises, the prayers, the apparent candour of the ambassador, he consents. He follows him, appears before the legates, is arrested, loaded with irons, and thrown into a dungeon. And there he dies.

After this fatal event, the Albigeois appeared to be already subdued, when Raymond, roused to a late sense of honour and justice, refused to execute his compulsory promise made at Rome, of expelling all the heretics out of his dominions. A second crusade is proclaimed; and Montfort, after being formally invested with the territories of Toulouse, Foix, and Cominges, sets out again to conquer them. The king of Arragon joins the confederated counts, and their forces amount to a number sufficiently great to render the balance of war again doubtful. But the fatal and sanguinary battle of Muret decides their fate; Toulouse, Narbonne, all Languedoc, instantly submit to the conqueror, and for the next four years Montfort remains in peaceable possession of his new dominions. The revolt of Toulouse and the recall of the venerable Raymond again change the posture of affairs, and our attention is called to a siege, the most bloody, the most obstinately contested, the most marked by the exaltation of human cou-

rage, and the excess of human ferocity, that stands, perhaps, recorded in history. The execrable Montfort, at length perished, like king Pyrrhus, or king Abimelech, by the hand of a woman, and a short respite indemnified the citizens of Toulouse for their incredible magnanimity and suffering. But the good earl soon afterwards died, worn out with age and toil, and his son resigned the unequal contest of another crusade without a struggle. His example was followed by the counts of Foix and Cominges, in 1228; and thus, after sustaining an exterminating war of twenty years, the wretched remnant of the Albigens was at last driven into the mountains of Savoy and Piedmont, where the strong arm of the inquisition reached most of those whom the fury of the Crusades had spared.

The opening of the second book furnishes us with a proof of an observation which we have before felt ourselves disposed to make, that to whatever praise M. Lavalley may be entitled on other accounts, he does not always deserve to be considered as a philosophical historian. He compares the inquisition (speaking of its *original establishment*) to a jury, and then affects to reason on the extraordinary fact that similar institutions should lead to so very different results in an age of darkness and in an age of illumination. Now a jury is certainly, in the literal sense of the term an inquisition, but *therefore*, no more to be compared to the Romish inquisition than the amphitheatre over Blackfriar's bridge to the amphitheatre at Verona. Both are calculated to answer the purposes intended by their erection, and both are amphitheatres; but nobody ever thought of comparing them together, because the design of each was at least as widely different as the effect produced. However, some of our philosophical seniors have fallen into the same error with M. Lavalley, concluding, that because military courts of inquiry and committees of the house of commons are constituted for the purposes of investigation, *therefore*, they are analogous to the grand jury, which is also founded for the purposes of investigation certainly, but with views and on principles entirely dissimilar.

The views of the crafty Innocent in the formation of this establishment, and in entrusting the direction of it to the two orders of monks, the Franciscan and Dominican, are well explained by our author; and the inquisition is made to approximate a little nearer to the jury by a conjecture, (the truth of which, however, we are very doubtful of) that the pope did originally intend to invest its officers with judicial powers. Our doubt principally springs from the *original article* which made part of its fundamental laws, by which the inquisitors

were directed "to exhort all princes and magistrates to punish even with death such persons as continued obstinate in their errors." Now this exhortation must have been intended to carry more weight than a simple recommendation, and even as a recommendation only, we do not know in what light it can be considered, if not as a judicial act, as a decision following the inquiry, and to be pronounced by the very persons who were appointed to make the inquiry. Nothing is so unphilosophical as reasoning founded on an imperfect analogy.

But if the judicial powers, afterwards exercised by the inquisition, were in any degree restrained by its original constitution, the members of it very early indeed contrived to supply this defect of authority. History still records the first example, perhaps, which occurred of this extension of prerogative. Ten years only after the sack of Albi, by Simon de Montfort, two Dominicans, who exercised the office of inquisitors in that district, demanded of the magistrates that the corpse of a certain female whom they accused of heresy, should be dug out of its grave. The judges, fearing that a popular insurrection might follow so detestable an outrage, refused their consent, upon which the two soldiers of Christ, "seized a pickaxe, broke open the earth with their own hands, and dragged the body out into the open air. The multitude, at first frozen with horror, stood motionless, but soon reason and humanity regained their rights, and the revolt became general." The monks effected their escape to the cathedral, not without great danger of their lives, and from thence, in spite of the bishop's earnest entreaties, they thundered out their excommunication against all the inhabitants of Albi, a sentence so dreadfully effective, that opposition instantly ceased, and the prisons of the town were crowded with the victims of monkish insolence. At last the civil authorities interfered, and commissioners were sent to Albi, in order to determine between the people and their oppressors. The case was flagrant, and the most obnoxious Dominicans were finally expelled the town. Nevertheless, at Rome they were received without reproof, and therefore with approbation. The pope refused even to annul the excommunication which they had pronounced, and from thenceforth it is not matter of surprise if they proceeded without remorse or hesitation to the full accomplishment of their self-erected authority.

What contributed, perhaps more than the papal influence, to the progress and establishment of the inquisition, was the impolitic part taken by the emperor Frederic the Second in favour of it. Impolitic—for although he assumed it purely from political motives, yet the result not only baffled his

expectations, but contributed more powerfully to the final catastrophe of his reign than any other system that he did or could pursue. Whenever, in the long course of hostility between the imperial and papal power, the latter felt the necessity of resorting to peculiarly vigorous measures for its support, the arms most ready for its purpose were those which fanatics in all ages have employed against their worldly adversaries. The emperor was denounced to all the world as a heretic or an infidel; and, frequently to keep his authority together, it was essential that he should use his utmost exertions to contradict and discredit the harsh report of the church. Unhappily it appeared to Frederic that this purpose could not be answered more effectually than by his affecting to vie with the pope himself, in the encouragement of this new and fashionable institution; and the pressure of immediate inconvenience disabled him from perceiving, that in so doing he armed his adversary with weapons which could not fail of being afterwards exerted to his own destruction. Still, notwithstanding so powerful a concurrent support, the inquisition had to struggle with formidable opponents to its final establishment, even in the countries most subject to the papal influence. The episcopal power, as well as the civil authorities, for a long while opposed formidable bars to its further progress, and the history of the means employed to overcome this resistance, with a perseverance rarely paralleled in the history of mankind, by several successive pontiffs, though impossible to be detailed here, are well worthy the attention of the philosophical reader. When at last, but not for a century after its first introduction into the world, the inquisition made good its progress from the states of Romagna and the march of Ancona into the dominions of Lombardy, Tuscany, and Genoa, the fatal consequences of Frederic's impolitic edicts began to be severely felt, and the first imperial lords of Italy were, one by one, brought under the ignoble yoke of its monkish tribunal. Matthew Visconti, (the powerful lord of Milan) the marquisses of Este, the Malatesti of Rimini, the Ordellafi of Forli, and the Manfredi of Faenza, were successively humbled, and so rapid was the increase of this fast-spreading pestilence, that it might have been natural, towards the close of the fourteenth century, to predict from its success the final subjugation of the whole world to the papal dominion. The deliverance of mankind from this most abject of slavery, M. Lavallée attributes, and attributes very justly, to the revival of letters alone.

‘What power,’ he says, ‘averted from the human race this debasement so apparently unavoidable? One of those events

which understanding is not gifted to foresee, nor wisdom to prepare, and the singularity of which affects us forcibly only, when long experience has given us opportunity to consider it in all its consequences. Is there in history an epoch more worthy the philosopher's attention than that at which the establishment of the inquisition is seen to coincide, as it were, with the new-birth of letters and arts in Europe, and Providence itself seems to act in imitation of nature, which sometimes plants the antidote by the side of the poison? Providence—for it was assuredly neither the presentiment of danger, nor the fear of futurity, which produced the invention of printing almost at the cradle of the inquisition.

Several judicious reflections of the same nature follow, and take up the remainder of this division of the work; but we have not much room for quotation.

In the third book, the author proposes to take a survey of the influence of the inquisition on the affairs of France, in which country though it never succeeded in obtaining any thing like a perfect establishment, yet various attempts were from time to time made for its introduction. The same attempts had also been made in different parts of Germany, but uniformly attended with failure, and not unfrequently with contempt and derision. Its partial institutions in Provence and Languedoc, which we have already noticed, were very much affected soon after their erection, by means of the reunion of the great fiefs in those countries to the crown of France, and never received the encouragement, or even the protection of the government to any considerable extent.—Some remains of them in Toulouse, and one or two other towns might be traced, says M. Lavallée, even down to the revolution; but we are not satisfied that the famous persecution of M. Calas and his family, and one or two more instances that he refers to, are genuine proofs in support of this assertion. We have not, however, sufficient information on the subject, to dispute it with due formality, on the present occasion.

The fourth book transports us into Spain, the theatre, as we all know, on which the inquisition has ever since its establishment delighted to display its tremendous power and act its most fearful scenes of cruelty and persecution; the theatre also of Buonaparte's latest victories, and with them of the ostentatious extinction of that establishment, which, however of late years fallen into decay, did for many ages rule over the minds and tempers of the people with such absolute sway as, doubtless, to influence in a great degree the national habits and character. This, we imagine, may safely, and

indeed must be admitted as a fact; and so far we may in part agree with M. Lavallée, when he says,

‘To judge of the Spaniards of the fifteenth century by the Spaniards of to-day, would be to fall into the greatest of errors. It is not to be believed that their modern character is the character of the nation; *it is only a character of convention.*—Although their gravity, their bravery, their pride, their intolerance, are, as we may say, passed into a proverb all over Europe, yet in these features, attentively considered, we see not the man, but his mask.—And why this mask? The inquisition will answer.’

The inquisition was first brought into Arragon after the death of Peter the Second, who was slain fighting for the cause of freedom in the war of the Albigeois. But all attempts to introduce it into any of the neighbouring kingdoms were, for a succession of ages, abortive, owing to the inflexible dislike of the Spanish nation; and even in Arragon, after a time its power was restricted, and its spirit of dominion confined within such bounds as rendered its evil tendency scarcely perceptible. Isabella, the wife of Ferdinand of Arragon, is the first sovereign of Castile who permitted and encouraged the establishment of it in that kingdom, and the example which she gave from bigotry, her husband followed from that crooked and detestable policy which marked all the measures of his reign.

Henry the Fourth, king of Castile, (whom history, in compliance to vulgar opinion, has handed down with the surname of “the Impotent,” although he was not only capable of producing, but in fact the father of, a legitimate offspring which ought to have inherited his crown) incurred the misfortune of ecclesiastical displeasure, the effects of which were not only felt by immediate posterity, but have accompanied his memory through every succeeding generation. Isabella was his sister; and long before the agitation of that criminal measure which set her on the throne of Castile, the probability of such an event was contemplated by her confessor, Torquemada, who from her earliest infancy instilled into her mind those principles of bigotry and persecution best calculated to prompt the measure, to the accomplishment of which he had secretly devoted his soul. The motive of this deep and unalterable resolution is pretended to be found in a violent passion which in early youth Torquemada conceived for a Moorish lady, and which disappointment and jealousy converted into unquenchable hatred for her race; and such a motive as this, however inadequate it may appear to the poli-

tician, will not be condemned as improbable or trifling, by him who has reflected on the occurrences of history with a philosophical mind, and who bears in his recollection the apparently disproportionate relations of cause and effect which are equally observable in the moral as in the natural world. The peculiarity of the Spanish character also confers a greater degree of *vraisemblance* on the tale, and makes us rather wish to find it authentic. However it be, the dark and sinister intrigues of this extraordinary man finally accomplished what the most sanguine would hardly have ventured to predict from the commencement of his labours. Death soon afterwards deprived him of enjoying the bloody fruit of these exertions; but the chains which he had put on were rivetted by his greater successor in the confidence of the crown and in the inquisitorial office. The views of Ximenes in supporting the inquisition are ably unfolded in this work.

* First minister of the crown, imperious, haughty, cruel, and a tyrant, the object of execration to the great, whom his pride delighted in insulting, whom he eclipsed in pomp, and humbled by the comparison of his riches, and whom he felt it necessary to debase for the exaltation of the monarchy; severe reformer of monkish profligacy, even that of the cordeliers, his first protectors, and afterwards his greatest enemies; daring warrior, who made Africa tremble at the head of armies maintained at his own cost; arrived at the highest degree of power which a subject can attain, yet always viewing with restless ambition the possibility of higher greatness; distrusting equally the duplicity of Ferdinand, whose caresses were never the symptom of confidence or friendship, and the proud spirit of the grandees, whose hatred watched all his actions, to seize the instant propitious to the redress of their injuries, and the vengeance of the monks, more dangerous as it was more concealed, betraying itself only by the poignard; Ximenes had a strong interest in supporting the inquisition. His view in the establishment was not indeed that of striking at a few heretics, whose opinions were a matter of indifference to him; or of burning some Jews, whom he would have rather preserved that he might plunder them at his leisure; but it was to fortify himself by means of an instrument which he might plunge at pleasure into the breast of his enemies; to have at his devotion a body, the authority of which might reach Ferdinand himself in case of necessity, and keep him down in the slavery which he might think fit to impose upon his conscience; a tribunal, with liberty to penetrate in the name of God, into the asylums of monks and the palaces of princes, to drag from thence such victims as he should select for his personal security, and to plunge them in dungeons, or conduct them to death amidst the acclamations of a people who would regard their sufferings as a homage rendered to the Deity. Torquemada looked on the inqui-

sition as a footstool to the attainment of his dignities; Ximenes made it the bulwark by which to support himself in those which he had already acquired. Thus, the ambition of a dominican and the self-interest of a cordelier brought down upon Spain the greatest of scourges, and a whole nation was ruined for ages; because one monk chose to be a cardinal, and another resolved to continue prime minister.

The first enormities of the Spanish inquisition occasioned an immediate depopulation to such an extent, that Spain has never since recovered from the effects of it. Multitudes of refugees were hospitably received in our country, (the general asylum for the persecuted in all ages) and M. Lavallée takes occasion from this natural occurrence to make a comparison between our ancestors and ourselves, greatly (as we may be assured) to the advantage of those who have gone before us.

Some very just observations which occur on Charles the Fifth's impolitic conduct in the affairs of the Low Countries we shall insert, because they apply most forcibly to the prevailing maxims of state with regard to our sister-nation. The application will be obvious to all who are not blinded by their fondness for inconsistency and injustice. Charles the Fifth issued an edict for the establishment of the inquisition in the Netherlands, where he was told that the reformed principles were making a rapid progress. His sister, Mary, queen of Hungary, the enlightened governess of those countries, represented to him the danger of the measure, and the necessity of withdrawing it. He saw the necessity; but he was too self-willed and too prejudiced to follow the advice. Accordingly, he *half* retracted, and *half* enforced; and so, by his *half* measures, prepared the way for the final dismemberment of the provinces.

'The original edict excited men to revolt—the amended edict moved only their contempt. This false measure first gave to his subjects the feeling and the knowledge of their strength; and instead of giving credit to Charles V. for having retraced his steps, they naturally enough concluded, that he had not found himself in a condition to impose upon them the yoke which he wished to enforce. *How much better to have withdrawn the edict at once!*'

In Naples the inquisition never obtained a footing; but the causes of its complete rejection in this country, 'so prone to superstition and indolence,' till their august majesties, Joseph Napoleon, and Joachim Napoleon, came to reform it, are of a very uninteresting nature and wholly unconnected with any great or good principles of human conduct.

The history of its introduction into Portugal is curious enough. After having been successfully resisted for many years by the repugnance and free spirit of the people, it was at last established by king John III. upon the authority of a pretended papal bull, the impudent forgery of an intriguing monk. The discovery of the fraud cost the monk his life, but did not overthrow the establishment. After the revolution which set the family of Braganza on the throne, John the Fourth let slip the most favourable opportunity that could ever occur for its extirpation; and every occurrence since his reign only tended to rivet more firmly the fetters, which a petty swindler had forged for the nation.

The fifth book presents a more animating picture of the policy and courage of man. About the year 1240, the attention of the senate and doge of Venice was first called to the crime of heresy and its extirpation by the intrigues of the papal court; but no sooner did the pope's *paternal* views become manifest to the wisdom of that government, than an edict was issued, disclaiming in the most positive manner the right of his interference in the ecclesiastical concerns of the state.—Four successive pontiffs incessantly laboured without effect, to remove the obstacles which this determination presented to the introduction of their favourite establishment; but Nicholas the Fourth was the first who profited by a moment of weakness to effect the object of their wishes. The papal bull announcing this hard earned conquest, and confirming its consequences, is dated the 28th. of August, 1289; but from the time of its publication, the senators of Venice set themselves so constantly in opposition to the encroachments of the authority which it established, that the momentary concession lost almost all its force, and Venice remained, notwithstanding the inquisition, almost the only country in Europe where through the worst ages of ecclesiastical persecution, the principles of religious toleration were felt by the individuals and acknowledged by the government. The famous thirty-nine articles which were passed into laws by the senate at different periods, from the year 1550 to 1610, and which the reader may find extracted in this work, form a code of laws for the regulation of the inquisition, which will perhaps be admired as a model of political sagacity long after the world shall be agreed in judging very differently of certain other thirty-nine articles, against which it is not lawful for us to speak.

It is now necessary for us to bring our present remarks to an abrupt termination. The remaining divisions of this work containing the particulars of the institution, which it has hitherto treated only in the form of general history, will be a subject for our future consideration.

ART. III.—*Lettres sur la Morée et les Isles de Cerigo, Hydra, and Zante; &c.*

Letters on the Morea, and the Isles of Cerigo, Hydra, and Zante. By A. L. Castellan. With twenty-three Views by the Author, engraved by himself, and three Plans.—Paris, 8vo. 2 Parts, 1808. London, Dulau, 12s.

THE author of this work accompanied the engineer, M. Ferregeau, to Constantinople, in quality of draughtsman, but political events soon compelled him to return to France with his fellow-labourers. He embraced the opportunity of collecting what information he could at the places at which he touched, and of making sketches of the scenery or objects which engaged his attention on the way.

We shall translate a few specimens of the work.

‘Near the principal towns in the Morea, we meet with country-houses, which are called *towers*. Indeed the majority make use of fortresses.’

The author gives a drawing of one, in which

‘we observe the staircases placed on the outside, which serve as means of support for a drawbridge, which is removed at night. Above the doors there are a species of ventilators which serve, without exposing the person, to discover and even to injure the assailant. The wall which fronts the spectator’ (in the plate) ‘and which is turned towards the country, is pierced only with narrow loop-holes.’ ‘These precautions are necessary in a country which is habitually ravaged by civil wars and robbers.’

We visited many grottos, which are found in the steep mountains which line the coast. These serve as receptacles for the shepherds and their flocks, which are turned out in the morning to graze on the mountains above. These shepherds are such as are depicted in the Idylls of Theocritus, or, as we see them represented on the bass-reliefs of the Greeks. They have preserved the ancient costume in its primitive simplicity. The mildness of the climate enables them to go almost naked. A simple shirt of cotton, which falls a little above the knees, and is fastened round the body by a coarse sash, or leathern girdle, forms their whole dress. The inhabitants of the more elevated mountains wear lamb-skins cut in the same form. In the summer they wear the hair on the outside, and in the winter they turn it towards the skin. A white cloth rolled round the head, shades them from the heat of the sun; and their shoes consist of a piece of leather which protects the foot, and it is tied by bands like the buskins of the ancients. The grottos to which they retire, are closed only by a heap of stones, or merely by green

or dry bushes, which are sufficient to keep the flocks from escaping during the night. One of these grottos is found near the road (of Malvasia;) 'the opening, in a recess of the rock, is hardly visible; it is inhabited by many families of shepherds. They had gone out with their flocks when we entered; but a multitude of young lambs were left behind, which were guarded by dogs. Some kids were climbing over the highest rocks, and browsing the aromatic herbs, and the young branches of the mastic. The interior of the grotto is more than a hundred feet deep. There is no spring in the neighbourhood, but they supply the want by the waters which filter through the rock, and which they collect in vessels. We did not penetrate into several narrow and deep recesses, into which their women had, perhaps, retired on our approach, and we contented ourselves with viewing their domestic equipage, which consisted of mats made of palm-leaves, and of coverings of goats'-hair, which they weave themselves and use for their bed. They had earthen vessels, on the hearth for cooking their food, as well as wooden ones for receiving their milk, and baskets for their cheese. We put nothing out of its place; and, after gratifying our curiosity, went away, leaving some small pieces of Turkish money as a means of engaging their confidence. This proved successful, for they afterwards came regularly to the ship every morning to bring us milk and cream, and even sold us some lambs. To them this independent life has many charms. As they have no fixed abode they secure themselves by this means from the vexations of the Turks, with whom they have little intercourse. They seldom go into the town, except to procure by exchange articles of the first necessity. They did not appear to feel the misery of their condition. Brought up in this state, their strongest desire is the preservation of their independence. We could hardly believe that beings so savage and so ignorant exist so close to the confines of civilized life. But are they the less happy? They do not live entirely isolated in dreary situations. They taste the simple pleasures of nature; they are surrounded by a family which is often very numerous. The care of their flocks, the manufacture of their mats and their baskets, the preparation of skins for their clothing, the gathering of wild fruits, (for they cultivate none) vary their occupations and their pleasures. They glide down the current of life in a succession of tranquil days, which we should perhaps feel monotonous, but which, from the force of habit, they prefer to a more civilized existence, which they might easily realize.'

In the fifteenth letter we have the following description of the towns of Coron, of Turkish justice, of the manners, usages, and government of the Mainotes, descendants of the Spartans.

'The gulph of Coron is large and of a semicircular form. To the right it is shaded by the ragged mountains of Maina. In

the recess we find the smiling plain of Nissey, and the town of Coron is situated at the other extremity on the declivity of a mountain, the summit of which is occupied by the citadel. The houses, placed on a shelving site, present their fronts to the sea, and offer a rich prospect to the eye. The vicinage of the plains, where the cultivated parts are intermingled with groves, watered by a multitude of streams, form agreeable walks. The consul's house is on the beach. Embarkations may be made on a terrace which runs in front, in the centre of which the French flag is displayed. Coron is beginning to emerge from the ruins which the last war occasioned; but it will not become a place of considerable trade, while the communication by land is so difficult, and while the Mainotes and other pirates, with which the coast swarms, inspire so much dread by sea. Nevertheless, this place, which is the residence of the consul-general of the Morea, is interesting by its situation at the entrance of the Archipelago and of the Adriatic; it might form a species of advanced guard which would command the two seas. Coron is in effect well situated to watch every maritime movement in the Mediterranean. Its commercial operations would, on one side, accord with those of Napoli de Romania, the position of which facilitates its intercourse with all the isles of the Archipelago and the rest of Greece, and, on the other, with those of Patras, which might become the staple of the commerce of the Adriatic and the Venetian isles. At present all its industry is extinguished. The Turks from the lofty fortress diffuse terror over the Morea, which attempted to shake off the yoke only to increase the weight. The following is an instance of the manner in which the Turks administer justice, and of the vexations which they practise towards the Greeks. We were walking one evening along the mole, when we heard some persons apparently uttering complaints and imprecations. We were conducted by a light towards the house of the commandant of the port, from which the noise proceeded. We penetrated into a species of damp vault; an iron lamp, which was suspended from the arch, threw a pale light on a scene of suffering. Two unhappy Moreans, almost naked, were sitting on the earth, on some bits of straw; their right leg was pressed between two logs, and padlocked, and they had an iron collar on their necks, from which a heavy chain was suspended, which hardly permitted them to lie down. Their hands were at liberty; and they were at the moment devouring some coarse food which the wife of one of them had brought. She sat down with a young child at her breast, who, alarmed by the rattling of the chains, made the roof resound with its cries. The mother wept, and the prisoners cursed. On leaving this abode of despair, we were informed of the crime which these Greeks had committed. They had been reported to have discovered a treasure, of which they had communicated a part to the bey to bind him to secrecy, as the Porte asserts its right to this kind of discoveries. The bey, on being questioned, denied the

fact, and the better to exculpate himself condemned the unfortunate men, notwithstanding the protestations of their innocence; to be confined till they had restored the imaginary treasure.— The mountainous chain of the Taygetus arises in the front of Coron; at the other extremity of the gulph, the aspect is bare, the tops covered with snow, are often hid in clouds. The savage grandeur which these mountains exhibit, is contrasted with the flowery plains which are spread at their feet. This spot seems to furnish a fit retreat for the descendants of the Spartans. Here the Mainotes have retired for the preservation of their liberty. They inhabit the elevated plains, or deep and retired hollows of the mountains, where the defiles may be guarded by a small number of intrepid warriors against whole armies, which would be destroyed in detail before these natural entrenchments could be forced. The Mainotes, often in rebellion against the Turks; their implacable enemies, hardly ever lay aside their arms. The children are taught to handle the sword before they have strength to hold the plough; and, in moments of imminent danger, the women mingling in the fight, inflame the valour of their husbands and their sons. The most active vigilance prevents an unexpected incursion; a faithful dog informs them of the ambush and approach of the enemy, and forms a sort of advanced guard which it is impossible to surprize. The manners of the Mainotes are simple, frugal, and austere. Plunged, at present, in the darkest ignorance, they are superstitious and strongly devoted to the opinions of their fathers. They cherish the sentiment of independence, which has been transmitted to them from such a remote period, with so much fondness, that they would willingly lay down their lives in its defence.

The Mainotes are vindictive; they never pardon the murder of their relations; they make a point of honour of avenging it, and let their beards grow till they have extinguished their resentment in the blood of the murderer, or of some of his family. If they are too feeble to avenge themselves, they form an alliance with some robust youths of a respectable family. They sanctify this act by the prayers of their priests; oaths of mutual fidelity,* cement the union; they become more intimately confederated than brothers, and they undertake, at the hazard of their lives, to succour each other against their common enemy. Mothers educate their children in the same sentiments. The vindictive spirit which inflames the Mainotes, keeps their hatred perpetually kindled against the Turks. The sterility of the soil, on which they reside, serves to propagate the habits of rapine to which they are inclined, and which constitute their chief characteristic. But in their incursions, they respect those foreigners who are connected by friendship, or by social ties with their principal chieftains; and they receive with distinction those who recommended by their neighbours, demand an asylum amongst

* We omit "qu'ils cementent en buvant leur propre sang."

them. They then employ every possible means in their defence; they would brave the greatest dangers rather than deliver them up to the persecution of their enemies. But, when, without these claims on their regard, we land on the coast of Maina, or when a vessel is wrecked on their shores, or forced to take refuge in their ports, it is soon ravaged and dismantled; the crew are made prisoners, and detained in dungeons till they can pay a ransom. But, in the upper Maina, where the inhabitants are generally more commercial and civilized, there are ports, which are frequented by merchant-vessels, which trade in oil. The women, among the Mainotes, are very laborious, discreet, and virtuous; they perform all the domestic occupations within the house, and often those without, while the men are engaged in war and devastation. The invasion of the Morea by the Albanians furnishes more than one example of the horror, which these women have for slavery, and of the invincible repugnance which they feel towards foreigners, and particularly towards their enemies. Many produce abortions, drown and strangle their infants, in order to facilitate their escape, which they often brave every possible danger to effect. They habituate themselves to the use of arms, and we have seen many women among the Mainotes, who unable to procure them, have lent their shoulders as a rest for the muskets of their brothers, or their husbands, in order that the ball might be discharged with more certainty of success.

ART. IV.—*Essai sur les Dettes, &c.*

Essay on National Debts, and on the Possibility of extinguishing them in the Course of Time without repaying the Capital, and without doing the least Injury to the Public Creditor. By George Craufurd, Rotterdam, 1809, 8vo. London, Dulau, Soho Square.

THIS is not the first work of Mr. Craufurd which we have read or have reviewed. The title of the present essay will probably excite some surprise in the reader, as containing a paradox which seems at first sight, not easily to be solved. How is a public creditor to lend his money on the express condition of being repaid, or of receiving a certain annual interest till he is repaid, yet neither to be repaid his capital, nor to receive his interest in perpetuity, without experiencing the least injury, or having any good reason to complain of the injustice of the government? This must seem passing strange; but acquainted as we are with some of Mr. Craufurd's former attempts to throw new light on the subject of finance, we were not very greatly astonished to find him making an

attempt to prove such an apparently difficult and mysterious doctrine. But Mr. Craufurd is very apt to express himself in such an intricate and bewildering way, that, when he has any meaning, it is no very easy task to find it out.

Mr. Craufurd begins his essay by stating that money cannot have the quality of perpetuity. Money, though composed of such solid metals as gold and silver, is certainly a material, which is subject to the attrition of time; but this attrition is so slow and gradual, where the file, or the bore of the Jew is not employed, that gold or silver may be said to be perpetual, with sufficient accuracy of expression, compared with the natural tendency to decomposition and decay, of all terrestrial things.

The totality of the property of individuals is next said by Mr. C. to be answerable for the national debt, and as that property must always exceed the amount of the debt, no state reasonably can, nor morally ought, to declare itself bankrupt. The interest of a national debt presses only on the consumers, as those, on whom the taxes which are to pay the interest are immediately laid, raise the price of the object taxed in a higher ratio than the amount of the taxes. This may be done in taxes on articles of consumption, but it is not so easily effected in a tax like that on income in this country. The solidity of a national debt, by which we suppose that the author means the inviolable sanctity of the obligation to pay it, demands either a very low interest, or, if a high interest is given, a limitation of the time when it is to cease. After omitting some of the succeeding paragraphs, we come a little nearer to the actual plan, which the author recommends for the accomplishment of the prodigy stated in the title-page. Most truths, however complicated, appear very simple when they are understood; and the same remark may be applied to certain propositions, which financiers, as well as metaphysicians seem sometimes fond of rendering difficult and obscure by the intricate manner in which they are arranged, or the ambiguous one in which they are expressed. The great *arcanum* of Mr. Craufurd seems to consist principally in granting annuities at 5 per cent. for a limited period, as for 55 or 60 years; or else in granting perpetuities redeemable at pleasure, and on money borrowed at par, at the same rate of interest. The author seems to think it better for government to borrow money at par, at a higher interest, than to borrow on a *nominal* sum at a lower rate. Thus 3 per cent. if the 3 per cents. were at 50, would be equal to 6 per cent. to the purchaser, with the chance of a great future rise upon the capital, so that it may be ultimately doubled. The author

seems to think therefore that it would be better at once to pay 6 per cent. for 100l. than to pay 3 per cent. for 50l. Where a government employs a certain annual sum for reducing the capital of its debt, it must certainly conduce more to its interest to borrow money at par, for otherwise for every loan of 50l. which it makes in time of war, it may have to pay an advance of 30 or 40 per cent. when it is redeemed by the sinking fund in time of peace. This seems a most ruinous mode of borrowing money, and of redeeming loans.

'In England,' says Mr. Craufurd, 'experience proves that an annuity of 5 per cent. for 55 or 60 years, and to expire totally at the end of that period, fetches as high a price in the market as a perpetuity at 5 per cent. which is redeemable at the will of the borrower. The reason is, that perpetuities at 5 per cent. may be redeemed in a few years by a loan at 4 per cent. when the rate of interest falls, and even those at 4 per cent. may in a few years more be redeemed by a loan at 3 per cent. which would be prejudicial to the proprietor, or to his heirs during a great part of these 55 or 60 years, because he could not find means of laying out his money more advantageously, while another proprietor and his heirs would receive 5 per cent. out of which by deducting a tenth part, or $\frac{1}{10}$ per cent. and putting it out at compound interest for the period of 55 or 60 years, they might realize a new capital, which would yield a larger annual revenue than the interest which would then cease, and place the different proprietors at the end of the term almost on a level with respect to capital. The proprietor whom we have last named, need sacrifice only $\frac{1}{10}$ per cent. of his annuity, for a period of 55 or 60 years to secure a perpetuity, whilst the first might be deprived of 1 or 2 per cent. for 40 or 50 years, though he preserved his perpetuity. It is then the interest of money which ought to reproduce the capital and perpetuate the annuity, whether it be granted by an individual or a nation; and it would in no case be necessary to replace the capital of an annuity for a fixed term, since every annuity granted for 55 or 60 years would thus replace itself. A nation, which should establish its debts on this footing, would have occasion for taxes only for a period of 55 or 60 years, in order to extinguish the annuities which are created, since the impost for the annuity of the 61st year, would be found in the cessation of the annuity of the 1st year, and the impost for the annuity of the 62d year would be found in the cessation of the annuity of the 2d year, and thus in the succeeding years. The financial machine would turn on a pivot, and a multitude of taxes would be rendered unnecessary.'

In another part of this essay, the author says that 'the increase of price of all the objects of necessity or luxury must sooner or later discover to the English the error of their

system, which accumulates taxes at the rate of 100, in order to avoid them at that of 5 or 6 per cent. as interest. This is actually the case in the twenty millions sterling which they anticipate every year for the expenses of the war. We may regard the (English) system of redeeming 8 or 9 millions sterling a year in time of war, as neutralized, by the new loans; but this system will resume its destructive quality in time of peace; for they will then give in effect 75 or 80 per cent. for money which was borrowed at 50 or 55 per cent. or in this proportion. This is what happened in the interval between 1784 and 1792. In the year 1792 they redeemed at 95 or 97 per cent. the 3 per cent. stock which they had sold at 48 or 50 per cent. which makes almost 200 for every 100 received.

There is certainly much truth in some of these remarks, and they tend to prove the loudly boasted sinking-fund one of the most expensive and ruinous means of paying a debt which ever was devised. We mentioned this subject in reviewing Mr. Craufurd's doctrine of equivalents in the year 1806. We must beg leave to refer our readers to the C. R. for October, 1806, p. 207. The loan of the year 1799, was made by the sale of three per cents. at about 56 per cent, net, after deducting the discount for prompt payment. Now if in a period of peace this stock should rise to 96 or to *par*, which is not impossible, the nation will have to thank the redeeming powers of the sinking-fund for making them pay each capital debt of 100*l.* at the rate of 96 or 100*l.* What individual is there in his sober senses, who would borrow money at such an exaggerated premium, if premium it may be called? It would certainly be better in all cases to borrow money at *par*, or in other words not to give, or stipulate to give more than one hundred pounds for one hundred, even though we should have to pay $\frac{1}{4}$ or $\frac{1}{2}$ more interest for the loan than on the ancient system. Or it would be advisable to grant annuities for a long period, as of 60 years, according to the plan recommended by the author, which appears both practical and safe, highly conducive to the public good and to the good of individuals.

ART. V.—*Les J' ai vu.*

The Sights I have seen. By the Author of Memoirs of a Traveller at Rest. Third Edition, with Additions.—London, Dulau, 1810.

‘I HAVE seen,’ says the author, ‘a king imprisoned by his son (1), five emperors massacred (2), five kings assassinated (3), six kings deposed (4), five republics annihilated (5), a great kingdom effaced from the map of Europe (6). I have seen England lose in eight years half North America, after possessing it for more than a century. I have seen her, verifying the sentiment of an ancient, (that the empire of the sea gives that of the land) take the Cape of Good Hope, and the island of Ceylon from the Dutch; Malta, Egypt, and several colonies from the French. I have seen her dictate the law to the king of Denmark, at Copenhagen, and carry her victorious arms into the most remote parts of the world. I have seen this same England in 1780, resist the combined efforts of Europe, of America, and of the northern powers who formed an armed neutrality against her maritime dominion; I have seen her in the revolutionary war, often destitute of allies, and alone opposing the enormous power of France, of Italy, of Denmark, and of Russia (7). I have seen the son of an English gentleman go out to India, as writer to a mercantile company (8), quitting this service when very young to embrace a military life, afterwards rising to the head of the army;—dethrone a powerful prince in the East, place another on his throne, conquer a part of Hindostan, and raise the British dominion in that quarter to the pre-eminence which it now enjoys.’ ‘I have seen what has no example in history, a little Corsican gentleman conquer Italy; force the emperor of Germany to make a disgraceful peace (9); take Malta in two days; Egypt in a month; return from thence, and place himself on the throne of the Bourbons, and all in less than four years, (from May, 1796, to November, 1799). I have

(1) Victor, king of Sardinia, in 1792.

(2) Peter III. John VI. Paul 1st. emperors of Russia; Selim III. in July, 1808, and Mustapha IV. November 17, 1808, emperors of Constantinople.

(3) Joseph, king of Portugal: Louis XV. Louis XVI. Louis XVIII. at Dillingen, July 12th, 1796, Kings of France: Gustavus III. king of Sweden, in 1792.

(4) Stanislas Poniatowsky, king of Poland; the king of Sardinia on the 10th of December, 1798; Ferdinand IV. king of Naples; Charles IV. Ferdinand VII. kings of Spain, in May, 1808; and Gustavus IV. king of Sweden, arrested on the 13th of March, 1809, by his uncle, (the duke of Sudermania) who was elected king in his stead; on the 15th of the following June.

(5) Holland, Sweden, Venice, Genoa, Lucca.

(6) The kingdom of Poland.

(7) After the treaty of Luneville.

(8) Lord Clive, from 1747 to 1767. He died in 1774.

(9) The peace of Campo-Formio, on the 17th of October, 1797; the preliminaries were signed April 17, 1797, at Leoben.

seen him transport his army and his artillery in the midst of winter over the most difficult pass of the Alps, and in a single battle (10) decide at once the fate of Germany, and of Italy. I have seen this same Corsican gentleman order the pope to Paris in 1804, to crown him emperor of the French, and afterwards depose this same pope, and deprive him of the temporal possessions which his ancestors had enjoyed for more than a thousand years (11). I have seen him declare himself king of Italy, I have seen him braving a formidable league, which was directed against him, march to Vienna, and even into Hungary in six weeks; give the law three times to the emperor of Germany (12), compel him to abdicate the imperial crown of the Cesars, deprive him of a part of his dominions, force the emperor of Russia twice to retire (13), and soon after oblige him to march to his assistance against the emperor of Austria. I have seen him destroy the power of the king of Prussia in fifteen days, and strike all Europe with dismay. I have seen him dethrone five kings (14), and create eight others (15), annex Holland to France (16), dictate to Spain, as it were one of his provinces, employ her forces as his own, and at last take possession of the whole kingdom. In short I have seen him extend his dominion farther than that of Charlemagne, and find nothing that could resist his ambition, but the king of Great Britain, sometimes alone against the whole host of European power, and sometimes with the troops of the continent in his pay."

Such are some of the strange sights which Mr. Dutens has seen, and the most striking of which, those who are much younger than him, have beheld with equal consternation and surprise.

(10) At Marengo on the 14th of June 1800, after having passed the great St. Bernard.

(11) In December 1809.

(12) By the treaties of Campo-Formio, 1797; of Luneville, 9th of February 1801, and of Vienna, 14th October 1809.

(13) At Austerlitz, the 2d of December 1805, and by the peace of Tilsit, the 8th of July 1807.

(14) The kings of France, of Naples, and Sardinia, and two kings of Spain, Charles IV, and Ferdinand VII.

(15) The kings of Etruria, of Italy, of Holland, of Naples, of Bavaria, of Wirtemberg, of Saxony, and of Westphalia.

(16) The 15th of December, 1809, the day of the most ceremonious and extraordinary divorce which is mentioned in history.

ART. —VI. *Pelisaire*, &c.*Belisarius*. By Madame de Genlis. 2 Toms. 12mo.
Colburn, 1808, pr. 8s.

O! THREE times fortunate and renowned Belisarius! Whom, not content with the famous lies which antiquity hath invented concerning thy blindness, and thy begging of oboluses, two modern bards have also conspired to elevate into a hero of romance, and hand down to posterity, ornamented with all the *magnanimes mensonges* that have ever overlaid the memory of warriors since the days of Hercules and Theseus! Such was the exclamation extorted from us, on seeing announced this modern antique from the pen of Madame de Genlis. We will not say that these, or similar reflections at all aided to overcome the repugnance which we felt to disturb again the venerable dust of the hero; but we may perhaps admit that, having once surmounted that *natural* feeling, we have, upon the whole, been tolerably well recompensed for the labour of the victory.

We must first caution our readers, in the fair lady's own words, against supposing that Marmontel's *Belisarius* has any thing to do with the hero of Madame de Genlis, and shall then give them some further opportunity of judging what they have to expect from the latter as a gentleman and a Roman.

'I have not had the boldness to *re-make* Belisarius,' she says, 'but on a point of history which all the world is possessed of, I have formed a narrative which has nothing in common with that of M. Marmontel. His political romance will remain in the hands of the statesman; mine may, perhaps, afford some amusement to the leisure moments of women and men of the world; and this is enough for me.' Preface.

The pious Arcadius, a hermit of the Thebaid, returning one night to his cell, is overtaken by a tremendous storm, which obliges him to seek shelter under a tree. In the intervals of the wind, the cries of distress reach his ears, and to the surprise which the sound of a human voice in those solitary regions occasions, is added an emotion of horror at hearing the same voice uttering maledictions, and murmuring against Providence. On reaching the spot from whence the sound proceeds, he is astonished at seeing an old man loaded with irons and chained to the rock. He releases, and conveys him to his cell, where he vainly endeavours to appease the rage and thirst for vengeance, which seem to occupy his soul. The hermit speaks of the force of religion, and as-

sures his new inmate, that after having himself experienced the most dreadful misfortunes, he had found, in retiring from the world, and devoting himself to pious offices, the only sure road to tranquillity and peace.

'If you have lived in the world, said the stranger, my name cannot be unknown to you. I am Belisarius.' 'Just providence! Is it then Belisarius, the conqueror of the Goths and Vandals, that I receive into my cell?

The attentions of Arcadius are now redoubled; and though his feelings are most powerfully excited by the spectacle of the great Belisarius, friendless, blind, and persecuted, he still enjoins patience and submission to the divine will, and continues to combat, with all the arguments dictated by religion, the vindictive spirit of his guest.

Belisarius now relates the history of his life. He speaks of his earliest exploit, in the Persian war, during the reign of Justin the elder, which draws upon him the attention, and ends in inspiring the confidence of Justinian, the nephew of the emperor.

'But the confidence of princes is generally the result of idleness or vanity. I mean the love of discharging themselves of a thousand cares, and fatiguing concerns with which the confident is entrusted. We are long the dupes of a prince's favours, before we discover the real motives of them. How much was I touched by the confidence of Justinian! The importance of his secrets took away from my eyes all the interest even of my own. Eager to hear him, and proud of being consulted, I wished not to engage his attention to the subject of my own private concerns; nor did I perceive that he never entertained the slightest desire to become acquainted with them. Attachment towards him became the predominant sentiment of my heart; and it appeared to me as if he knew it, and was only doing me justice when he spoke to me exclusively of what regarded himself.'

The disgraced general then goes on to relate the succession of Justinian, and the different wars in which he was personally engaged under his reign; his appointment to the chief command in the African war, and the implacable enmity which that appointment produced in the breast of his rival Narses; the capture of Carthage, and defeat of Gellimer, king of the Vandals. Gellimer takes refuge with his family, and a handful of brave followers on the almost inaccessible mountains of Pastuca, where Belisarius makes many fruitless endeavours to seize his person.

'He shewed himself from time to time, proceeds the narrator, 'as

if to brave us from the summit of a rugged rock. We perceived him in this situation several times, and admired the dignity of his mien, the beauty of his person, and the pride of his countenance. One of his soldiers descended into the plain; they brought him to me; I commissioned him to request his master to receive Pharas, one of my lieutenants, whom I wished to send to him charged with a proposal of peace. Gelimer consented; a guide came to conduct Pharas, bound his eyes and led him to the top of the mountain. Pharas was touched by the misery in which he found this brave and unfortunate prince, and above all with his heroic firmness; surrounded by his soldiers, he was seated on a rock. "You see," said he to Pharas, "the throne which remains to me; a cavern is my palace, and here is my court! I have no longer any courtiers; they flatter me no more; but these generous companions of my misfortunes are determined to partake my fate; they have taken a new oath of fidelity, that of dying free with me in this desert."—Notwithstanding this language, Pharas fulfilled his mission, he promised Gelimer independence, and a fate worthy of his birth, on condition of his putting himself into my hands and following me to Constantinople. "Never," replied Gelimer, "I will receive nothing from the destroyers of my country; besides what do you ask of me? Peace? It is no longer possible for me to contend with you; you have annihilated my subjects, my army, my empire—what do you offer me? Riches? I despise them—Independence? I enjoy it, and I owe it to my courage alone—under the pretence of assisting a prince who was base enough to arm a foreign power against his country, you have put an end to the monarchy of the Vandals—faithful friends, what will you venture to restore to your ally? a palace which was given up to pillage—fields laid waste—and a country depopulated. You have destroyed a powerful empire, but you shall never vanquish the constancy of Gelimer—as long as you inhabit this unfortunate country, I will remain on this mountain, immovable as the rock, inflexible as destiny; here will I be always seen, proud of my poverty, and glorying in my sufferings—I will finish my life here, if it must be so; in this very place they shall dig my grave; this rock shall cover my ashes, and of all the mausoleums of kings, it shall be the noblest, and the most illustrious." "Belisarius," replied Pharas, "cannot be in his heart the enemy of the brave; while he deploras your obstinacy, he esteems the grandeur of your soul; he hopes that reflection will lead you to take a more moderate resolution; in the mean while touched with the severity of your condition, he offers to send you provisions, and every thing that you ask." "Well then," said Gelimer, "let him send me a lute, that I may sing my misfortunes; it is all I will accept from him." This singular request was granted. I sent a lute to Gelimer, who immediately availed himself of it. Every day after sun-set this prince seated on the summit of the mountain, his lute in his hand, made the echoes of the vallies resound with his melancholy complaint; his strains, fierce and wild, and always the same,

possessed an indescribable charm, which arrested our soldiers at the foot of the mountain to hear them. After a very long resistance, the horrors of famine prevail. "What I had foreseen at last happened; the soldiers of Gelimer, in spite of their oath, could not support the horrors of their situation; they revolted with great fury, menaced Gelimer with assassinating his wife and child, if he did not consent to descend the mountain with them, and surrender at discretion. It was thus that this unfortunate prince was delivered to me; I admired more than ever at this moment the strength of his soul; he accosted me with firmness; no complaint escaped his lips; "Belisarius," said he to me, "I confide to your honour, the honour of my wife and the life of my child; as to the rest, dispose of me as you choose." I assured him that his wife should be treated with the respect due to her sex, her rank, and her misfortunes, and that he should not be separated from her, nor his child. At these words Gelimer thanked me by a look, but said nothing; and from that moment he spoke to me no more. His wife, straining her child to her bosom, kept behind him. This young princess was strikingly beautiful, in spite of her paleness, of the melancholy impression which the horrors of famine, and of three months of suffering, had left on her countenance. I advanced towards her, begging her to ask all that it was in my power to grant. "Speak," cried I, "order—what do you desire?" "A little bread for my child," replied she in feeble accents. These words made Gelimer shudder, and my tears flowed—at that moment I knew the fragility of this world's goods—I felt all the nothingness of grandeur, of fortune, of glory; those words seemed to wither all my laurels, and took from me, for at least some moments, all the confidence which success and good fortune inspire.

Belisarius manifests during the voyage every kind attention to his captives. Pharas had been sent forward with the news of the extinction of the Vandals, and the acclamations of the populace on seeing the victor are unbounded.

"On hearing from afar the shouts of the people, I at first only experienced a painful feeling of embarrassment, in considering that this tumultuous and public joy was insulting to the misfortune of my captives. I cast an unquiet glance at Gelimer; and my surprise was extreme on seeing him smile; he remarked my astonishment. "I despise Fortune," said he, "and I laugh at her vicissitudes."—"Yes," he continued with a sigh, "on such a day as this, and in the same season, I mounted the throne of Hilderic, and was proclaimed King of a people who exist no longer." As he uttered these words, we reached the gates of Constantinople. Here I found myself in the midst of an innumerable multitude, intoxicated with enthusiasm and delight, who rushed to meet me. I perceived in the crowd Pharas, all my other friends, and my wife, and I no longer felt any thing but the

pleasure of being applauded with such transports in the presence of all that was dear to me. In an instant they surround me, they place me on the car of triumph;—I repulsed them, but feebly; I feared to cool that ardent enthusiasm, and even to give dissatisfaction, by opposing a sincere resistance; the car moved slowly on, amidst the repeated shouts of “long live Belisarius!” In the midst of this triumph, I heard a deep and severe voice behind me exclaim, “Vanity of vanities, all is vanity;” it was the voice of Gelimer. I turned back shuddering, and I saw this Prince, and his wife in her veil, fastened with chains of gold to my car;—this sight restored me to myself; I blushed at that pagan pomp which neither the reigning Emperor nor his august predecessor had ever had renewed for themselves; I perceived the danger of such ostentation, and felt no longer any sentiment but that of the insupportable uneasiness which we experience when we are forced to tread a path which we believe imprudent and false.*****

At length we arrive. I descend from the fatal car; they unbind the chains of my captives, and we enter the interior of the palace. Justinian, seated on his throne, awaited us in his hall of Audience. I remarked anger on his countenance; I presented to him the dethroned King of the Vandals and his wife. “Prince,” said the Emperor to him, “I shall neglect nothing to make you forget your entry into Constantinople—know, at least, that I respect the courage of the unfortunate and royal birth too much, to have ordered this insulting and barbarous triumph.”

From this time Belisarius's favour at court declines; and though he still performs wonders in the field of battle, the enthusiastic admiration of the populace only tends to further the designs of Narses and his enemies. On his return from defeating the Bulgarians, he finds himself condemned to banishment at his villa, for having restored the captive son of Abdalix, king of that people, without a ransom. During this disgrace, he is visited by the young Prince Justin (heir to Justinian) and his relation and bosom friend Tiberius, who have been educated together at a distance from the court, and who are both eager to become acquainted with a hero, whose exploits they have so long admired.

Tiberius, who is represented as uniting the amiable qualities of mildness and gentleness, with the more exalted ones of generosity and firmness; tells Belisarius, that his most earnest wish has been to become known to one whom he so highly venerated, and that it would be his greatest pride to unite himself more closely with him, and to become the husband of his only daughter. The character of Anastasia is now introduced—a mutual attachment takes place. Justin's impetuous

entreaties and eager importunities in the mean time produce such an effect on the Emperor's mind, that he recalls Belisarius. Anastasia is seen for the first time by Justin, who (unconscious of his friend's superior claims, which, from motives of prudence, are kept secret), falls violently in love with her; his ungovernable spirit will not admit the shadow of an obstacle, and after positively declining an alliance with Tiberius's sister Sophia, he at last by his importunities induces the Emperor to a feigned acquiescence in his wishes.

Justin, on finding that the only obstacle to his wishes is in the firmness of Belisarius, gives way to all the ungovernable rage and wild indignation that marks his character, and the hero, from becoming obnoxious to one of his power, is more than ever exposed to the machinations of his enemies. Narses, who has become the decided favourite of the Emperor, at last succeeds in obtaining the imprisonment of his fallen rival; and, while both the Princes are at a distance, and the Emperor weakened both in mind and body by sickness, he contrives, under pretence of an insurrection of the populace, to make him accede to his removal, filling up the measure of crime by putting out his eyes, and exposing him on the rock, from which he was delivered in the manner already related.

The next morning, Belisarius is awakened by the sound of a lute, which recalls to his memory scenes long past; and, while he listens to the strain, he fancies himself once more in the plains of Pasuca.

"Where am I?" he exclaims,—"In the arms of Gelimer," replies the hermit, straining him to his bosom. "Great God! Arcadius?"—"Arcadius is the unfortunate King of the Vandals." "What!" said Belisarius, his voice choaked with sobs, "is Gelimer my benefactor? Does he, whose palaces I have reduced to ashes, he, whose armies, whose kingdom, and whose subjects, I have destroyed, does he grant me an asylum?"

Gelimer's recital of his own adventures follows; but Madame Genlis, fearful, as she says, of diminishing the interest of her hero by placing the figure of the royal hermit too much in the foreground, has made this part of her work much less attractive than we expected to have found it.

After they had both finished telling their stories, they set off together in quest of the wife and daughter of Belisarius; but in their way had the misfortune to be intercepted and made prisoners by a party of Bulgarians, which nation was then at war with the Emperor of Constantinople. Abdalix, their king, offers every temptation to Belisarius to induce him to unite his arms with theirs against his native country; but all these pro-

posals are received by the unfortunate General with disdain. Meanwhile Gelimer has regained his liberty, and while employing every means he can devise to effect the deliverance of his friend, is unexpectedly joined by the son of Abdala, who, in gratitude for the generous treatment formerly experienced by him from the illustrious captive, undertakes to give himself up a hostage for his security. By this grateful interposition, the hero is at last restored to liberty and to the bosom of his family.

The rest of the romance presents a very dull and truly French change of affairs. "Now horrid war hath smoothed his rugged front," &c. &c. and all our compassion for the misfortunes of Belisarius, all our admiration of the fortitude of Gelimer is swallowed up in the rival interests of young Justin and his friend Tiberius, who both profess themselves suiters for the hand of Anastasia. It most fortunately happens, however, that Tiberius was not the only child of his father. He has a sister called Sophia, equalled in every charm and virtue by none of her sex excepting the daughter of Belisarius. While this lady was yet unknown to Justin, the old Emperor had designed them to be united; and the knowledge of this design had principally conduced to his determination to thwart it by attaching himself to Anastasia. But the happy and novel expedient of "love at first sight," cures all difficulties, and Tiberius is made happy by the entire resignation of his rival's claims to the hand of Anastasia. Belisarius returns in honour to Constantinople, where, for no other reason than that the tale must be brought to a conclusion, Justinian makes every possible apology for his former incivility, and makes amends for the loss of his eyes by eyeing him once more with his accustomed favour. Belisarius of course finds the reparation fully satisfactory; every man has his mare again, and all the family live happy ever after.

Such is the miserably tame and stupid conclusion of a romance, the opening of which gave a promise of more than usual interest, which promise is very well supported, through the greater part of the first volume. But Madame de Genlis possesses not the art of some of our female novellists in this country, of spinning out a tale into a book. Her stories are very engaging, so long as she confines them to the rate of two or three in a volume; but we should not be at all unhappy to be informed, that she never intends to compose a novel (either historical or purely fabulous) again.

ART. VII.—*L'Appreciation du Monde, &c.*

Appretiation of the World. Translated from the Hebrew into French. By Michael Berr, Corresponding Member of the French Institute, and Fellow of the Academy of Sciences at Nancy. With a Preface by the Translator. Metz, 1808. 1 vol. 4to. London, Dulau.

THERE was a period, when the literature of the Jews, known by the name of Rabbinical learning, occupied the first place among the studies of Orientalists. But in proportion as the learned acquired a more profound knowledge of this literature which was at first so highly praised, the gratuitous assertions of these Jewish doctors were submitted to examination; and when their ridiculous subtilties, exaggerations and anachronisms were exposed, they gradually lost the credit they formerly enjoyed. On the other hand, the circle of oriental literature having become more extensive, the time and industry which had been formerly wasted on useless acquirements, was now devoted to more solid and more satisfactory studies. In this manner the learning of the Rabbis and of the Talmud fell into disrepute, and, at the present period, there are not perhaps two Christians in Europe who make it an object of their study. Even among the Jews themselves, if we except those in Poland, it has lost much of that exclusive esteem and veneration which it long enjoyed.

The *Bechinat Olam*, of which M. Berr has presented us with a new translation, under the title of *L'Appreciation du Monde*, was formerly known by the title of *Examen du Monde*, which renders the Hebrew words *Bechinat Olam* more literally, but is less calculated to describe the moral and philosophical objects of the work.

The *Bechinat Olam* has for its author, the Rabbi Jedaia, of the tribe of Abraham. He is also surnamed Bedraschi, Happenini and Anbonet-Abraham. He flourished at Barcelona about the year 1298, and his surname of Happenini denotes *dealer or worker in pearls*. It may however merely signify *eloquent*; for we know that the eastern writers compare eloquent or poetical compositions to strings of pearls.

Jedaia is the author of several works in prose and verse, and his eloquence has procured him among the Jews, the appellation of the orator. We are referred by M. Berr for an account of his life and writings to the *Bibliotheca Magna Rabbinica* of Bartolozzi, No. 594; the *Bibliotheca Hebraica* of Wolf, No. 677; and to the *Dizionario storico degli Autori Ebrei*, by De Rossi, under the head *Jedaia Appenini*.

The great estimation in which the *Bechinat Olam* was held among the Jews, was the cause of its being printed at a very early period after the invention of that art. The first edition was published at Mantua in 1476, by Estellina, a learned Jewess, the wife of Abraham Cavato. The earliest French translation by Philip Aquin, a converted Jew, appeared at Paris in 1629, and was dedicated to Cardinal Richlieu. In 1650, Uchtruan, the Hebrew professor at Leyden, published a Latin translation. Both these editions were published with the Hebrew text, but they teem with inaccuracies. A very elegant edition of the Hebrew original appeared at Furth, in 1807, with a Hebrew Commentary and a German translation of the text, printed in Hebrew characters. From this edition M. Berr takes his translation; and he has described it as the most accurate in existence.

It is now time to present our readers with a few specimens of the *Bechinat Olam*.

‘ Nothing can equal the grandeur and dignity of the man of intelligence and wisdom, who in his meditations contemplates all the secrets of nature, and penetrates to the most hidden recesses of her mysterious sanctuary.

‘ But alas! wisdom and science cannot ward off the blows of fortune, from him whose intelligence traverses space with the rapidity of lightning, and in the twinkling of an eye passes from the east to the west, and from heaven to hell.

‘ The wise man shares all the evils which attack our species, with those, who seem to have nothing in common with him but the human form: the sword of death strikes without distinction the philosopher and the peasant. But if this prospect alarms us, another consideration fills us with joy. The soul which survives us is imperishable. It survives the destruction of every thing else; and when all other good things desert us, it is the only inheritance which accompanies us beyond the gates of the tomb!

‘ Nevertheless, to the disgrace of humanity, man spares no pains to procure sensual delights;—he pays no regard to the perfection of the noblest part of himself, the breathings of the Almighty!

‘ Blind mortals! If fortune to-day deceives their expectations, they see the time pass away, and flatter themselves that another year will be more propitious to their projects of avarice or ambition. The time hangs heavily on their hands, and yet the term which they hasten by their imprudent wishes; misfortune, despair and death;—such is the future that awaits them!

‘ Do not I beseech thee, O my soul, imitate this insane conduct! What benefit wilt thou derive from life if thy years thus pass away in the search after vanity and lies?

‘ Where is the wise man who would give himself up to the sleep

of false security, when so many sources of destruction are suspended over his head, or ready to open under his feet; when the stars which roll over his head and preside over his destiny, infallibly bring on the most unexpected but inevitable events, which the Eternal has attached to their motions and to the rotation of the spheres?

Presume not, however, son of man, impiously and boldly to accuse the Author of nature of the evils which are heaped on thy short and fragile existence. Ah! the ills of which thou complainest, the dire chance which forces these bitter tears to flow, are to be imputed to thyself alone: it is thy folly which has plunged thee in the gulph of ruin. The works of the Eternal are full of wisdom and goodness. In vain do mankind aspire to comprehend them, they exceed the limits of human intelligence! All that we can conceive of Him, is, that He is beyond conception. The avowal of our impotence is the only homage which our feeble reason can render to His grandeur.

Celestial in its origin, but fallen from its primitive nobility, the soul of man, while attached to this vile body of clay, groans under an oppressive and shameful slavery. To pant after the recovery of its original liberty, to labour without ceasing to subdue this earthly frame, to make all its faculties subservient to the worship of the Creator, to the happiness of our fellow-creatures, to the triumph of virtue—such is the only occupation, the only effort worthy of our noble extraction.

In vain do the impious think to render the Divinity propitious by external acts of piety. The purity of the heart, the practice of virtue—these are the only conditions on which we are admitted into the tabernacles of the Eternal.

Mortal, let thy desires therefore, have no other object than the fulfillment of the commandments of thy God. Thou wilt find thy only happiness in the fidelity with which thou observest them. The divine law, when once thy guide, will lead thee into the paths of life eternal, and enable thee to avoid the wages of death.

M. Berr informs us that he had two grand objects in view in the publication of his present work. In the first place he was desirous to obey the suggestions of several eminent literary characters on the continent, who are his patrons, and at the same time to make good his title to a seat in the class of history and ancient literature in the French Institute, by a production worthy the acceptance of that learned body.

As to the second object of his ambition, we shall allow him to speak for himself:

Another object of my work, was to shew by one more example, amidst a crowd of others, with what success the sciences, learning and knowledge were cultivated by the Jews, at periods in their history which were the eras of tranquillity and justice; when the honours and advantages of civil society became the re-

wards of their exertions. Such was their situation in Spain, under the reign of the caliphs, in the times of Maimonides, of the Rabbi Jehuda Levi, author of a profound work on Metaphysics, and several pathetic elegies of the learned Abarbanel, minister to Alphonso V., king of Portugal, all of them cotemporary with Bedraschi. Let us also compare the morality, the sound reasoning, the pure religion and the eloquence, which reign in his work, with the narrow or frivolous ideas and corrupt style, which are to be found in the works of other Jewish doctors, who lived at the same period, in a state of oppression and subjection. *L'Appreciation du Monde* occupies the highest place among those works, which in point of merit and chronology hold the middle rank between those, which go back to the first religious, or purely philosophical institutions, and the works which belong to institutions of a more or less modern date. Allowing for the modifications of time and place, we find in *L'Appreciation du Monde*, a morality, which the most celebrated literary or religious monuments assimilate and reconcile.

Our readers will perceive, in the above extract, the partiality real or affected, generally displayed by translators for their original authors. We may fairly venture to say, however, that the *Bechinat Olam*, however estimable, is not the best possible specimen of the literary compositions of the Rabbis; and M. Berr himself has furnished us with materials on which to found a comparison. Among other specimens, he has given us the following composition of the Rabbi Jehuda Charizzi, in a work called the *Tuhkèmoni*, and which is, it seems, a professed imitation of the style of *Hariri*, the most celebrated among the eloquent authors, of whom Arabian literature has to boast. As the extract in question cannot but amuse those who give it a perusal, we insert it at full length :

'Dispute between the pen and the sword.'

'One night,' said Heman Ezrachi, "I was stretched on my couch and sleep had fled my eye-lids. Tormented with pain, I rolled from side to side, when I heard a loud knocking at the door of my dwelling. Who is he, I exclaimed, that thus demands an entrance at the hour of midnight?" "It is," answered a human voice, "a traveller who has lost his way, and is overwhelmed with anguish." When he was admitted, leaning on his staff, carrying his baggage and clad in tattered garments, I regarded him with attention, and to my astonishment recognized under these trappings, my dear companion, the learned doctor, whose society was my chief delight! My joy was that of a man who had found a treasure—my sorrows vanished in a moment! I laid before him the humble repast which my dwelling afforded, and when he had satisfied nature and returned thanks to God for his gifts, he began to display all the treasures of his eloquence.

and to open the stores of his wisdom. I immediately took out my tablets to commit to writing what fell from his lips ; but scarcely had I begun to write when the pen broke in my hand : I took up another ; it broke in the same manner, and I peevishly threw it away. " Wherefore," said *Chaber Hakkini*, " do'st thou throw away that pen ? God himself has chosen it ; be careful not to destroy it, for it is a source of blessing. If thou wert acquainted with its merits, thou wouldest not have thrown it away. Perhaps thou art ignorant of the words full of wisdom by which it has proved its value. If thou art desirous I am ready to instruct thee."—" Speak," said I to him, " my ears are open to give free entrance to thy words ; and the light of thy visage has enlarged and strengthened my eyes !" *Chaber* then began :

" In days of old a contest arose between the ministers of the king, who held the pen for the execution of his mandates, and the generals who commanded his armies.

" Eloquence," said the former, " is our inheritance : we are the heroes of deliberations and councils. The oracles of prudence issue from our lips, and upon these have we laid the foundations of the empire ; they are the bolts which bind and strengthen the building. Our hand holds the pen, an instrument of great value, whose power nothing can resist : which throws down giants, and gives intelligence to the simple. If its size be small and has nothing in it remarkable, if its exterior seems feeble and impotent, yet have the brave who drew the sword from the scabbard, been compelled to retreat before it : it reduces to a cypher princes elated with their own grandeur. Then seizing the lyre of poetry they added : we are the unshaken supports of glory : the pen in our hands does honour to the diadem. Deeds of grandeur belong to us alone : at our feet we roll the stars of the firmament. Those who handle the sword are our slaves only, the points of our lances sink into their hearts without resistance."

" What is this we hear," answered the Leaders of armies ? " Are we not lions in battle, and brave with hearts of intrepidity ? Flames issue from the clashing of our swords, and the terror we inspire renders countries desolate and uninhabited. To us alone belongs the sword, which although it hath no tongue, speaks most persuasively, and seeth, although it hath no eye-balls. In its impetuous course, like unto the torrent of *Kissoun* and the waters of *Phison*, it hurries along every thing that resists it. When the pillars of the nation assemble in presence of the most High, its head is loftier than theirs ; for it is the crown of kings, and the diadem of the Lord's anointed. It keeps guard on those who wear it, and the victims of its vengeance are like the sand of the sea."

Assuming a higher tone they then exclaimed : " Like the portion of the victim consecrated to the Eternal, which the high priest waves above the altars, so does the sword, when unsheathed, glitter in our hands and menace the heads of our enemies. In the day of terror, when the brave seek an asylum against dan-

ger, our arms are bared to meet the battle. Even as a vine prospers when watered with the dews of heaven, so is our sword when drenched with the blood of its victims. It traverses the earth with the rapidity of lightning; it takes flight and the same instant sees it alight on the heads of our enemies."

"When the sword and the pen had thus uttered their sentiments, they presented themselves to defend their rights. "It is I," said the sword, "who infuse courage and strength into the brave: it is from me that the vultures and the lion's whelps derive their nourishment. While I exist, they shall neither experience hunger nor thirst: I feed them with the bodies of heroes; I intoxicate them with the blood of the brave! How dares the pen to compare itself with me, who trample it under my feet. If my arm do but touch it, it is broken; if the wind do but breathe on it, it is no more."

"Truth has fallen from thy lips," said the pen, "and every thing that thou hast said is true. Yes! 'tis thou who delightest in blood, thou art known by thy violence and cruelty. Ah! how much blood hast thou spilt! How many innocents hast thou massacred! From the first day of thy existence thou hast not ceased to depopulate the earth, to fill the graves with carcasses, to separate children from their parents and to tear them from the bosoms of their mothers. If thou prevailest over me by thy strength, know that it is not in my strength, but in the soul that animates me in which my power consists. With what grace canst thou compare thyself with me? I am a man of pure and spotless life, inhabiting tents; thou art a vagabond of the deserts, whose whole life is a tissue of crimes, murders, and robberies: thou hast no retreat but rugged mountains, rocks inhabited by goats, the beds of the torrents or the darkness of the forest. Whoever casts his eyes on thee hastens away: my appearance on the contrary, inspires joy; my society the fullness of confidence. Thou art regarded as foul and contagious, as a wretched outlaw from society. Robbers and blasphemers, men who have sinned from their mothers' womb, are the only mortals that seek thy company. For my part, no blasphemer dares to enter my dwelling; no sinner dares cast his eyes on me. He alone is worthy to serve me, who walks in the paths of innocence: I am found in the hands of virtuous men only. I receive the homage of the first among men: monarchs keep no secrets from me; it is by my means that their designs are accomplished, and when I am with the King of kings in the midst of his temple, thou art not permitted to approach it."

"Thy bravadoes and falsehoods," resumed the sword, "deserve no answer. Ask only the days of ancient times which preceded thy existence: they will tell thee that it is with my help the king triumphs over those who rise against him, and subjugates his enemies and the traitors who undermine his throne. Fortified cities, ramparts, and citadels, are conquered by me alone: to me the king owes the preservation of his power; were

it not for the fear which I inspire, his grandeur could not be maintained an instant. I preserve him from his oppressors, I send my terrors before him, I crush those who attack him: at the sight of the sword with which he is armed, who can remain firm?"

'When the pen heard the haughty and disdainful language of the sword, she addressed it in the following verses:'

"I am silent, but when I assemble my armies, my words cause the proudest of mankind to tremble! My speeches are the ornament of the head of kings, my excellent parables are the joy of the heart. It was of me the Eternal made use when he wrote the ten commandments on Mount Horeb, which were the inheritance of my people. When the sword arises, I unfurl my standard above his head. When he attempts to measure himself with me, I stand erect, while he lies stretched at my feet."

'At this recital,' said Heman Ezrachi, 'when I heard the eloquence of my friend, I wrote his words on the tablet of my heart with a pen of iron. I spent several days with him: my hours fled in joy and delight, until time wounded me with the arrow of separation and tore me from the milk of his company.'

From the above extract, an idea may be formed of the nature of the compositions which are buried from modern criticism.

M. Berr has promised to gratify the literary world by the publication of a Rabbinical Anthology, in which we earnestly hope he will be encouraged to persevere.

ART. VIII.—*Tableau Historique et Politique, &c.*

Historical and political Picture of the Year 1806, preceded by a Coup d'Œil of the five first Years of the nineteenth Century. 8vo. Paris, 1807.

THIS volume comprises the history of France, from the accession of Buonaparte to the supreme power, till the end of 1806. This adventurer, hitherto perhaps the most distinguished for successful daring of all those who have figured in political history, after deserting his comrades in Egypt, landed at Frejus on the 9th of October, 1799. In the space of one little month, the tottering power of the directory fell to the ground, and Buonaparte, under the title of first Consul, had seized the reins of government. The first measures of his government were distinguished by acts of wisdom and moderation. He speedily pacified La Vendee, he closed the emigrant list, and soon after restored to their country classes of individuals who, whilst they might be useful to industry,

could not be just objects of jealousy or suspicion; and he offered peace to England in a letter to the King, which, whatever were the motives of the writer, was distinguished for liberal and enlightened sentiments: Would that these had been omens of a just, moderate, and humane policy! But a long contemplation of his wily and tortuous course has completely eradicated from our minds our original partiality; and has convinced us that selfishness, egotism, and vanity, are the ruling passions of his soul; that his moderation is at all times affected, that he goes straight forward to his ends wholly regardless of the morality of the means he makes use of, and that if he has been, or, in the hands of Providence, is about to be, in any case the instrument of good, he is the unwilling instrument, and forced either by the light of the times, or the necessities of his situation, to deviate from the propensities of an immoral and corrupted heart.

However, in this *tableau* all is smooth and smiling. His Majesty the Emperor and King is always the hero; wise, faithful, generous, beneficent, active, pacific; the Titus of his day, the *deliciæ generis humani*. To the enemies of France, and particularly to the *eternal enemies of the continent*, are owing all evils which have afflicted Europe. Every thing done by France is from pure and simple self-defence; every thing by her enemies is wanton and unprovoked aggression.

Certainly the year 1806, including in that period the latter months of 1805 and the beginning of 1807, must be ever memorable in the annals of French glory. Ulm, Austerlitz, Jena, Pultusk, and Friedland, bore witness to the wonderful superiority of the military genius of Buonaparte: Austria humbled, Prussia annihilated, and Russia terrified into submission, and an unnatural alliance within the short space of fifteen or sixteen months, were successes sufficiently splendid to dazzle stronger eyes than those of Frenchmen, and make them forget the acts of violence and injustice which had lighted the flames of war. But we need not follow this writer through the details of transactions so recent and so well known. We think it will be more amusing to lay before them the characters of one of our own warriors as drawn by the pen of an enemy.

Four Englishmen of great celebrity perished in the epoch, the events of which are comprised in this narrative; Lord Cornwallis, Lord Nelson, Mr. Pitt, and Mr. Fox. The character of Lord Cornwallis is very fairly and justly appreciated; and it is well remarked, that

‘To a high personal consideration, to a military reputation sufficiently brilliant, acquired by his victories over Tippoo, was

joined the confidence inspired by the memory of his former administration ; an administration of which the follies, the futile vanity, and the prodigality of the last governor, lord Wellesley, have doubtless not a little contributed to heighten the merit and the estimation.

The principal features of the character of lord Nelson are delineated by the hand of a master ; though the shading is too dark, and in some parts of the colouring we may observe strong marks of envy and malevolence. Nelson was on the ocean, whilst Buonaparte has been upon the land. It may be pardoned in the flatterers of the Corsican, if they cannot speak with complacency of the man who rivalled their master in celebrity, and who often thwarted his enterprises and humbled his pride. It is observed,

‘ As to the loss of lord Nelson, we think that men have fallen into the opposite extreme. I would say that this loss, though a real one for England, is nevertheless much below the idea that has been generally formed of it, since his military talents were below his reputation. Little genius, and that contracted ; much character, much bravery, and still more presumption and pride ; a vanity, carried sometimes to a ridiculous excess ; views very confined for all the great combinations of war ; but an extreme familiarity with, and complete knowledge of, all the details of naval tactics ; a great boldness and great skill in manœuvring ; finally the art, if not to make himself loved, at least to make himself feared and obeyed ; and to inspire a confidence, and in the end an enthusiasm in his men ; such were the principal traits which enlightened men, who have seen him closely, have given this character ; and the principal events of his military life, coolly examined, lead nearly to the same conclusions. Beginning all his expeditions by errors, and faults of combination almost inconceivable, afterwards almost always repairing these faults by his activity, by the boldness and precision of his manœuvres, such is, in a word, the history of all his exploits. But we must except the attack of the Canary Islands, where not being able to remedy the defect of conduct and plan by the boldness of the effort, he was most completely defeated by the Spaniards, in August 1797, leaving a part of his men in the field, and himself losing an arm in the action.

‘ What most contributed to spread his fame through Europe, particularly among persons incapable of forming an opinion, except from events, was the victory of Aboukir. In truth, he displayed in that engagement all his distinguishing qualities ; but he employed them only to correct his preceding faults ; for whatever may be alleged in his favour, it will always appear strange, that he wandered about almost three months (from the middle of May to the 1st of August,) on a route so confined as that which leads from Toulon to Alexandria, without being able

to discover a fleet which covered the sea with its numerous transports.

‘Let me be permitted to enter into a short detail, in order to justify my opinion.

‘It was on the 9th of May that Lord St. Vincent detached Admiral Nelson from Cadiz to observe Toulon. He was driven from off the port by a gale of wind on the 17th, and the French sailed on the 19th, whilst he was on the coast of Sardinia. He set sail again on the 26th, and continued his cruise, without suspecting that the French could have gained the open sea, till the 11th of June, when he again appeared before Toulon. At length, undeceived, he directed his course to Messina, where he learnt on the 19th, that Napoleon Buonaparte was already master of Malta. It was on that very day that the general left it, and consequently the two fleets were at the same time, the English to the North, the French to the south of Sicily, as they had been separated by Sardinia fifteen days before, and had turned round that island without meeting. Nelson left Messina the 21st of June, stood straight for Egypt, where he arrived on the 28th, before the French fleet, the progress of which was embarrassed by an immense convoy. Informed that it had not yet appeared before Alexandria, he left the coast in order to go in quest of it, but he again missed it by standing to the west, whilst Admiral Bruix was lying a little to the north. After an useless cruise, on the 9th of July, he quitted the waters of Candia, arrived at Sicily on the 19th to re-victual, departed on the 24th, and at length re-appeared on the coast of Egypt on the first of August, fully determined to repair, cost what it would, the faults which he was sensible that he had committed. In truth, had he only detached some light vessels, first to the coast of Sardinia, next to that of Sicily, opposite to those he himself examined, it was almost impossible that the route of the French could escape him; and what will appear still more incontestible, if in place of quitting Alexandria to wander at hazard after the French, who arrived two days after his departure, he had waited for them patiently, how favourable would have been the chances offered him to attack a fleet, encumbered with a prodigious number of transports, which it would have found the greatest difficulty in saving, even by sacrificing itself?’

These facts are, we believe unquestionable; but we are far from satisfied that the criticisms on Lord Nelson's conduct are well founded. He was cruising off Toulon; a violent gale of wind, we presume from the North East, blew him off the coast, the French took advantage of this accident, came out, and sailed on the opposite tack, or towards the east, and thus escaped his vigilance. This was probably inevitable. He was not really delayed off the coast of Sicily; and, therefore suffered nothing from want of light vessels on its eastern

coast. After all, he arrived at Alexandria before the French, a strong proof of his promptitude, activity, and sagacity. He erred, undoubtedly, in quitting his station. But could he avoid this error? Was he sure that Buonaparte did not intend to seize Candia, and if he erred, was his error as great as that of Buonaparte, in neglecting to occupy Sicily, an oversight which ruined his expedition, and for which he suffers to this day? And after all, does not this detractor from the fame of Nelson fall into the error which he charges upon his admirers, that of judging merely from events?

But to proceed—

‘We discover nearly the same faults, the same want of penetration, foresight, and conduct in his campaign of 1805. When he followed the French fleet, which he went in quest of to Egypt, whilst it was ravaging the English possessions in America; and at Trafalgar we find again the same man as at Aboukir, resolved to repair his error by a victory, or to expiate it with his blood. Certainly, such a resolution is that of a brave man; his manœuvres in the two battles were those of an experienced seaman; but his conduct viewed as a whole, was never that of a superior man.’

Posterity will, we doubt not, pronounce a different verdict. But we must conclude with observing, that the bulletins of Buonaparte, and other public reports, have furnished the principal contents of this volume. Of course, it is calculated for the meridian of Paris. Through it professes to give a sketch of all the principal occurrences since the elevation of Buonaparte to the consulship, we cannot find even the names of such men as Moreau, Pichegru, or the duke d’Enghien. But among the miseries entailed upon the human race, it is still a consolation that power has its natural limits. To every tyrant it may be said, thus far shalt thou go. The energies of Englishmen, however wretchedly they have been directed, are not extinct. The free press of England still exists. The voice of truth then cannot be stifled. We firmly believe that it is this which more appals Napoleon on his throne, than the hostility of our government, or even than the thunders of our navy.

ART. IX.—*Mémoires de Madame la Marquise de Pompadour, &c.*

Memoirs of the Marchioness de Pompadour, containing a Sketch of the History of the Regency, the Motives of the Wars, and Treaties of Peace, Embassies, Negotiations, with the different Courts of Europe, Secret Intrigues, Characters of the Generals and Ministers of State, the Cause of their Elevation, the Subject of their Disgrace, and in general all the most remarkable Transactions of the Court of France during the Reign of Louis XV, written by herself, and published by K. P. To which is added, her Correspondence with the Marshale de Saxe, the Duke de Boufflers, Marshale de Bellisle, M. d'Argenson, Count de Maurepas, the Duke de Nivernois, the Cardinal de Berrijs, the Marquis de Vaudière, the Duke de Mirepoix, the Duke de Richelieu, the Queen of Hungary, &c. Adorned with Portraits, 5 vols. 12mo. Paris. 1808.

FRENCH booksellers are not overburdened with modesty. Two volumes under the title of *Memoirs of Madame Pompadour (écrits par elle-même)* were published at Liege, in 1766. They contain much, but not all of the matter of the three first of these volumes. We have no external evidence of their authenticity, and the internal is not very strong.

Doubtless, the woman who had the power to retain a situation, the perpetual object of envy, jealousy, and competition, and who could rivet the chains of her royal slave by the fascination of her manners, even when unable to secure his fidelity to her person, such a woman may well be presumed capable of composing these volumes. But the following sentence, selected from many others to the same effect from the introductory pages, savours much more, we think, of the declamation of a Parisian scribbler, than of the unaffected elegance of M. Pompadour's genuine letters.

‘In these memoirs, I shall attach myself principally to details, which concern the state, and I shall write rather the history of the reign of my august lover, than that of my private life; the favourite of a king is only for the age of the monarch; truth only is the property of all ages.’

Now these details of state affairs are just the things we do not want, nor extract from Madame Pompadour; whilst the history of her private life, as connected, at least, with the

great personages of her time, is the thing concerning which our curiosity pants to be gratified. But we will take for granted, that these pages are what they profess to be, and extract from them some account of the writer.

Mademoiselle Poisson was commonly thought to be the daughter of a kept woman, and of a farmer of La Ferté-sous-Jouame. Her father suffered condemnation for some offence, and absconded. In his absence, the mother fell under the protection of a farmer-general, Le Normand de Toumehem; to whose nephew M. Le Normand, signior of Etiole, she adroitly contrived to marry her daughter. It cannot be wondered at, if, with such examples before her eyes, the morals of Mademoiselle Poisson, were far from severe. With M. Le Normand she lived some years. He was sincerely attached to her, and at the same time had qualities, which ought to have secured a due return of her affection; his figure was agreeable;—he possessed youth, the graces, sense, and a good fortune. If this description of him comes from the pen of his wife, we should hope, in common charity, that the story told by the author of the *Vie privée de Louis XV.* of the wife having, as the first act of her power, procured the exile of such a husband, is an unfounded calumny.

However this be, power, had more charms for the wife of Le Normand than love. The gallantries of the king were much talked of, so that every woman with a handsome person and light manners aspired to the honour of receiving his embraces. The place of mistress was vacant, and our heroine (in common perhaps with fifty others) resolved, if possible to fill it. The eldest son of Louis, dauphin of France, was to be married to Maria Theresa, infanté of Spain. On this occasion brilliant fêtes were given in the capital, and in the other principal cities of the kingdom. Besides other entertainments and extraordinary spectacles at Paris, a ball was given at the Hotel-de-Ville, at which were present the new-married couple and the king. Here it was that the wife of Le Normand spread the net of her enchantments, and captivated the senses of the amorous monarch. The account of their interview is not unamusing.

‘An English country-dance, very pretty and executed by twenty girls, animated with pleasure and embellished with the freshness of youth, distracted the attention of the monarch, and effaced the impression received from the modern Diana. I took advantage of this circumstance, and seeing that the king had advanced to a little distance from his suite, I accosted him, I asked him a thousand questions, each more indiscreet than the former on the subject of his amours. Had he paid attention to

my discourse, he might easily have perceived the emotion of my soul. I was beside him—I inspired his breath—his words were just expiring upon my lips. He took hold of my hand—I took courage, and was restored to my natural gayety. I began to torment him; perhaps this moment was the first of my happiness. Having excited the curiosity of the king by my arts and conversation, pretending to yield to his importunities, I unmasked; but (I now confess) by a refinement of coquetry, I immediately precipitated myself among a group of people, but so that the king could not lose sight of me. I had a handkerchief in my hand; I let it fall; Louis picked it up with eagerness, and as I was beyond the reach of his arm, he threw it to me with the greatest courtesy. Immediately a confused murmur pervades the whole room: “*he has thrown the handkerchief,*” were the only words that ran from mouth to mouth. Madame de Rochebouart, and the ladies of the court, who aspired to triumph over his heart, became desperate, and I have the pride to believe, that from that moment I had no rival in the affections of the prince. But the dauphin and dauphiness approached. I took flight, carrying the mortal wound in my soul, and persuaded that the king would not quit the room, without having surrendered to the power of beauty. This idea tormented me; I entertained it with regret; I would willingly have banished it; but it perpetually recurred to torment me—and I quitted the scene still dear to my memory, fully resolved to pursue my designs.

Fixed at length at Versailles, the following are her reflexions on the manners of the court.

‘I appeared for the first time at court. Books give us imperfect conceptions of what is passing on this great theatre. One must be an actor oneself, and bear a part in this long comedy to form an idea of the elements which compose it, and the varied and singular scenes with which it is filled. I thought that I truly saw mortals of a different species from the rest of mankind; the manners, usages, and customs, are not the same as in ~~the~~ capital. They dress, they talk at Versailles otherwise than at Paris. To perform well his part, a long habitude, a continued attention is necessary. Each courtier puts off his natural character, assumes another, by favour of which the skilful actor takes the place of the honest man; all is art and grimace; all is studied, even to a smile, or a look. It is a circle of hypocrisy, round which we must turn without ceasing. In the city, virtues and vices have but a little space; here both the one and the other occupy a vast field. The passions are the more active, as the means of gratification are the more ample. Interest, from which they receive all their activity, is here in its centre. The favour of the prince gives life to the soul of the courtier. He receives no other light than that which comes from the throne. In fine, the court is a vast field open to all intrigues, all cabals,

men rise and fall, they flatter and cringe, they are protectors and are protected, they hate and embrace; are attracted by a look and proud of a smile; this moment a man is banished, the next he is recalled. Intrigue is the substitute of talent, and impudence of merit. These are the lessons I have received from experience; but in the age of pleasure every thing appears charming; and the court seemed to me a scene of delights.'

The character she gives of her royal slave is such as to prepossess us in favour of the man, whilst it excites our pity for the king.

'Louis XV. has naturally much genius; his mind is lively, active, and penetrating; he sees at a glance all the springs which move the most complicated affairs, and he knows the weak parts of the general system, and the defects of each administration. This prince is born with a grand and noble soul. The blood of the legislator, of the hero, and the captain runs in his veins; but his niggardly education has destroyed the effect of these great virtues. The cardinal Fleury, a man of an ordinary stamp, had made him apply in his youth to little things; but nothing has been able to extinguish in him the most amiable qualities which can adorn a prince. The heart of Louis XV. is extremely good: he is humane, mild, affable, compassionate, just; a lover of rectitude, and the declared enemy of every thing which does not bear the character of honour and probity.'

But if the heart of this monarch was good, his constitutional disposition was most unhappy.

'Louis XV. is naturally very low-spirited; his soul is enveloped in a thick cloud; a temperament of melancholy makes his days flow unhappily even in the bosom of pleasures: there are moments when his melancholy increases so much, that nothing can draw him out of this state of languor; then the burden of life becomes insupportable to him. The enjoyment of a handsome woman may indeed, for a time, dissipate his ennui; but it does not cure it; on the contrary, after possession, this monarch is more disposed than ever to sadness.'

In consequence of this, joined to his religious education, Louis XV. like his great grandfather, Louis XIV. was perpetually tormented by remorse of conscience at his course of life. One great advantage of mediocrity of fortune is that by diminishing the force of temptation, it is less difficult to controul passion, and to regulate the conduct by the dictates of reason and principle. The history of all despotic monarchs shows the difficulty, if not the impossibility, of doing this where there is no external motive to set against the power of unlimited gratification. No wonder then that princes in ge-

neral have continued attached to *la religion catholique apostolique Romaine*; in which the absolving power is the most charming device to give the liberty of enjoyment without running the hazard of damnation; and in which life may be comfortably employed in the alternate occupations of sinning and repenting. But conscience still can be but half quieted. Such was the state of mind of Louis.

‘There was another unhappiness attached to the days of this prince. Religion in him is continually at war with the passions. If pleasure attracts him on one side, remorse restrains him on the other; these contrasts render him the most unhappy man of his kingdom.’

Behold then the wife of the deserted and amiable Le Normand become the favourite mistress of the reigning monarch, and by possessing the art of providing for the amusement of his idle hours, dissipating his ennui, and making his time pass pleasantly, obtain a complete ascendancy over his mind. The consequence is obvious. She became the dispenser of favours. Generals, ministers, ambassadors, bishops, and archbishops were appointed by her; her smile was the road to promotion; her frown was the harbinger of ruin; in short, whatever could flatter vanity, or satisfy ambition, was at her command. Nor does she seem, upon the whole, greatly to have misused her power. But the reign of Louis XV. was inglorious. The long wars of his predecessor had exhausted the finances, and spread misery and depopulation through France, a country amply blest by the prodigality of nature. A general discontent was spread through all orders of men; and as wretchedness is ever seeking an object on which it may fix its resentments, the world was ready enough to charge all its sufferings on the mal-administration of government, consequent upon the evil influence of the favourite. To defend herself from the accusations of her enemies, M^{rs}. de Pompadour (if indeed these memoirs are her’s) gives a sketch of the state of France from the death of Louis XIV.; in order that her readers may more clearly understand the origin of the misfortunes which formed the topics of general complaint during the time of her own exaltation. Her story is introduced by some anecdotes of the intrigues which tormented and embittered the last moments of that celebrated monarch. To this succeeds a view of the affairs of the regency of the duke of Orleans. But we must say that we do not find in this narration any thing that might not have been gathered from common sources of information. Among the anecdotes we find some which even ourselves recognize as old acquaintances.

As a history these memoirs are very defective and unsatisfactory; nor is the defect compensated by sprightly stories or amusing narrations. The familiar intercourse of real life is always interesting; and still more so, if the actors are of very exalted rank. The mind perhaps is pleased at discovering that those personages are in their every day-business obliged to speak, think, and act like ordinary mortals.

We meet, however, here and there with passages which interest us, particularly as setting in a strong point of view the unhappy result of recent measures. History speaks with an impartial voice, nor can we take a surer guide to judge of the policy of modern statesmen, than by attending to the sentiments of the statesmen of past ages. This reflection is forced upon us by the following remarks on the importance of Holland to Great Britain. They were made by the Marechal de Saxe, on the occasion of the peace of Aix la Chapelle; a peace by which the French monarch agreed to give up the Netherlands and Bergen-op-Zoom, which had been subdued by his arms. On this peace the Marechal observed,

'We were on the eve, after the battle of Fontenoy, of taking possession of Holland, and putting an end to that republic, which is a constant source of the divisions of Europe; for these merchants, with their riches and their marine, are constantly troublesome. They are the necessary allies of the English, our natural enemies. The great work of their destruction was almost finished; why was it not completed? If time is given to these republicans to fortify themselves, they will be as audacious and enterprising as formerly; and a day perhaps will come, when France, with all her forces, may not be able to obtain satisfaction from them. To destroy Holland is to cut off the right arm of England; and the council of France knows that to weaken the English ought to be the primary policy of the state.

'Of what use is the victory of Fontenoy? All these efforts of bravery, so many illustrious officers who have perished in the campaigns of Flanders, have been lost to no purpose. The places are to be given up, and the Hollanders and the house of Austria to be re-established on the same footing on which they were before the war; it would have been much better to have remained quiet. France, in restoring her conquests, has made war upon herself. It is her own victories which have ruined her. Her enemies have preserved the same degree of power; she alone is weakened. She has, at least, a million of subjects less, and her finances are nearly ruined.'

We fear it will be found too true, that the subjugation of the Low Countries and of Holland will prove the most mortal blow to the naval superiority of Great Britain. Without

these acquisitions, it is doubtful whether France could ever form a navy which could cope with that of this country. The naval victories of the present reign have been most destructive to our enemy's marine. But they are no more than a repetition of the scenes which have been acted in almost every French war that has taken place for the last two hundred years. During all this period, France has been struggling in vain to form a navy. No sooner had she built ships, so that her marine was becoming numerically formidable, than a war has broken out, England has every where attacked her with superior forces, the English prisons have become loaded with French sailors, and the whole business has been to begin afresh. During the American war only, has there been any thing like parity of force, and then the navies of France, Spain, and Holland were united. But it may be doubted, whether the complete possession of the Netherlands and Holland, will not make it impossible for England to maintain in future her numerical superiority of ships; and whatever may be the superiority of the skill of her officers, or the bravery of her seamen, (of which we think as highly as possible) the events, even of the present war, have shown that it is not thought safe to depend upon them when there is considerable disparity of force. What madness then was it in the administration of Mr. Pitt, to rush into a war, when France offered to renounce the Netherlands as the price of peace? to reject every offer of accommodation, even when the French had been expelled from the Netherlands by the victorious arms of the contending powers? By this obstinacy, the permanent policy of England was sacrificed to the passion of the moment. The fruits of the wisdom of William III. and the victories of Marlborough were renounced to combat a phantom. We believe that the error is seen and confessed, and the unhappy expedition to Walcheren is a pretty strong proof (however we may use the language of confidence) that the government of the country has taken a serious alarm. And we believe too, that impartial posterity will never assign to the author of this calamity the title of enlightened statesman, or true friend to his country.

But the treaty of Aix la Chapelle was forced upon France by her internal debility. The general poverty was extreme; and, in consequence, misery and depopulation spread their ravages through the provinces. An intendant writes thus to the minister on this subject:

“My Lord,

“The subjects of the king diminish daily in this province. Soon it will be without inhabitants. I have ordered the parish-

priests to bring me the register of the baptisms and burials, and I find that the number of the latter are so excessive, that I have calculated that if this depopulation continues twenty years, and that God spares me during this time, I shall be the only person remaining in the province. Fifteen years before the last revolution of the finances, there were fifteen hundred thousand souls in this district; at present there are hardly nine hundred thousand. And how can it be otherwise, my lord? Of fifty of the king's subjects, there are hardly two, who have any thing to live upon; they must of necessity famish. No one any longer marries; debauchery only gives birth to children."

This picture may be overcharged; but we have no doubt, in spite of the exceptions which may occasionally occur from a forced and unnatural position of things, that peace and plenty, war and famine, will ever be found united in the relation of cause and effect.

There was a great poverty of military genius during the reign of Louis XV. The noblesse had become almost wholly corrupted by indolence, luxury, and dissipation. They spent their days in hunting upon their estates, or rained themselves at Paris with actresses and opera girls. They shrunk with horror from the fatigues and toils inseparable from a military life. Promotion was given not to service, but to family and favour. A stripling became a colonel, when he should have been an ensign, and in consequence a very few years made him a general. Under such a system it was hardly possible to expect great commanders; and a species of necessity forced the government to confide the French armies to foreigners. The *Marechals de Saxe* and *de Lowendahl* were the chief pillars on which rested the glory of the French arms; without them the enemy, perhaps, would have laid siege to Paris. Those two men seemed formed for each other. The *Marechal de Saxe* was the superior genius; the heroic virtues of *Lowendahl* received their lustre from the great talents of *de Saxe*. But if we may trust to the account given of the latter in these pages, the *marechal* was a hero only in the field of battle. This is not improbable. Many men of the most exalted genius seem not in the common occurrences of life above the common level; perhaps they have neglected the talents of expression and conversation; perhaps by concentrating and directing the mental energies to a certain range of objects, there may be a real inferiority with regard to common matters, but often the defect is in the penetration of the observer: somewhat of a kindred spirit is requisite to comprehend and to appreciate the powers of genius.

Our readers may, perhaps, find some amusement in the following account of this great man :

‘The death of Marechal de Saxe caused a suspension in the amusements of the court. I remember a man of talents who was in my apartment at the time when the account of his death was received, said to me, “Madam, we shall soon have war; for of all the generals of the king of France, the king of Prussia feared only the Marechal de Saxe.”

‘The frequent conversations of Louis XV. with this hero, gave me the opportunity of studying his character. It is a pleasure to be acquainted with great men. The mind of the marechal was of a peculiar stamp. All the private actions of his life were those of an ordinary man; he was never great but on the day of action; then his soul, if I dare use the expression, changed its character, it became grand, noble, and magnanimous; a new light pervaded his mind, and made him see every thing at the first glance. His imagination was without employment, the military genius which agitated him was equal to every thing; but after the battle, this fine spirit seemed again extinct, there remained in him nothing of grandeur, but the report of his actions.

‘In private life, he gave into the lowest excesses of liquor; without any taste for that refined love which distinguishes elevated minds from the vulgar; he knew no other pleasure in the society of women than that of debauch. No passions worthy of a hero were ever discovered in him. He was followed by a seraglio composed of common women.* All his mistresses were no better than prostitutes. Whilst he astonished Europe by his victories, an actress, of the name of *La Favart*, agitated his heart by her gallantries.

‘Those who saw him often have said of him that he was master of no science. He knew nothing but war, and that he knew without ever having learnt it. It was pretended some time after, that his death had caused a change in all the systems of Europe, and that the king of Prussia would, in truth, never have renewed the war, had Maurice been alive. It is certain, that a single man may change the face of our political world.

‘I have read in the original memoirs of the reign of Louis XIV. surprising revolutions caused by the ascendant of a single man. The Marechal de Saxe had laboured all his life with indefatigable ardour to acquire a tranquillity which he never enjoyed. Scarcely had he arrived to the height of greatness, to which his

* It would be unjust to put in the number of those contemptible objects, one of our most celebrated actresses, Mademoiselle Adrienne-le-Couvreux; who, understanding that Maurice was in want of a supply of men and money, pawned her jewels and wardrobe to assist her lover, and sent him a sum of forty thousand livres.

talents for war had raised him, than death precipitated him into the tomb. The king had given him a royal house, as a recompense for his services. He possessed large revenues, and enjoyed all the dignities with which a mortal can be clothed.

'This general died covered with a glory which could not be contested. Even his enemies allowed that he possessed very superior talents for war. But if his genius did much for France, France did still more for him. He was never suffered to want for any thing. The peers (bankers of the court) always supplied him abundantly with whatever was necessary; he fought with numerous armies, in a country which has been at all times the theatre of the conquests of France, and that of the glory of the French name. Maurice commanded the best of the king's troops, who were burning with impatience to signalize themselves by victories. I have heard it observed, by an intelligent man of the profession, that a hero ought to pass through all the paths of the military career, which lead to glory. The court of France opened but a single road to Maurice; he was never put to the proofs, which, forcing a commander to display all his powers, decide the character of the general. This man, with whose name all Europe resounded, and at whom a portion of it trembled, compared his life, when dying, to a reverie. *M. de Senac*, said he, *I have had a fine dream*. Maurice de Saxe had been brought up in the protestant religion, and died in that communion.'

The correspondence is contained in the two last volumes of the collection; and it is by far the most interesting part of the whole. Of the authenticity of this part of the work, we feel no suspicion;—for though the letters are destitute of all support from extraneous evidence, yet the matter, style, and circumstances, under which they assume to be written, are sufficiently conformable to the laws of probability; and in this case, we seek not for additional support from the testimony of others. The letters of Madame Pompadour are certainly not written with that grace, simplicity, and vivacity, which constituted the charm of Madame de Sevigné's, but still they show the writer to have been a polished and accomplished woman, of no mean talents, and (her foibles apart) not without estimable qualities. Her affection to her daughter, (not the child of Louis) and her brother, shews her to have been alive to the feelings of nature, and gives us reason to believe that, had not her ambition driven her out of her proper sphere, she might have been a good wife and a respectable woman. To her daughter she writes thus:

'I have received a letter which greatly afflicts me on your account. They tell me that you are haughty and imperious to your companions, and that you begin to be very intractable. Why do you afflict the heart of your mother? Why do you

force her to the sad necessity of complaining? How often have I recommended to you to be mild, affable, and modest, as the only means to be pleasing to God and man! Have you so soon forgotten my lessons? Will you force me to blush for you? I hope that you will change your manners, both for my sake and your own. No airs of greatness; they are becoming to no one, and still less to you than to others. If I have educated you like a princess, remember that you are far from being one. The fortune, that has raised me, may change, and make me the most miserable of women. Then you would be like myself, nothing at all. Adieu, my dear child, you know that I breathe only for you, and that it is for you that I value life. If you promise amendment, I pardon and embrace you.'

But Madame Pompadour seems sometimes to have really thought herself a princess, or something still higher. It is amusing to see her assume the tone of royalty, so that we presume (if we did not know it from recent experience) that it is no difficult thing to act a part in this comedy. *My brother, and my cousin, and the love we bear to our faithful subjects, &c. &c.* exact more command of countenance than of understanding. To Stahrenburg, the Austrian ambassador, she gravely writes:—

'I have all the esteem for you, which is due to the minister of a great queen, whose confidence you merit by your integrity and talents. The zeal which you shew in bringing to a conclusion the important negotiation at present under discussion, claims the acknowledgments of your country and those of France. For more than three hundred years the august houses of Austria and France have been enemies; the cardinal de Richlieu contributed to exasperate their animosities. Their interests have been opposed to each other; but they are about to be united,' &c. &c.

Does Buonaparte act the emperor with more dignity than Pompadour did the queen?

Some facts may be collected from these letters which may not be useless to history; and which an Englishman would do well to weigh in forming an estimate of the spirit which has usually actuated their own government. One of the constant reproaches cast upon us by the French, is that we are the *eternal enemies of the continent*; that we embroil them in war to promote our selfish mercantile speculations. We are sorry to say that this charge is greatly confirmed by some facts we here meet with, as far as concerns the origin of the war of 1756, which succeeded the treaty of Aix la Chapelle. In that war England appears to have been completely the aggressor, and for no important national purpose whatever. The French king was averse to war, the ministry was unpre-

pared, and their ambassador completely deceived. The evidence of manifestoes amounts to nothing. But the confessions of the ambassador himself (the duke de Mirepoix) the complaints of how much he had been duped, and the testimony of M. Pompadour, of the reluctance of Louis to engage in war, seem decisive of the question. Add to this, the frivolous nature of the protests. Claims upon the wilds of Canada, where each party had already more lands than they could cultivate, were the worthy occasion of setting all Europe in a flame.

‘The treaty of the Ohio,’ says Mirepoix, ‘the occasion of the present troubles, is not probably an object of a thousand pistoles a year, and as much clamour has been excited, as if we wished to usurp all the commerce of the English colonies.’

This war too, like most others, was begun by the English, by seizing on the merchant-men of the enemy without any previous notice, or declaration of war. War itself is so violent an outrage upon justice, that a little more or a little less iniquity, is such a trifle, as hardly to weigh a feather in the balance. But as this custom has always been protested against by the other belligerents, and hitherto in vain, was Buonaparte wrong in exercising the same power against the subjects of his enemy upon land! Is there any apology which may be made for the one, which could not be with equal justice applied to the other? We say this, not to exonerate the guilt of Buonaparte, whom we regard as a systematic enemy to the liberties of mankind; but to excite us to look well to the morality of our own conduct.

We shall make a few extracts from the letters, for the entertainment of our readers. Speaking of the court, M. Pompadour says,

‘When I consider the meanness, impertinence, and fawning character of most courtiers, I find there is a great difference between great men and great lords. The latter I despise and I am heartily sick of them; of the others I am not sick; but they are rare, and I hardly see them. I pity the lot of kings, surrounded as they are by their gilded apes, as vile and as mischievous as those of Angola. Courts, which the foolish vulgar look up to with so much envy, ought only to excite compassion. The other day, the Abbé de la Tour du Pin, the favourite preacher of our pretty women, came to see us at Versailles. Being asked what brought him there, *I have*, says he, *a description of Paradise to make, and I come here to take memorandums.* Poor man! if an excess of the most fatal and meanest passions, envy, hatred, rage, despair, if the furies and crimes of ambition can give an image of Paradise, he may come here every day.’

We fear that the picture M. Pompadour has drawn belongs to human nature, and is by no means confined to courts. Envy, hatred, rage, and despair, may be found too plentifully in every street, and as much servility, meanness, flattery, cringing, and lying behind every shop counter, as at the premier's levee. But a truce to moralizing. M. Pompadour gives a pleasant commission to the duke de Ninervois, ambassador at Rome.

'The nuns of St. Cyr request me to obtain for them the body of a saint to place in a new chapel which they have just built. Will you have the goodness, M. le duc, to take charge of this good work? The court of Rome is not parsimonious of this sort of presents, and will willingly accommodate you; but have great care not to send to these good souls a saint with two left legs, like the St. Ovide of the Capuchins. I can hardly refrain from laughing, while I am writing this: it is a pleasant commission for an ambassador and a philosopher.'

She then proceeds—

'The clergy of France become more and more turbulent: if they had the power, they would renew the *dragoonings* of Louis XIV. But, thank heaven, our very christian king is neither a devotee nor a persecutor; he has, says he, no power over consciences, and wishes for none. For my part I hate intolerant priests, and if I were a sovereign, I should persecute none but persecutors.'

We find in a letter to the celebrated Montesquieu, the following sentiments:

'You say that it is impossible that the christian religion can subsist longer in Europe than five hundred years. It is true that the majority of priests, by their ambition and intolerance, do all they can to destroy it. The world has been a long time blind; but it begins to have eyes, and to make use of them. But I fear that philosophers, who see twice as far as others, are too zealous on this occasion.'

'The christian religion is true, holy, and consoling; it ought by no means to be destroyed, though its abuses should be reformed; cut off the useless branches, but leave the trunk untouched. I have sometimes heard speak of the English quakers; I like not their belief, that they are inspired by the Holy Ghost to talk nonsense in their assemblies; but I admire their wisdom in having got rid of priests. Religion is good; it is only its ministers which are often bad. It will soon be ridiculous, they say, to be a christian; if this should happen, it will be their fault. Besides this, I see every day that the Roman Catholic religion makes bad subjects, by acknowledging a foreign power as superior to that of the state. Our bishops are not Frenchmen, but subjects of the pope.'

'A practice which displeases me in our religion, but which still deserves respect, is confession. How can one speak openly to a stranger, who is perhaps laughing at you, and who is probably as great a sinner as yourself. The fasts, which are ordained, do not agree with me better; it is the concern of the physician. It is very good against intemperance; but I much doubt whether a knave, that has fasted, is more agreeable to God than an honest man who has had a good dinner. I go sometimes to sermons, and they give me the vapours; these holy harangues produce a thousand fanatics, but never make a single good man. As to sermons of morality, they are good, but of no use; to what end would you exhort an Englishman to become humble, or a farmer-general to become disinterested? One may as well say to a sick man, sir, I request you to have no more fever. The vices are diseases of the mind; they will never be cured by sermons.'

The following presents an extraordinary trait of insolence and meanness in a prince :

'They were playing last night in the king's apartment, who was a considerable winner; but a scene was acted, which gave me much displeasure. He had before him a large heap of gold; by accident the sleeve of his coat threw down a louis d'or, and the king stooped to pick it up. The prince de ***, who was his partner, and who remarked his action, throws down an hundred on purpose, and disdains to pay any attention to them. My cousin, said the king, why do you not pick up your money? It is a mere trifle, answered his highness, it is for the servants. His majesty felt keenly this piece of satire, and left off playing. Yet no one knows better than this very prince, that the king neither is nor can be covetous. Not a fortnight ago the king paid all his debts, which amounted to more than a million, when he had credit with nobody but his pastry-cook. But it little concerns him to be ungrateful, provided he can say a severe thing.'

M. Pompadour ridicules our practice of ordering fasts, to beseech the Deity to be on our side, whether right or wrong. Is it not high time to discontinue a custom which tends to bring religion into contempt? Where is the humiliation of eating eggs and salt-fish once a twelvemonth instead of beef and pudding? If we are to fast, let us really go without our dinners; it may be good for our healths now and then, and, if so, we doubt not that it is agreeable to the Deity.

'I have received this morning,' writes the marchioness to the duke de Boufflers, 'a fine and important letter from you, and another from Holland. I am told that the English have just ordered a public fast, to obtain the divine blessing upon their arms. I know not if battles are gained by fasts; but this I know, that

to please God, we ought not to commit injustice nor to associate him in our crimes. I will not fast for the prosperity of France, but I will recommend it to the justice of heaven, and the arms of our soldiers. M. de Turenne said that God was always for the largest squadrons; therefore, as heaven is deaf to the prayers of the weak, we should take care to have a good army, and to place over it a better general than the duke of Cumberland, who, as I am assured, is to be sent against us.'

Whatever may have been the faults of this celebrated woman, she seems to have supported her station with dignity and consistency, and was herself all but a queen. Poets, orators, generals, ministers, and even queens and empresses, corresponded with her, courted her, and flattered her; and she received their homage with all the dignity of an equal. If princes must have mistresses, let them at least be such as will not degrade them in the eyes of the world. In these pages we meet with nothing that is low or disgusting; and think that had Madame de Pompadour been contented to move in her natural sphere; she would have been a comfort to her friends, an ornament to society, and would have experienced a degree of solid happiness and tranquillity, which was denied to her elevated station, and which it is not in the power of rank or splendour to impart.

ART. X.—*Mémoires de la Comtesse de Lichtenau, écrites par elle-même, &c.*

Memoirs of the Countess of Lichtenau, written by herself; containing secret Anecdotes of the Court of Prussia: to which are added, Letters of Lord Bristol, of Sir Arthur Paget, of Sir William and Lady Hamilton, of Lady Templetown, of the Chevalier de Saxe, M. Mécari, the celebrated Lavater, &c. &c. Translated from the German. 2 Vols. 12mo. Colburn, 1809.

IT is a constant symptom attendant on the decay of empires, that individuals are loaded with the blame which men are too interested or too cowardly to attribute to the true causes, to constitutional defects or the vices of administration. When the sovereign himself, or any other persons peculiarly distinguished by his confidence high in authority, suffer themselves to be governed by mistresses or other unworthy favourites, the state is certain of receiving some injury from the vicious conduction; but then the people have the means of

redress in their own hands ; and if they fail to exert them, it is their own imbecility, their own corruption, their own carelessness, with respect to their first and dearest interests, which they will have to thank for all the calamities that may ensue from a profligate system of government. They may afterwards amuse themselves and the world with pouring out all manner of declamatory abuse, and inventing all sorts of calumnious falsehood to blacken the characters, whose infamy consists only in a participation of the general corruption ; but the philosopher will but pity their self-complacent blindness ; while he reflects that those who had neither the virtue nor the courage to save themselves, were not worthy of salvation.

Whether the countess de Lichtenau was, or was not, guilty of all or any of the crimes imputed to her by a multitude of mushroom writers, to whom the late overthrow of the Prussian empire has given birth, is a question to which readers of this country must, upon the whole, be very indifferent ; but it is not of equal indifference to them to know that neither the depravity of the mistress, nor the folly of the sovereign, could have caused the downfall of the state. It is to the original vice of an unjust, a partial, and arbitrary constitution, to the long impunity of an interested, selfish, and narrow-minded government, to the general licentiousness of the great, and the universal apathy of the people. It is to these causes, and to these alone, that can justly be attributed the present abject condition, not of Prussia only, but, of every state and empire throughout Europe, which has bowed the neck before the usurping dominion of France. Even yet, if a time should arrive when the *people*, the despised, insulted, and calumniated *people*, shall be re-animated by any thing like a general, extensive and enlightened spirit, even the vast machine of Buonaparte's tyranny, supported as it is on foundations the most apparently durable, and maintained in action by resources the most incalculable, must crumble away and moulder into dust.

If Europe to herself would be but true,
Not France nor all the world can make her true.

Having thus stated our opinion that, as a public question, in any degree influencing the political fate of Prussia, it is altogether indifferent whether the mistress of Frederick William II. was, or was not, a depraved and worthless character, whether she did, or did not, influence the councils, and direct the armies of her country, we shall now consider the volumes before us as containing the defence of an individual, against a vast variety of malicious and virulent accusations ; and in this light we shall say that, as far as it is possible to be satisfied

by an *ex parte* statement, we are upon the whole favourably inclined towards the countess de Lichtenau.

The writer, whose attack seems to have chiefly excited her to the resolution of a public resistance, is a certain M. de Koelln, author of a performance entitled *Lettres Confidentielles*, whom she represents as the most inveterate, and most lying, of all her accusers. It is to the statements in this work, as comprehending almost all the charges, false or true, of her other enemies, that she principally limits her defence. The others which she notices by name, are 'The Gallery of Prussian Characters,' 'A Character of Frederick William III. by M. W.—' The '*Tableau Historique et Politique*,' &c. of M. Segur, a book entitled '*Biographie Moderne, de tous qui sont marqués à la fin du dix-huitième siècle, & au commencement de celui-ci, par leurs écrits*,' &c. &c. &c.— '*Annales de la Monarchie Prussienne*'—and a few others of less importance. Some of these works have been noticed by us in former volumes of this Review, to which we must refer our readers for a general estimate of their character and merits. That of M. Segur is the performance of an intelligent, though in many respects prejudiced and partial Frenchman, and is alone, perhaps, likely to outlive the present generation.

The first falsehood which Madame de Lichtenau notices, (certainly with considerable resentment, though with affected good humour, and which, like the opprobrious term, 'B——,' to Mrs. Wild, is more constantly present to her recollection, than any other insult or calumny whatever) is the original rank assigned her by all her different biographers, of 'A Fruit Girl.' (*Marchande de citrons*, and in another place, *mar- chande de legumes*.) Now, as Madame de Lichtenau has undoubtedly a better right to know who her parents were, and what her origin, than any one of her historians, we can have no objection to credit her own statement, that her family was good and respectable. Those, however, who are old-fashioned enough to believe that even the protection of a prince cannot justify the abandonment of female honour, would probably judge the weakness of the young *Mademoiselle de Rietz* (her maiden name) more excusable in a retailer of oranges and lemons, than in the daughter of a gentleman. For ourselves, we are not the severe censors of human frailty, and only mean to remark, that the mistress of Frederick William ought rather to be pleased than offended, by a mistake which is clearly calculated to extenuate the guilt, whatever it may be, of her first failure.

As the *chère amie* of the prince-royal, *Mademoiselle de Rietz*, so far from enjoying any enviable portion of dignity

or affluence, was (if we are to believe her statement) kept in a state of dependence, and even of occasional want, from which her protector, however willing, was perhaps unable to elevate her, being himself in a situation hardly superior to that of the menial officers about the court. Even after she was publicly acknowledged as the royal mistress, her revenue does not seem to have been very ample; never (we are told) bearing any proportion to the finances enjoyed by the court favourites of *more civilized* nations. Her title of countess was not only not sought by her, but upon its being communicated to her when at Pyrmont, that it had been her royal protector's pleasure to advance her to the rank of nobility, she sincerely lamented the mistaken kindness which had thus rendered her the more obnoxious to the assaults of 'envy, malice, and all uncharitableness.' Her friends and relations, however benefited occasionally out of her own private means, were, in no instance, promoted to offices of public trust, or made pensioners upon the public funds at her solicitation. As far as her connexion with the king relates personally to himself, she was the tender and affectionate mistress of his youth, the faithful and unaltered friend when in the progress of his life the habits of debauchery had divided his attentions between herself and a variety of other women. In her conduct towards her less worthy rivals, she was discreet, temperate, and obliging. The queen herself distinguished her, by marks of her peculiar favour, in consequence of her perseverance in a line of behaviour so modest and unassuming. To conclude, when the approach of death had subdued all the more violent and disgraceful passions and propensities of his nature, Frederick William reposed on her alone as his best friend and comforter, and breathed his last under her care, almost within her arms. Of this event, so fatal in its sequel to the countess de Lichtenau, the reader will not be displeased, perhaps, at having her own account.

'I return now, for the last time to M. Koelln, but what a long and painful course remains for me to run! It is not enough then for him to attack with other writers my connection with the king! he pursues me even into the prison where I have been shut up; he scrutinizes my private life as a wife, and the last sentence he pronounces against me, is a more revolting infamy than all the others. It is not till after the most violent conflicts, that I have been able to regain that calmness, which is so necessary for me to reply to such horrors. I beseech my readers to lend me all their attention, and not to judge between M. Koelln and me, till they have heard what I have to say. I am going to begin at page 103—I shudder!—courage! "It was the morning on which the king breathed his last. His favourites abandoned him

to those mercenary hands that attended him in his illness. The night preceding his death, La Lichtenau returned early to Charlottenbourg. She slept there tranquilly; and the next day, when she awoke, coldly asked how he had passed the night.—She remained all this time at the *Hôtel des Gentilshommes*."

'What an abominable passage! but without doubt it appeared full of eloquence to M. Koelln, since it procures him the pleasure of plunging a poniard into the heart of an unfortunate woman. What feeling reader will not shudder with me? To recal to my mind the last moments of my best friend, of my august benefactor, is to tear open afresh all the wounds in my soul. But what do I say? the remembrance of this fatal event, cruel as it is, is still less so, than the frightful circumstances with which M. Koelln accompanies it, representing me as the most insensible of women, the most ungrateful of creatures; saying, that I have abandoned my friend, my benefactor, upon his death-bed; that my sleep has been tranquil, and that at my waking I have coldly asked, how he had passed the night! Great God—Give me strength to relate this melancholy catastrophe.

'It is entirely false, that the king was abandoned to mercenaries—his afflicted friends were in the apartments next to his, ready to receive his orders; but he did not have them called. It was at Venice that I received the afflicting news of the king's illness—he begged me instantly to hasten my return—I set off immediately; I came with the greatest diligence; and, at my arrival at Charlottenbourg, I found him already extremely altered. During eighteen months that his complaint lasted, with very few interruptions, I never quitted him a single instant; and since the 26th of September, 1797, that he went to Potsdam, till the 16th of November, (a day so fatal for me) I was always seen at his bed-side—with the exception of the time I took by his orders, to make two journeys to Berlin, to seek for remedies in his private medicine chest.

'The 15th of November, at half-past eight in the evening, the king felt himself much worse, and had a strong hæmorrhage. I at first did all that I could to stop with my handkerchief the blood that ran in great abundance; and I called *le Conseiller intime*, Selle, who was in the next room. M. Selle desired me to recall my senses and arm myself with courage, saying, that the king was in his last moments—he had already forewarned me six weeks before (in the presence of *le Conseiller intime* Brown) that the state his majesty was in, admitted of no hope. Though I ought thus to have been for a long time prepared for this fatal event, I was so struck with the last words of M. Selle, that, in my despair, and without knowing what I did, I ran like a mad-woman into the garden, and walked about with hurried steps. My femme de chambre, Henrietta Plöger, seeing the frightful condition to which grief and horror had reduced me, had me immediately conveyed home. They put me to bed. M. Selle was called, he ran and sent an express to the town for some mee

diocines which he had not foreseen would be necessary. When, after a long fainting fit, I began again to see the light, I signified to M. Selle the desire I had, to return to the king—he ordered me not to do any thing, and above all to remain in bed. An hour was scarcely passed, when I sent him word, that nothing should any longer keep me back, and I would absolutely see the king—they brought me, as his answer, that his majesty was asleep; and to every message that followed, I received the same answer. They even told me the last time, that the king had passed a good night, and that he found himself a little better—a deceitful illusion by which they wished to keep me from seeing him again. Soon after I saw my mother, my son, his governor Colonel Dampmartin, and Mademoiselle Chapuis, enter, bathed in tears.—All my blood froze in my veins, and I could scarcely stammer out a few words—but I felt a quick revolution within me. I recover my strength, I jump from my bed, and fly to the window—no longer is there any doubt—the king is no more! the guard, assembled, go slowly toward the palace to render the last honours to his inanimate remains—I shriek; my knees tremble; and I fall overcome with grief.—My mother kneeling near me, exclaims, “Yes, my daughter, Frederick the Second has ceased to live; but he is there (pointing to Heaven) there where all human miseries are ended.” It is in this height of despair, in the midst of my relations and friends, that Colonel Zastrow and Major Kliest come to tell me that the new king had given them orders to arrest me.

With regard to the more personal and offensive calumnies which the countess charges to the malicious invention of her enemies, there is no room here to enter into the detail of them. The accusation of profligacy and abandonment of life and manners, she answers, in the most satisfactory manner in which it can be answered, by giving (as she says) a faithful description of the life she actually led; a description in which there is much of elegance, and sense, and refinement—certainly nothing approaching to a substantiation of the charge against her. The cruel and disgusting charge of administering to the king’s pleasures by promoting his designs on other women after he became sated with herself, she glances at only to deny it with a degree of abhorrence which we really believe to be the result of a clear conscience. There are passages, not only in her defence, but in the letters subjoined, which leave us inclined to suspect that after Frederick William had given repeated instances of infidelity towards her, she was not always so scrupulous as not to retaliate. But when we state this as our *suspicion*, we must add, that there is in the conduct and language of foreigners, with regard to matters of gallantry, a certain latitude which renders it extremely hazardous for an

Englishman to judge of the real extent to which they mean to be understood; and being, on the whole, very charitably inclined towards the fair writer of these memoirs, we would by no means assert any fact which she has not expressly acknowledged, without better proofs than any that the present publication has afforded us.

Madame de Lichtenau's great favour with Frederick William raised against her, during his life-time, a host of enemies. The malignity of their hatred she would fain ascribe principally to the unlucky title which had been bestowed upon her, and which, as an honour unprecedented in the court of Prussia, had embittered the minds of all the real as well as all the would-be nobility to her destruction. Nothing can exceed the outrageousness of the falsehoods which these persons fabricated against her, and with which they filled the mind of the prince who succeeded to the throne. Among other things, they endeavoured to persuade him, and the rest of the world, that Madame de Lichtenau was herself deeply initiated in the dangerous mysteries of the *illuminés*, and that she was a principal agent in all their nefarious projects, to inveigle and corrupt the weak understanding of her sovereign and benefactor. One of the ridiculous stories, propagated on this subject, and retailed by M. Koelln, she exposes with merited ridicule, and firmly denies all participation in the crimes thus imputed to her.

That the easy temper of the king was grossly practised upon by impostors, who made their advantage of his credulous superstition, has been so often repeated, both in history and romance,* that we can have little doubt of its being to a certain extent the fact; at the same time, that the natural propensity of mankind to swallow every thing that comes before them clothed in the attractive garb of mystery, has undoubtedly been the means of enlarging most romantically upon the truth of whatever regards the pretended secrets of *illuminationism*. We are inclined to credit both the sense and honesty of Madame de Lichtenau to the full extent of her assertions; that she was neither the instrument, nor the victim, of any deceits of this nature.

However this may be, the impressions made on the prince-royal to the prejudice of the countess, were so strong, that immediately on the death of her protector, she was put under arrest, and imprisoned in the fortress of Glogau, in Silesia,

* See, particularly, Schiller's "Ghost-Seer," the circumstances of which are of such a nature, that it is hardly possible not to believe them in some degree founded in fact.

Her confinement does not seem to have been accompanied with any further marks of severity, nor was it of very long duration. Sometime afterwards, she applied for, and obtained, the royal permission to bestow her hand on M. Holbein, an Austrian gentleman of some rank and fortune, but a wild and eccentric character, of whose heart her charms made an absolute conquest, while in her state of banishment and disgrace. This marriage and its unfortunate consequences (consequences which, according to Madame de Lichtenau's account, can attach no sort of blame to herself) afforded fresh food for malignant calumny, the refutation of which employs a great part of the present publication. But we have not leisure (nor, if we had, would it afford much amusement to our readers) to enter into any particulars respecting this part of her history.

Madame de Lichtenau has evinced herself to possess no ordinary share of sense and talents—if any credit is to be given to her statement, she has the superior qualities of a feeling and generous mind. We cannot be competent judges as to the sufficiency, in all points of her defence; but that she has been most slanderously injured we cannot doubt, nor, that whatever may have been the guilt incurred during her days of prosperity, she has been visited to the full extent by that most grievous of earthly punishments, evil report.

The letters, which form the contents of the second volume, are interesting, some, on account of the favourable light in which they set the character of her to whom they are addressed; others for the sake of the writers. But the reader will in vain expect to derive either from them, or from the memoirs which precede them any fund of 'secret anecdote,' or court history, which the title-page seems to promise. The most amusing of them are those which she received from that most eccentric character, the late *reverend* earl of Bristol. This noble prelate appears to have formed his acquaintance with her during a short residence which she made (in her days of prosperity) at Naples. A most determined free-thinker as to religion, violent to an extreme in political opinions, and in the friendships and enmities to which they gave birth, enthusiastic in project, wild in fancy, of poignant wit and satire, of unbounded generosity as to money, and of a warm, though capricious, benevolence of temper; all these qualities are displayed in the short correspondence here presented to us. Of his passion for the sex, Madame de Lichtenau professes herself unable to speak. He was already past seventy when she first knew him; and we may believe her when she says, that whatever may have been the follies of his youth, and however

he may then have been the adorer of female chatno, 'il ne fut, à soixante-quinze ans, que le simple admirateur de ses vertus.' His greatest eulogium, she observes, may be found in a speech commonly attributed to him: "*Il ne faut absolument trouver des malheureux pour en faire des heureux.*"

The 23d and 24th numbers in the collection, contain the lively and romantic, but seriously intended, proposal of a tour in Egypt, in which he invites the countess to accompany him. We shall give our readers the last of these, in the original French, by way of example, of the usual style of his correspondence.*

* Marburg sur la Drave, 20. Mars, 1797.

Chère amie et adorable comtesse, enfin je trouve le comte de Cassis, cet homme si intéressant pour l'Egyptomanie dont je suis dévoré et dont je ne démords pas, et qui, loin de me guérir de mon affection, me la fait prendre pour médecine et non pour maladie. Cet homme, donc, chère amie, est un millionnaire, avec tous les sentimens probes et les manières suaves d'une personne qui aurait hérité de sa fortune immense au lieu de l'avoir acquise. Né à Damas, en Syrie, il a passé trente-cinq ans de sa vie noble comme utile dans la capitale de l'Egypte, la Grand-Caise: là, il a exercé, avec autant de réputation que de profit, le charge de Grand-Douanier ou Contrôleur-général des finances. Treize ans il a resté dans cette charge lucrative, et n'en est sorti que parcequ'on a voulu l'élever à une autre plus considérable en vérité, mais moins sûre. L'empereur Léopold a trouvé le secret de le retenir dans ses états, au moyen des agaceries les plus répétées, comme les plus délicates. Il a acheté de l'ancienne ville d'Aquilée, où, au moyen de vastes dessèchements et de chemins publics, il a démontré ce problème intéressant: "True self-love and social are the same." C'est à dire l'amour de la patrie et le véritable amour-propre est une et la même chose que républicque, une et indivisible.—Cet homme, donc, ne pouvant être mon Cicerone, se constitue mon protecteur dans ce nouveau monde, mon ange Gabriel pour me faire entrer et jouir de ce paradis terrestre.—Il m'accompagne de lettres innombrables, adressées à ses amis; ces dépendants, et ses commerçants; et m'assure que rien en Europe n'approche des délices d'un voyage, sur le Nil pendant huit mois de l'année.

Que les campagnes paraissent vêtues d'un printemps non interrompu, que la pluie ne s'y connaît point, que les bains parfumés sont la seule médecine dont on a besoin pour dégraisser le corps.—Que la volaille, le gibier, et même la viande de la boucherie sont d'un goût exquis, à cause des plantes odoriférantes

* Most, if not all, the letters in this volume we understand to have been composed in the language in which they now appear

qui parfument toute l'atmosphère.—Que les vins de France et de la Grèce, et surtout ceux de Chypre, y sont excellents et profitent infiniment du climat.

Que la vie y est si saine et si longue, que si on ne meurt point dans son enfance, il est rare de ne pas attraper l'âge de cent ans, et que dans le Grand-Caire plusieurs arrivent jusqu'à cent vingt.—Qu'avec un voyage de quelques mois au lac de Menzaleh, où l'air est supérieurement embaumé, on est sûr de revenir avec une nouvelle jeunesse.—Que la musique, les champs et les danses sont d'un délice et d'une volupté qu'une imagination Européenne ne saurait se former; et surtout que les improvisatrices sont autant au-delà de celles de l'Italie, qu'elles mêmes excèdent les chanteuses des rues.—Que, quant aux antiquités, il ne s'y connaît pas, mais qu'à très peu de frais on peut acheter des colonnes, des obélisques, et des sphinx, sans autres frais que ceux du transport.—Que de la ville d'Alexandrie il n'y a que deux, ou tout au plus trois jours de voile ou de rame; que de là jusqu'à Thèbes on mettrait trois semaines, mais toujours à côté de pyramides, d'obélisques, de temples, et dans le plus beau, le plus riant pays, et le climat le plus sûr et le plus serein du monde entier.—Que les grandes chaleurs ne se font sentir qu'au commencement du mois de juin; mais qu'alors la fraîcheur du Nil la rend si tempérée et modique, qu'elle n'incommode pas. Que, quant aux femmes, il faut que vous passiez pour la mienne, et que, pour n'être pas violée, vous soyez violée, et alors votre personne est plus sacrée que la mienne, &c. &c. &c.

It is now time to take our leave both of the Countess de Lichtenau herself, and of her correspondents.

ART. XI.—*La voix de la Nature sur l'Origine des Gouvernements, traité en deux Volumes, dans lequel, &c. &c.*

The Voice of Nature on the Origin of Governments, in which are developed the Origin of Society, of Inequality, of Property, of Authorities, of Sovereignities, of Bodies politic, of Laws, of Constitutions; the Variations of Bodies politic; every Thing which concerns actual Sovereigns, Conquerors, Usurpers, &c.; and in general all Questions of natural, political, and civil Right which interest Governments. The second Edition. London, Dulau, Soho-Square, 1809, 8vo. 2 vols.

THIS work is directed against the revolutionary tendencies of the times. It is arranged under six questions, in the first of which the author asks whether an "equality of rights ever existed?" He endeavours to show that this equality of rights is impossible from the constitution of nature. The first gene-

ration, says he, which ever appeared in the world, were unequal in rights.

‘The father was the chief of the family, the children were the members; the father was the sovereign, the children were the subjects; the father had *authority*, the children had none. The father had a right to govern, the children had none. What we say of the first father, is true of every first progenitor; what we say of the first family which appeared in the world, is true of the first family which settled in any country; nature is every where the same; and the same thing holds of all the families at present existing in the world. There is not one amongst them who is not indebted for his authority to the sole title of his being the father of the family. And if a troop of children were to revolt against their father to dispute his authority, and to claim a right equal to his, they would subvert the order of nature.’

The author afterwards labours to prove that an equality of rights is contradicted by reason, by experience, and by history. The following is a specimen of the author’s mode of reasoning on the subject.

‘Whence,’ says he, ‘are we authorized in supposing that we are all equal in rights? Is it because we are all made of the same earth, and destined to the same end? Does it hence follow, that we are all sovereigns? *We are all made of the same earth, and destined to the same end.* But every mineral is also formed out of the same earth. The stones in the same quarry are all extracted from the same place, composed of the same elements, and destined to the same structure; but some are large and others small, some are placed in the cornice, and others laid at the base. Before they were taken from the pit, they were placed one above another, and they are so still. *“We are all made of the same earth, and have all the same destiny!”*-----But vegetables and animals of every species are also all fashioned out of the same earth, and destined to return to it again. Are they on this account equal to the human race in point of rights? are men equal to each other? are their uses the same? *“We are all fashioned out of the same earth, and have all the same destiny.”*-----The fingers of the hand are all made of the same earth; are they on that account equal? All the members of the body are made of the same earth, are they, on that account, equal at their birth, have they a right to the same rank and the same functions? What should we think of a man who should say to his feet, “is it not shocking that you alone should be exposed to the dust, and mud and have to bear the whole weight of the body?” Are you not formed of the same materials as the head and the arms? Who would be induced by this fine reasoning to make a monstrous medley of all the members of the body, and leave it to the suffrage of a heap of peasants to alter their positions every two

years, to place the ears in the socket of the eyes, the feet in the situation of the hands, and when the elections were over, to exclaim "*Vive l'égalité et la liberté.*" But this is an exact allegory of what we have incited the people to do, and the ridiculous language which we have caused them to hold.'

Under his second question, the author asks whether 'the social contract was ever practicable?' He argues that such a contract is absurd in the previous process, because it cannot be begun without *destroying the indestructible* order of nature, in which one generation is subordinate to another; that it is chimerical in the suppositions of the agreement; that it supposes every member of the society at the same time to be subject and sovereign, to be governed and governing; that it is impossible in legislation; impracticable in the arrangement; and terrible in the attempt to carry into execution. The author in the third place discusses the origin of authorities; and examines what he calls the true sources and the false. Much of what he says on this subject, appears to be very indefinite and obscure; and part of it very incompatible with our old-fashioned notions of British liberty.

'Nothing,' says the author, 'is more absurd than to place the origin of authority in the compacts, conventions, elections, and constitutions of subjects. God does not derive his authority from the constitution of men; a father does not derive his authority from the constitution of his children. *Each derives it from his title of author.* No one can yield to another that which he has not; and no one ever had any *authority* over himself. The light of reason shows it to be physically impossible that subjects should be the origin of *authority*. It must necessarily come from above; for *every author* is essentially above his work. It is not from their descendents, it is from the *author* of nature, that the first *authors* of nations derived *their authority*. It is not from his children, it is from his ancestors that every father of a family derived his; and though a whole society should even be unanimous in the choice of a chief, this chief would not derive the *smallest authority* from this unanimous choice, without the consent of the natural chief.'

But who is this natural chief? Does the writer mean the author of the universe? But how is it to be known whether the election of a particular chief magistrate has, or has not, his approbation? Who is to declare his immediate will in this respect? Are we to resort to the oracle at Delphos? or are we to consult the heads of the Gallican church? The author seems to think that because a father does not derive his paternal authority from the free suffrage or united choice of his children, a political sovereign can derive no authority

from the choice of his subjects. Does the writer mean to contest the right of the house of Hanover to the throne? For that house owed its accession to the choice of the people. We can readily allow that the authority of a father is not a trust delegated by the babes whom he brought into the world. It is essentially inherent in his *paternity*; but the analogy is not quite so complete as the writer would lead us to believe, between the father of a family and the sovereign of a state. A father possesses a natural and indefeasible authority over his children till they come to years of discretion, and are, if we may so express it, physically and morally independent; but the head of a nation derives his authority, if not from the immediate suffrage, yet from the tacit consent of the fathers of families, or other persons of discretion, over whom he rules. Though a chief may have acquired the sovereignty from usurpation, which has, from fraud or violence, been the real origin of sovereignty in most countries in the world, yet, when we speculate on the nature of the duties of sovereignty in the abstract, we must, even in cases of usurpation, consider it as a trust. It is a trust, even though it may not have been actually delegated by those for whose good it is designed. But a trust supposes accountableness in those to whom it is confided. A trust, which is violated or abused, may be resumed. Such a right of resumption implies a right in the people to change their government. The exercise indeed of the right is very rare; for the *vis inertiae* which there is in large bodies of people, which may often be resolved into the selfishness of individuals, prevents the frequency of revolutionary movements, and causes nations to endure accumulated oppression, before they throw off the yoke. It is difficult to determine what degree of oppression morally justifies resistance; but the public feeling will always determine this better than any general rules. This we must however say, that the patience of nations is always greater than the moderation of sovereigns. The English history sufficiently proves this.

The author argues in a great measure, as if the authority of sovereigns, instead of being a trust, which may be resumed, when tyranny dissolves the obligations of obedience, were a right, which is as independent of the will of the people as the authority of a father is of the will of his children. But the analogy will not hold; for the cases are not precisely the same. The right of paternity does not depend on the will of the children; but is previously fixed by the constitution of nature. The children, while they remain in a state of pupillage, must be subject to the father's will, as their faculties are not sufficiently developed for them to have a will

of their own. But a sovereign does not make his people, though the people often both make and unmake the sovereign. A sovereign is not, according to a favourite but imperfect analogy of this writer, the *author* of his people, as a father is the *author* of his family, or God is the *author* of the human race. Thus the writer says the authority of a sovereign "reside essentiellement dans le titre d'auteur."

'Dieu,' says he, 'n'a point tiré son autorité de la constitution des hommes, un père ne tire point son autorité de la constitution de ses enfans, l'un et l'autre l'a tiré de son titre d'auteur. D'après les lumières de la saine raison, il est physiquement impossible que l'autorité vienne des sujets.'

Infants are not endued with a capacity of judging whether the conduct of their father be right or wrong; whether his discipline be noxious or salutary, for their good or their bane. But a people, by whom we do not understand, as this writer, perhaps, would suggest, either infants at the breast, or boys at school, but adults, whose faculties are sufficiently developed to constitute them rational beings, are capable of judging whether the measures of the government, under which they live, be calculated to render them rich or poor, to promote their weal or woe. A father of a family supports his children till they are able to support themselves; but a sovereign is supported, is fed, clothed, and invested with all the gratifications of sense and the pomp of power, by the contributions of his subjects. This makes a wide difference between the state of children and of subjects, between the rights of fathers and of sovereigns. If the people support the sovereign, it gives them a right to limit the expenditure of the sovereign, and to prevent him from levying taxes without their consent.

The author, who denies the authority of the sovereign to be derived from the people, seems to consider it as a matter of divine right. But as *such a divine right* must ultimately resolve itself into the right of the strongest, he must allow that the *divine right* of Buonaparte to the throne of France, is at least equal to that of any other sovereign who has practised the same successful usurpation.

Under his fourth, fifth, and sixth questions, the author considers the origin of bodies-politic; the variations in bodies-politic; and actual sovereigns. In this part of his work, the author's favourite hypothesis of the *paternal authority*, applied to political constitutions, is the analogy which occasionally bewilders his reasonings, and leads him into erroneous conclusions. The author is, no doubt, animated by a pure philanthropy, and we fully agree with him in the horror which he

entertains of revolutionary excesses; but we cannot consent to the depreciation of those principles which, in this country, have been found so favourable to the interests of civil liberty. We are not friends to popular commotions, but we are still more hostile to despotic sway. Popular turbulence is a fever, which soon reaches a crisis, and subsides; but despotism is an evil, which is more permanent, and may continue from generation to generation. The author of this work evidently possesses considerable sagacity and reflection, and much praise is due to the force and perspicuity of his diction.

ART. XII.—*Versuche ueber die Galvanischen, &c.*

Inquiries as to the Influence of Galvanism, in ascertaining the Effects of certain Poisons or Medicines on Animal Irritability. By F. Pilger, Captain in the Hessian Cavalry. Part second, 8vo. Giessen, 1808.

IN our Appendix to vol. XV. we noticed the former part of M. Pilger's curious and interesting experiments on animal irritability, and by publishing the above continuation, he has enabled us to resume our analysis of his labours, which we presume to think will be read with undiminished interest.

One of the vegetable stimulants that appears to have had the greatest effect, and to have exhibited a most decided irritability in the horse, was vanilla.

This substance has been much extolled in Germany as a substitute for musk, being much cheaper, and by no means so susceptible of adulteration.

M. Pilger assures us, that he has frequently made use of vanilla with the greatest success in malignant fevers, in the virulent small-pox, in measles, and in the scarlet fever, when returning into the system.

In the diseases of animals he is peculiarly lavish in praise of its sanative virtues. The rot in sheep, he informs us, never fails to yield to this remedy.

Vanilla, given in large doses, to two horses, produced violent agitation and heat. The two animals being killed, and galvanism applied, strong and permanent convulsions were excited during upwards of an hour and a half.

Exp. 15. But of all the substances tried by our experimentalist, no one was so conspicuous in increasing the irritability of horses, as *phosphorus*.

Within these few years, this has been recommended on the continent as a favourite remedy in malignant fevers, and as a

cordial extremely well calculated to restore the vital principle when almost extinct.

M. Pilger had cured two horses, which were so feeble as to be despaired of, by exhibiting phosphorus dissolved in linseed oil. It promptly reestablished their strength, vivacity, and appetite. This determined him to try the effects of galvanism subsequently applied. He gave to an old horse much debilitated 15 grains of phosphorus, dissolved in four ounces of linseed oil. Force was necessary to make him swallow it, and two-thirds of it were thereby lost, but the animal instantly exhibited signs of increased activity in all his organs. He was bled in the jugular vein; the blood gushed out with impetuosity, and was extremely warm, yielding smoke and an evident phosphoric smell. The horse was killed, and galvanism immediately applied to several nerves. 'Never,' says M. Pilger, 'did I see such an effect; every fibre exhibited life, and the muscular convulsions continued very strong for about 92 minutes after death.'

On another horse, to which 12 grains of phosphorus had been forcibly given, although scarcely three were swallowed, the experiment was repeated with similar effect, the galvanic convulsions continuing very marked for 86 minutes.

A third horse, who had taken at one time 10 grains of phosphorus, exhibited the same symptoms, but stronger and of longer duration. In this instance, when the irritability of the crural muscles had ceased, that of the intercostal and diaphragm was still a long time visible.

16. These effects of phosphorus are perhaps the more singular, as the phosphoric acid, which is nothing but oxygenated phosphorus, produces quite the contrary effects.

The German physicians, especially M. Lentin, have attributed great virtue to this acid in putrid diseases, and above all in that of carious bones. M. Pilger has made trial of it on horses without any good effect. He used it for three successive weeks to cure a horse which had been six months ill of the glanders: the acid being injected into the mouth and nostrils, in substance and also in fumigation. From the number of internal chancre, the nasal bones seemed to be carious. The sores, it is true, put on a better look; but the horse was so enfeebled, that it was judged best to discontinue the remedy. Recourse was had to gum kino, to madder, and to iron filings. By the twelfth day of this treatment, the animal had recovered his strength and appetite; but his hind foot was swelled, and he was lame. The acid was applied again, and in four days he relapsed as before to such a degree that he was given over and killed; Galvanism being applied, only produced feeble and short convulsions.

Another horse, who had taken at one time an ounce of the acid dissolved in a chopin of water, was killed an hour afterwards without any very visible effect, except some augmentation of the pulse. Galvanism in this case had but little effect, though more than in the preceding.

17. Generally, our author has found that all acids have a considerable sedative effect on the irritability of horses. This, he infers, rather from positive symptoms than from galvanism, applied immediately on the animal being killed.

Half an ounce of sulphuric acid in a pint of water was given in one dose to a horse. The pulse immediately became weak, he shivered strongly, gnashed his teeth, and refused food. An inexpressibly disagreeable and intense sensation (not that of pain), and a great degree of anguish were manifest in his gestures. But his heat was lessened; from his fore-feet a cold sweat exuded; he tore up the ground, drew in his sides, and raised his crupper, so that his back was alternately concave and convex. His eyes were dim, and his look languid. These symptoms lasted an hour, when he was killed. Galvanism only exhibited the ordinary convulsions, as on a healthy horse who had taken no medicine.

A young horse, who had the glanders, was treated as above. The symptoms were much alike, but his countenance indicated the most acute pains. His torments were prolonged for 80 minutes, when he was killed. Galvanism had less effect on the extremities than on the internal organs, such as the diaphragm and intercostal muscles; but in general its sensible effects were much lessened. This experiment was repeated on several horses, and had much the same result.

Two ounces of muriatic acid diluted in a chopin of water were given at once to a horse. He was only slightly incommoded by it. Two hours after he was killed. Galvanism had the same effect on him as on a horse in health, and who had taken nothing. But concentrated vinegar given to a horse always has strong effects. It increases his heat and pulsations, induces frightful and even mortal cramps; it destroys the irritability, especially if the medicine be allowed time to kill the object of the experiment.

18. Neutral salts seem to have a sedative influence on irritability. M. Pilger's remarks on the effects of nitrate of potash is somewhat singular, viz. that this medicine never succeeded in the peripneumonic diseases of horned cattle and horses; it changes them into typhus. To prove its effects, however, in a more particular manner in large doses, he gave 32 ounces within four days to a horse apparently well, but glandered, and which had always fed on oats. He quickly

lost his strength and flesh, his skin its glossy smoothness, the hair being bristly, and his gums became pale; in short by the ninth day he fell into a complete typhus. He was killed; and galvanism produced only weak expansions, a sort of spasmodic stiffness, rather than convulsions.

Two pounds of Glauber salt, mixed in three hornsfuls of water, were given at one time to an old mare. In 14 hours it brought on a violent diarrhoea and much weakness. She was killed, and galvanism produced, as in the preceding case, rather stiffness than convulsive vibrations.

A Jew wishing to fatten his ox, took it into his head to give him four pounds of common salt, in order to increase his thirst. The animal was seized with violent colics, evacuated blood, and was so debilitated that he died three days after. Galvanism in twelve minutes after his death gave no signs of irritability. Two ounces of this salt caused in a dog a violent diarrhoea; an ounce more killed him. Galvanism excited feeble vibrations.

19. We have now to notice some pretty singular effects of sulphuric ether. Three drachms of it were given to a horse; at first he seemed more lively, he stretched out his ears; and looked about fiercely; but an instant after he became languid, drooped his ears, and seemed much oppressed. On being killed, galvanism produced but weak convulsions twelve minutes after death.—A like quantity was given to another horse, which fell into a lethargy, and on being killed, galvanism had still less effects than on the former. Then half an ounce was given to a third horse, and it threw him at once into a lethargic state. Being killed, galvanism excited only a tremulous motion of the muscles, scarcely visible.

Such are the chief experiments to which we have called, for a few moments, the attention of our readers.

The following are the general inferences drawn from them by M. Pilger:

1. That sublimata emetic tar, opium, arnica, red kina, the seeds of water-fennel, valerian, vanilla, and above all phosphorus, are exciters of irritability.

2. That on the contrary (as far as can be judged from the effects of galvanism after the death of animals), arsenic, muriate of berytes, nitre, Glauber and common salts, ether, and the acids, diminish irritability.

3. That certain narcotic plants, such as the water-hemlock, the belladonna, and other bitter plants, such as gentian and colocynth, have but small influence on irritability.

4. That certain medicines, such as camphor, wine, or brandy, increase the effect of galvanism, if given in small doses; but diminish it if administered in great quantities.

We shall finish our analysis by a few reflections on these conclusions.

It appears very hazardous to draw inferences from the influence of remedies on horses, or generally on animals, to that on men. The facts related by M. Pilger on most of the substances which he gave to these animals in large doses, seem to present too many instances of exceptions to entitle him to apply, without the imputation of rashness to the human frame, the observations made on that of the horse, at least until confirmed by experience. What would be the consequence if (reasoning from the enormous doses of opium or of belladonna which horses can take without inconvenience) we should venture incautiously to give them to men, in doses of a hundred or even a thousand times smaller? And on the other hand, if, because two or three drachms of ether are sufficient to bring on lethargy in the horse, we were in future only to give it to men in doses of one or two drops, should we not be deprived of a very efficacious and salutary remedy, knowing as we do that it may be given to human beings in doses incomparably larger than we are intitled to conclude from the above experiment of the horse.

But on the supposition that we may at least theoretically and abstractedly from the quantity consider the effects of certain remedies or certain poisons on horses, as analogous to what they would produce on men, we may remark that the experiments by which these substances appear to have lessened the degree of irritability, are by no means conclusive of their sedative effect.

For as some substances, such as camphor, wine, and brandy, which have increased the effect of galvanism when given in small doses, have, when in large quantities, visibly lessened it, we may conjecture that those substances which have constantly diminished it, have only done so from an excess of stimulus, which would perhaps have been apparent, if the doses had been much smaller and continued for a length of time. There is little doubt that this, for instance, is the case with ether, which in small doses produced on horses symptoms of vivacity prior to those of dejection.

And with respect to acids, besides that they have almost always caused pain and irritable symptoms, rather than debility, before they sensibly weakened the animal, their influence on galvanism has only been remarkable when the animal had been allowed to linger long or to expire.

In general, in almost all the cases in which the animal died through the effect of the remedy, or from some internal cause, without the necessity of being killed, the irritability has been

found to be rather diminished than augmented by galvanism. It is now a well ascertained fact, that in the first moments of their action, stimulants which support and augment the irritability, do not fail in the end to exhaust it, and produce more or less quickly dejection and debility after irritation.

Of this we also find a very striking proof in M. P.'s work, viz. that galvanism excites but very feeble vibrations in horses which died naturally from tetanus, or have been strangled in the height of their sufferings from motives of compassion. M. P. explains this in the following manner: Tetanus appears to him to be always the consequence of a violent irritation, which, from its *excess*, speedily exhausts the irritability, and produces a proportionate debility. Thus, when tetanus is the consequence of a wound, it is never till the inflammation has subsided that it appears, and when setons and cauteries excite at once a brief inflammation, it is a sure sign of a possibility of cure; when this does not take place, there are no hopes.

It is doubtless from a similar reason that all practitioners have remarked, that the best means of curing this formidable disease, are the cold-bath, electricity, mercury, and generally all medicines conducive of energy to the vital principle, amongst which opium seems also, from the experiments of M. P. to hold a conspicuous place. However violent in this malady the irritation may be, and however general, and great the degree of muscular stiffness, the warm or tepid bath seems invariably to do more ill than good.

If then stimulants produce always, either from the excess of irritation they excite, or from its long continuance, a proportionate debility, we may with some reason suspect that these are no sedatives in the strict sense of the word, and that the agents which appear such to us, are in fact only stimulants whose irritative action is very quickly followed by the contrary effect, or at best *negative* agents, which as in the case of cold for example, only subtract from the animal body, the natural stimulants that support its vitality.

This is the opinion of Dr. Brown, whose system, borrowed from that of Dr. Cullen (which he has strangely disfigured) has been adopted with enthusiasm in the universities of Germany and Italy. Without wishing to discuss it here, we will only remark that if the experiments where the irritability by galvanism, after death was found to be diminished or entirely destroyed by the effect of this or that poison, are not wholly decisive; this is not the case with those where the irritability has been found much augmented. In these there can be no illusion, and the remedies which have produced this effect,

such as kino, valerian, vanilla, and phosphorus have done so directly. Now, if it be true, as Dr. Brown supposes, that all stimulants exhaust more or less the irritability, how does it happen that, while they have evidently increased the vivacity and activity of the animal before death, they should have a similar influence after it took place, and that the muscular contractions produced by galvanism, have been greater and more durable than in the natural state? In Dr. Brown's system, the animal body is like an electric conductor, every spark from which tends to exhaust its electricity. If then it is found to be increased, the agents which have produced this effect, must have operated not as mere exciting powers on the conductor itself, but like the amalgam which applied to the *plate* (or tube,) augments the electric fire which it imparts by each revolution to the conductor. In other words, it is not on the irritable fibres, that the remedies here in question, exercise their power; it is on the source of irritability itself. Instead of exhausting, they greatly augment both in abundance and intensity. Now, according to the Brunonian system, the action of these kinds of remedies, called *tonics*, is altogether inexplicable. Every accumulation of irritability is, according to it, the result of a *direct debility*, produced by want of stimulants, and this accumulation always occasions such a mobility, that the slightest stimulants produce convulsive contractions, whereas the remedies which, from the experiments of M. Pilger, have appeared greatly to increase irritability, have at the same time the property of diminishing mobility; and it is on this account that they are used with success, to repress the irregular motions which characterize convulsive maladies. This distinction seems to have wholly escaped Dr. Brown. He confounds the antispasmodics, the tonics, and the stimulants under the general name of excitants, and he admits betwixt them no other difference than that of the degree of strength. Their direct and immediate effects however are frequently diametrically opposite.

The final result likely to be drawn by our readers from M. Pilger's experiments will end in the conviction that there exists such a chasm as sufficiently to demonstrate the imperfection of the theories *he wishes* to establish.

ART. XIII.—*Mines de l'Orient, &c.*

The Mines of the East opened by a Society of Amateurs.
Vienna, 1809. folio.

THIS is the prospectus of a new periodical publication on the subject of eastern literature, by a society which has

lately been instituted at Vienna. We are indebted for the perusal of this account to a friend to whom it was sent from Vienna, and by whom, owing to the great difficulties of communication, it has not been long received. We feel it our duty to make the object of this society known to our readers, all of whom may be ultimately benefited by, and some of whom may be immediately interested in, the result of their labours.

The study of oriental literature is far from being so widely diffused, or so strenuously pursued as that of the literature of Greece or Rome. The writers of this prospectus think that this is not owing, so much to the difficulties of the study as to the want of resources and encouragement, and to the expence which it necessitates, from the dearth of manuscripts, the publication or translation of which hardly ever remunerates the publisher, and still less the author who has to subsist by his labours. The men of letters, who devote themselves exclusively to this study are few, and the Mæcenasses who are disposed to encourage them are fewer still. Hence many useful works, which have been projected or set on foot by profound oriental scholars, have either not been begun, or have soon been relinquished. Thus the *Asiatic magazine* of Klaproth was abandoned at the end of the year. In this dearth of persons, who have leisure or means for the prosecution of such enterprizes; a society of literati has been formed at Vienna, who propose to publish a periodical work under the title of *The Mines of the East*. These persons have determined to contribute to the more general diffusion of oriental literature, by every means in their power. The only reward which they are solicitous to receive, is the public approbation.

Among the members of this society, is the count Wenceslas Razewski, who has undertaken to defray the expences of the impression, which are likely to exceed the profits at the commencement. When the publication no longer wants this assistance, the count is to employ the same sum in some other way, which may contribute to the progress of oriental literature. The society, therefore, think that the work, which they have begun, is likely to have a long continuance. They expect to be able to publish four parts in a year, each containing from 17 to 19 sheets, and forming altogether a volume of about 300 pages in folio. The first part has probably appeared before this time; but we have not seen it.

The journal itself is intended to embrace, without exception, every thing relative to the literature of the east, in the

form of translations, dissertations, observations, extracts, notices, descriptions, designs, &c. &c. Though most of the society are Germans, and the journal will in general, be written in that language, yet compositions will be admitted in the other languages of Europe, as in the French, the English, the Italian, and the Spanish. The authors say that in adopting these languages, their object is to profit by the labours of different learned men, in the nations both of Europe and of Asia. Several of the most distinguished orientalists are members of the society; and their contributions will greatly tend to increase the value of the publication. But what must tend to give this work a superior importance, is the correspondence which the authors have established in the east, by means of several friends, who reside not only at Constantinople, and in the ports of the Levant, but in Persia, in Syria, and in Egypt. This journal, therefore, is intended to form a centre of union between the lovers of eastern literature, not only in Europe but in Asia, where so much important knowledge is lost for want of any means of communication.

The authors of the journal propose to distribute the materials of every part, which they publish, under the following heads: 1. Languages. 2. Eloquence and Poetry. 3. History, Paleography, and Numismatics. 4. Geography, Topography, and Statistics. 5. Philosophy and Law, (which among the Mahometans, includes both jurisprudence and theology). 6. Mathematical, and physical sciences, Natural History and Medicine. 7. Bibliography, and miscellaneous contributions. The last head will embrace the most valuable works of eastern literature which have been recently published in Europe; and more particularly those which have issued from the press at Constantinople. Many interesting articles will at the same time, be extracted from the bibliographical work, of *Hadjhi Khalfa*, which is far from having been exhausted by *Herbelot*. The editors, most of whom are resident at Vienna, or at Constantinople, will, at Constantinople, have access to the ancient public libraries of *Abdoul-hamid*, and of *Raghib Pacha*, and, at Vienna, to the treasures of the imperial library, and the rich collection of count Wenceslas Rzewruski.

The society intend to make use of the old eastern characters, which are still extant at Vienna, till their funds enable them to procure new Arabic, Persian and Indian types.

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DIGEST OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

FOR THE LAST FOUR MONTHS.

WE have commonly begun our digest with the head of theology; but, within the last four months, we have not had occasion to mention any article in that department of literature, which is likely to possess more than an ephemeral importance. The lectures of a certain professor, which have already excited some controversy, and which perhaps may occasion more, are in themselves a very pitiful performance; very defective in useful matter, and totally sterile in reflection, but not a little pernicious for the intolerant sentiments which they contain. The *former celebrity* of the author may give them a temporary eclat, though it will be only temporary; for it is no presumption to predict that they will soon be consigned to the dust of oblivion, or be rendered subservient to some useful purpose, by the trunk-maker, the cheese-monger, or the pastry cook.

HISTORY.

In our present digest, the first place is due to Jones's "History of the County of Brecknock." This work contains much matter of general, and more of provincial interest. The author displays great industry and research. He has spared no pains in collecting materials; and though amongst such a fund of historical, topographical, and biographical information, there must be a considerable difference in the value, and the amusement of particular parts, yet Mr. Jones has not amassed so much of that *rubbish*, for which antiquaries are often found to entertain a singular predilection; and he has shown much skill in selection and arrangement. The opinions, both political and religious, which Mr. Jones delivers in the course of his history, evince a liberal and enlightened mind. Though some of the jests, which he has scattered over his three quartos, may be reckoned a little too coarse, yet they serve to break the tedium of graver details; and it can hardly be imputed as a fault to Mr. Jones, if he is lively where most other writers have been dull. Mr. Bigland's "Geographical and historical View of the World" is a very edifying and *useful* work. It exhibits a pleasing view of the present and the future of mankind, of their progress in civilization and arts, and of the different portions of their topographical, civil and military

history. The narrative is brief, but it is not obscure, nor indistinct. In most points of high moment and interest, the details are more circumstantial than the size of the work, compared with the extent of the subject, led us to expect. Where Mr. Bigland could exhibit only general views, he has rendered them attractive by the insertion of some striking particular, round which the interest revolves. The "Letter from an Officer at Madras to a Friend," &c. of which we gave a brief analysis, in our number for March, exhibits a succinct account of the late unfortunate insurrection in the Indian army. Of "the History of the Helvetic Republics, by Francis Hare Naylor, Esq." the two first volumes, which appeared in 1801, are now republished, with numerous additions and improvements, while the two last volumes terminate before the commencement of the French revolution. Mr. Hare is an animated historian. His political and religious principles show a tolerant and philanthropic mind. His attachment to the cause of virtue is vigorous and uniform; his zeal in favour of liberty, and his hatred of ecclesiastical persecution, are every where conspicuous.

BIOGRAPHY.

Mr. Lacey, in reducing the life of Erasmus from the larger work of Dr. Jortin, has perhaps rendered an acceptable service to the mere English reader; who will not be interrupted, during the perusal, by numerous quotations in a language which he does not understand.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Much amusing information is contained in Mr. Semple's "Second Journey in Spain, in the spring of 1809." Mr. Semple was a rapid traveller; but in skimming the surface of the country, he collected many particulars relative to the topography, and to the manners and sentiments of the people, which possess a more than ordinary interest at the present period. The patriotism of the Spanish people, and their vigorous determination to maintain the independence of their country, appear in a more favourable light in the travels of Mr. Semple than in some other public accounts, and particularly those which have been published by British officers. Recent events in the peninsula, have served to increase our faith in the statements of Mr. Semple. When the French crossed the Sierra Morena, entered Seville, spread themselves over Andalusia, and approached Cadiz, we at first imagined that the fate of the peninsula was decided, and that she would no longer make a resolute stand against the subjugation of the enemy. But since the deposition of the old, enervated and perfidious central junta, the affairs of the Spaniards, notwithstanding the thick gloom with which they were so lately overcast, seem to assume a better aspect, and to promise, if not ultimate

success, at least a longer and more desperate struggle, before they are overcome. Mr. Macdonald's "Travels through Denmark, and part of Sweden," may be placed among those books of light reading, in the perusal of which an hour or two may be agreeably and not altogether unprofitably spent. We do not, in general, think it right to encourage *posthumous* publications, except where they have been corrected by the author when living, and have been expressly reserved for publication when he was no more. But we think it highly unbecoming, and often immoral, in the executors, the relatives, or friends of departed genius, taste or learning, to ransack his *escritoire* after he is dead, and to communicate to the world all the imperfect, crude, and undigested matter, which they may find. Where an author has acquired considerable celebrity by the works which he published in his lifetime, the persons into whose hands his papers may fall after his death, ought to be more particularly sedulous, not to publish any *posthumous* *Mss.* which may tend, in any degree, to detract from his former fame, and to lower him in the scale of literary reputation. This is a most sacred duty, which it appears to us the highest sacrilege to violate. These remarks are not intended to be rigorously applied to the publishers of Mr. Gilpin's "Observations on several Parts of the Counties of Cambridge," &c. but they are certainly, in some degree, applicable to them. They have not made it appear that the author had designed the *Mss.* which they have published, for the press; and, if it were not designed for the press, we do not think that the executors of Mr. Gilpin were justified in deviating from his intentions, by the merit of the work in question, nor even by the desire of increasing the funds of a charitable institution. As a tourist, Mr. Gilpin certainly possessed the happy faculty of describing rural scenery so as to place it before the eye. Instances of this kind are numerous, in his former works; and some may be found even in this *posthumous* publication. The Travels of the Duke de Chatelet in Portugal in 1777 and 1778, which have been translated by Mr. John Joseph Stockdale, exhibit a circumstantial account of the state of the country and the people at that time; and the *progress of degeneration* seems to have been continued from that period to the departure of the house of Braganza to the Brazils. What effect the invasion of the country by the French, and the subsequent occupation of it by the English, will have on the sentiments, the manners and conduct of the people must be left for time to disclose. The present convulsed state of the country would rouse the patriotic energies of any other people, whose national character had been less debased by the long and habitual influence of tyranny and superstition. But what circumstances can furnish any *sudden* remedy for ignorance, for apathy, for indolence, and cowardice? The habits of individuals are not speedily changed; and national habits cannot be reformed in a single generation.

POLITICS.

Some admirable, moral and political reflections are contained

in "the Character of the late Charles James Fox, by Philopatris Varvicensis." There is a great profusion of learning in the notes. Mr. Curwen's ingenious work "on the Economy of Feeding Stock," may not improperly be classed under the head of politics, from the valuable hints which it contains for *bettering the condition of the poor*, which is the most important branch of political economy. The author has shewn himself a true patriot by consulting the real interest of his country, unmixed with any of those popular gratifications which often cast a shade of suspicion over the motives of the most exalted characters. Mr. C. has devoted part of his time and of his fortune to the discovery of the means by which a given portion of land may support the greatest possible number of his fellow-creatures. This is a species of study in which policy is closely combined with wisdom and philanthropy. Mr. Baron Maseres's "Occasional Essays on various Subjects," contain much political matter of considerable interest and importance. Mr. Basil Montagu's selection of "the Opinions of different Authors on the Punishment of Death," forms a very useful work for the study of those who wish, by mitigating the severity, to increase the efficacy of our criminal law; or who are anxious to compare the different opinions on capital punishments, which wise men have at different periods entertained. Sir Samuel Romilly has very ably and clearly proved that a revision is wanting of the criminal law of England. This great, upright, and philanthropic lawyer has at the same time shewn singular acuteness in refuting the imposing sophisms of Paley, who appears occasionally to have preferred *established errors* to truths, which were more worthy of establishment. The "Letter of Lord Grenville to the Earl of Fingal," is composed with great force and elegance of diction. We think that the power of appointing the catholic bishops should be taken from the Pope, not to be ceded to the king, but to be entrusted to a majority of the clergy in each diocese. As long as the patronage of the catholic hierarchy is not vested in any *foreign* power, we dare say that Lord Grenville and his friends will be satisfied without the cession of it to his present majesty. Though the English clergy are dissenters from the church of Rome, yet, since the protestant doctrine has been *established* by act of parliament, the members of the church of Rome in England and Ireland, must be classed in some measure under the common denomination of *dissenters*. Protestant dissenters do, and, till the pale of the church of England is greatly enlarged, so as to embrace all sects of christians, we hope always will retain the nomination of their own ministers; but why should catholic dissenters be restricted in the exercise of a right which all protestant dissenters enjoy without any limitations? If the catholics do not delegate their ecclesiastical appointments to any foreign power, why should the crown claim a *veto* on the election of their bishops any more than on that of the members of the methodist conference? The "Letter on the Genius and

Dispositions of the French Government," to which we allotted a considerable space in the present volume, will, we hope, have the desired effect of making an impression on the public mind in America unfavourable to the predominance of the French interest in the United States. Mr. Walsh, who is the reputed author of this pamphlet, draws a very terrific portrait of French despotism, which is well calculated to excite both the apprehension and the disgust of his countrymen on the other side of the Atlantic. Some of the details in this work appear to be exaggerated, in order to serve a particular purpose; but, whatever exaggeration there may be, there can be no doubt that the government of Buonaparte is a monstrous tyranny; the variegated machinery of which seems to be put together with consummate art; and which, while the great inventor and conductor of the scheme lives, it will be difficult, if not impossible, to dissolve. Of large empires in general, it may be said that "*ruunt mole sua*;" they cannot support their own weight; but the empire of Buonaparte, though, including his numerous vassals and dependents, it is larger than that of Charlemagne, is, nevertheless, held together by such a force of interested gravitation to a common centre, that the size does not, *at present*, seem likely to be any obstacle to the permanency.

PHILOSOPHY, MORAL, PHYSICAL, AND METAPHYSICAL.

The first part of the Philosophical Transactions for 1809, which are analysed in p. 69. of this volume, contains several valuable papers; particularly the Bakerian Lecture by Mr. Davy. The unremitting activity of Mr. Davy's labours, almost outstrips our power of closely recording his experiments, and following the thread of his reasonings. We have, however, exhibited the substance of this important lecture in as much detail as our limits would permit. The work on Geometry, which has been lately published by Mr. Professor Leslie, of Edinburgh, is, in some parts hardly sufficiently clear for an elementary book. We have impartially stated what appeared to us its excellencies and defects. Few men possess a greater variety or extent of intellectual attainments than Professor Leslie, and few men are animated by a stronger desire to promote the knowledge and to improve the condition of mankind.

MEDICINE.

Under this head, a work, which deserves preeminent notice, is the Treatise of Professor Scarpa, of Pavia, on Aneurism, which has been ably translated by John Henry Wishart, Fellow of the

Royal College of Surgeons. In this treatise we find a combination of excellences which we rarely meet in the books of modern practitioners of the *healing art*. It displays at once good sense, sound anatomy, an intimate acquaintance with the works of the great masters, both ancient and modern, and zeal, unrelaxed by ostentation, to promote the interests of a science, which is intimately connected with the alleviation of human woe. In this work a distinguished and a well-earned tribute of applause is paid by the Italian professor, to the penetrating genius of the late Mr. John Hunter; to whom the world is indebted for a new and improved method of curing those cases of Aneurism, in which a cure is practicable. Dr. Adams has published a new, cheap, and commodious edition of Mr. Hunter's valuable treatise on *Syphilis*; which will, no doubt, be an acceptable present to the medical student. The editor has employed his industry in elucidating the sense of his author where it was obscure, and in rendering the work more conducive to the purposes of general utility. The work which Mr. Watt has published on diabetes, &c. bears ample testimony to his acuteness and discrimination. His observations are well deserving the attention of the faculty. His thoughts are often new and striking, and he seems animated by an honest desire to improve the practice of medicine.

POETRY.

The Goblin Groom of Mr. Fenwick, is an admirable burlesque on the newly-revived *ballad-style*. It is a very humorous performance, and will be perused with pleasure by those who do not wish us to be *retrograde* in poetry, and to forsake the models of Dryden and of Pope, to copy the ballad-mongers and romance writers of the middle ages. If we imitate the verse-writers of that period, why may not an imitation of their *harmonious, regular, and polished prose be equally desirable*? If there be any pathos in the old ballad-style, that pathos does not arise from the rudeness of the metre, or the irregularity of the stanza, but from the natural and *unaffected* portraiture of manners and of sentiments. But, in the *revived ballad-style*, the pathos is often injured by the *affectation*. The writers are *imitators* of a style which is no longer that of the times, and rightly considered, it is as absurd as it would be to write a treatise on astronomy in the manner of Chaucer's book 'of the Astrolabe.'—Thus, would not the *pathos* of astronomical science be greatly improved by remarks clothed in language like the following? 'Some clerkes saie, that if men clepe the latitude of a centre the arche meridian, that is contained or interoepte, betwixt the signet and the

Equinoctial then they said, that the distance from the Equinoctial unto the end of the climate, even against the pole arctike, is the longitude of the climate for south.—Chauc. ed. Urry. p. 449. The ample praise which we have bestowed on 'Wallace, or the Fight of Falkirk,' was excited by the *beauties of the performance*, which are, independent of the style, or method of its versification. We do not approve the style, but the spirit of genuine poetry which pervades the work, is seen and felt notwithstanding the antiquated garb in which it is arrayed. The different characters in the poem are well maintained and happily contrasted. Every patriotic, every generous feeling, is concentrated and absorbed in the fate of Wallace; and we have only to lament, that the interest, excited by the virtue, intrepidity, and heroism of his character, and the grandeur of the circumstances in which he is placed, should be diluted by a relation at the close, which is not necessary to the catastrophe, but distracts the attention, and breaks the spell by which it would otherwise have been bound. Mr. Hodgson's 'Tale of Sir Edgar,' will add to the splendor of his poetical reputation. We have reviewed Mr. Grahame's British Georgics at some length. Mr. G. certainly possesses a commendable portion of the poetical faculty; though his compositions display numerous instances of a vitiated taste. The poem, which is entitled 'The Influences of Sensibility,' is sprinkled with various conceits of the Della Crusca-School; these, we trust that the writer, who appears to be a young man of respectable talents, will avoid in his future compositions.

NOVELS.

'The Bristol Heiress,' by Mrs. Heath, deserves a place among those modern novels, which are unmingled with any mischievous ingredients. The tendencies of the story are practically good; and the perusal may afford a harmless gratification. Mrs. Plunket (late Miss Gunning) has fallen far below the general merit of her former productions in her 'Dangers through Life.' The language and modes of fashionable dissipation are occasionally depicted with vivacity; but the work is altogether more deserving of censure than of praise. It appears to be of French extraction; and to have been put together in haste, in order to serve a temporary purpose. In 'Scenes in Feudal Times,' by R. H. Wilmot; the story is ingeniously contrived, and the interest well supported to the last. There is rather too much romantic extravagance in some of the incidents, but they seem well accommodated to the taste of the times.

MISCELLANEOUS.

We have bestowed considerable praise on Mr. Godwin's ingenious and feeling *Essay on Sepulchres*, but not more than it deserves. It addresses itself very forcibly to that passion for posthumous regard, which is an incitement to great and generous deeds. Mr. Edwards's '*Anecdotes of Painters*,' will be found a very useful work by the possessors of *Walpole's Anecdotes*. In his re-publication of *Quintilians' Institutes*, Mr. Ingram has displayed the taste and erudition of a scholar, and has furnished the classical student with a very useful edition of this valuable work. '*The Rudiments of Chymistry*,' by Mr. Parke, and '*Rudiments of Chymical Philosophy*,' by Mr. Meredith, are both very perspicuous and pleasing elementary publications. Some very fine specimens of wood-engraving are contained in the '*Religious Emblems*,' which have been published by Mr. Ackerman. Mr. Frend has added another to the stock of instructive and entertaining books by the volume of his '*Evening Amusements*,' for 1810. The astronomical descriptions of Mr. Frend, are mingled with pure and enlightened sentiments of devotion and of piety.

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ALPHABETICAL INDEX

TO THE

AUTHORS' NAMES AND TITLES OF BOOKS.

-
- | | | | |
|--|------|---|------|
| ABRIDGMENT of Universal History, Knapps, | 231 | Berra's appretiation of the World, | 494 |
| Adam's Commentary on Hunter, on the Venereal Disease, | 293 | Bigland's geographical and historical view of the World, | 299. |
| Agricultural Hints, Curwen's, | 209 | Account of Greenland, | 302. |
| Anatomy, Pathology, and Surgical Treatment of Aneurism, | 316 | Of Mexico, | 305 |
| Anecdotes of Painters, vide Painters. | | Birch's Jubilee Sermon, | 99 |
| Aneurism, Anatomy, Pathology, and Surgical treatment of, | 316 | Black-rock House, a novel, | 332 |
| Appretiation of the World, | 494 | Blake Frome's Song, | 443 |
| Arithmetic made easy, | 334 | Bristol Heiress, a novel, by Heath, | 99 |
| Aspland's Oration on laying the first stone of the Gravel-pit Meeting-house, | 99 | British Georgics, | 337 |
| Assassin of St. Glenny, | 105 | Brecknock, Jones' history of the County of, p. 1. Antient names of Brecon, | 3. |
| BANK Notes, Grenfell's defence of, | 435 | A fragment from the poems of David ap Gwyllm, | |
| Battle of Talavera, | 439 | 8. Anecdote of Henry 1st, | 13. |
| Beattie's, Beauties of, | 111 | Of Maud, commonly called Mol Walbee, | 15. |
| Beauties of Paley, | 444 | Estimate of the religion of Breconshire, | 185. |
| Belisarius , by Madame Genlis, | 487 | Derivation of the word Gavelkind, | 187. |
| Beloe's anecdotes of Literature and scarce Books, | 168. | Practice of the antient Britons, in questions as to land, | 188. |
| Account of the Editio Princeps of Homer, | 169. | The first law record of the subjugation of Wales, | 191. |
| The Alexandrian M.S. 170—of Virgil, | 171— | National character, &c. of the Welsh, | 193. |
| of the Polish Bible, | 171, | Account of the apparent fondness of the Welsh for long names, | 193. |
| Edward 6th Catechism, | 173. | Of Meredyth Thomas, | 195. |
| Martin Mar prelate, | 174 | Of Sir David Gam, | 197. |
| Nelson's abridgment of Nelson's fasts and festivals of the Church of England, | 100 | Of the murder of Axham, Cromwell's ambassador to the Court of Spain, | 198 |
| | | Brunswick , account of the opera- | |

INDEX.

- tions of the army under the duke of, 398
 Bullion, high price of, 100
 Bullock's geography epitomized, 443
 Buxton, on temperature in Coughs, 107
- CAMBRIDGE**, Gilpin's tour through, 372
 Cappe's history of Jesus Christ, 324
 Carey's Latin Prosody, 395
 Castellan's letters on the Morea, &c. Vide Morea.
 Carr's poems, 215
 Chapman's orator, 109
 Charitable donations, plan for registering and securing, 443
 Charmilly's narrative of his transactions in Spain, 326
 Chatelet's travels in Portugal, 40
 Child lost, 104
 Chymistry, Parke's rudiments of, 324
 Christ, Cappe's history of, 324
 Christianity, spirit of, 434
 Chymical philosophy, rudiments of, 221
 Clarke's address to the Burgesses of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 221
 Commentary on the venereal disease, Adam's, 293
 Communion, Pearson on Church, 325
 Comports, Morley on, 446
 Consecration sermon, Haggits, 210
 County of Brecknock, Jones' history of the. Vide Brecknock.
 Correspondence between Mr. Percival and Lord Melville, 215
 Coughs, Buxton on temperature in, 107
 Cow-pox, Thompson on the, 107
 Crauford's essay on national debts, 483
 Criminal Law of England, Romilly's observations on, 392
 Crossfield's calender of Flora, 222
 Cruelty to brute animals 433
 Crutwell's funeral sermon, 433
 Curwen's agricultural hints, 201.
 Steamed potatoes recommended for horses, 202. Advantages attending the use of ditto, *ibid.*
 Means of supplying milk for the poor, 204. Arguments of Malthus against the advantages of new inclosures combated, 206
- DANGERS** through life 377
- Death, Montagu on the punishment of, 273
 Debts, Crauford's essay on national, 483
 Denmark and Sweden, Macdonald's ravel through, 333
- EAST** opened by a Society of Amateurs, mines of the, 539
 Edgar, a tale, 241
 Edward's anecdotes of painters, vide painters.
 Emblems, Thomas', religious, 399
 England, the cause of Europe's subjugation, 215
 Erasmus, Lacey's life of, 252. Year of his birth, a subject of controversy, 253. Sent to school at Deventer at nine years of age, *ib.* He enters into the ecclesiastical order; repairs to Paris in 1496, to England in 1497, to Cambridge in 1510, where he is promoted to the Lady Margaret's Professorship of Divinity, 254. In 1516, publishes his edition of the New Testament, 255. Enlightened sentiments of Erasmus on religion, 257
 Essays on various subjects, 231.—Anecdote of Dr. Johnson and Dr. Smith, 232. Reflections on the policy of enlarging the provisions of the marriage act, 235. On the eligibility of the clergy to a seat in the House of Commons, 236. Account of the manner in which the kings of France became possessed of the power of imposing taxes without the consent of the three estates, 240
 Essay on national debts, and on the possibility of extinguishing them in the course of time without repaying the capital, and without doing the least injury to the public creditor, 481
 Essays on methodism, 86
 Essay on sepulchres, vide sepulchres.
 Essay on the poor laws, 391
 Evan's address on the interment of Stephen Lowdell, 325
 Evangelical preaching, Spry's reflections, 67
 Evening amusements, Friend's, 442
 Euripidis Supplices, 225
 Experimental philosophy, Gregory on, 109
 Exposition of the most interesting circumstance attending the second siege of Saragossa, 43

I-N-D-E-X.

FALKIRK, flight of, 140
Faulkner's considerations respecting the expediency of establishing an hospital for officers on foreign service, 331
Fenwick's Goblin Groom, 83
Feudal times, scenes in, 440
Fox, character of the late Charles James, 114. Remarks on his colloquial powers; *ibid.* His oratory resplendently displayed in vanquishing the pertinacious, prejudiced and narrow-minded resistance which he met with from lawyers in the house of Commons, 116. Character of Mr. Fox's oratory by Sir James Mackintosh, 119. Strictures on certain expressions of Burke and Mackintosh relative to Mr. Fox, *ibid.* & *seq.* Remarks on Mr. Burke's political apostacy, 125
France, Lacretelle's history of, 449. Domestic misfortunes of Louis XIV, *ibid.* Extravagance of the French at his funeral procession, 450. His will set aside by the parliament, 451. Duke of Orleans appointed regent, *ibid.* Liberates the Jansenists and entrusts Cardinal de Noailles with the direction of ecclesiastical affairs, *ib.* The reign of libertinism, 452. Death of the Duke of Orleans, 453. His character, *ibid.* Duke de Bourbon succeeds to the administration, 455. Edict against the protestants, *ibid.* Anecdote of Mademoiselle de Vernandois, 456. Louis XV. marries Maria Leczin-ska, the daughter of Stanislaus the dethroned king of Poland, *ibid.* Administration of Cardinal Fleury, 457. Sudden illness and recovery of Louis XVth, 458. Battle of Fontenoy, 459.
France, Lacretelle's history of, *vide* France.
French government, letter on the genius and disposition of the, 274. The object of the French faction in the United States discussed, 275. System of Buonaparte, 278. Military propensities of the French Government, 280. Buonaparte's original project for the seizure of Spain, 282. Military and pecuniary resources of Russia examined, 285. Mode in which the taxes are collected in France, 288.

Comparative Statement of the public burdens in France under the old and present government, 289
Frend's evening amusements, 442
Funeral sermon, 453
GALVANISM, Filzger's inquiries as to the influence of, 532
Geulis' Belsarius, 487
Geographical and historical view of the world, 299
Georgics, Graham's, British, 337
Gilpin's tour through Cambridge, &c. 372
Glenroy, Holstein's assassin of St. 105
Goblin Groom, a tale of Dunse, by Fenwick, 83
Godwin's essay on sepulchres, *vide* sepulchres.
Government, the voice of nature on the origin of, 528. An equality of rights impossible from the constitution of nature and contradicted by reason, experience and history, 529
Graham's British Georgics, 337.
Grandmaison's classical descriptions of love, 103
Gray's selection of the beauties of Beattie, 111
Gregory on experimental philosophy, 109
Grenfell's defence of bank notes, 435
Grenville's letter to Lord Fingal, 214
Guiscard, 105
Guy's spelling book, 108
HAGGIPS consecration sermon, 210
Heath's Bristol heiress, a tale, 97
Hero and **Leander**, 334
Helvetic republics, Naylor's history of the, 383
Hints on the economy of feeding stock, and bettering the condition of the poor, 201
History, Knapp's abridgement of universal, 221
History of the Helvetic republic, 383
History of the religious inquisitions of Italy, Spain, and Portugal, from their origin to the conquest of Spain, 460
Historical and political picture of the year 1806, proceeded by a coup d'œil of the five first years of the nineteenth century, 500

INDEX.

- History of the county of Brecknock, 241
 Jones's, vide Brecknock.
 Hodgson's Sir Edgar, a tale, 86
 Hunt's essay on methodism, 293
 Hunter on the venereal disease, 161
 Adam's commentary on, 311
 Husband and lover, 219
- INDIA, insurrection in, 419
 Inflammation, Serny's treatise on local, 176
 Influences of sensibility, 463
 Ingram's Quintilian, 446
 Inquisition of Italy, Spain, and Portugal, 463. Origin of ditto, 465.
 St. Dominic the first Inquisitor General under Pope's Innocent III.d. and Honorius III.d. 446.
 Origin of the seat of the Albigeois, 465. Character of Simon de Montfort, 466. Submission of Raymond to his arrest, 469.
 Courageous resistance of the count de Beziers, 467. The progress and establishment of the Inquisition favoured by Frederick II.d. 470.
 The revival of letters prejudicial to the Inquisition, 471. Inquisition first brought into Arragon, after the death of Peter the II.d. who was slain in the war of the Albigeois, 473. Encouraged in Castile by Isabella, wife of Ferdinand of Arragon. Views of Ximenes in supporting the Inquisition, 474. Observations on Charles Vth's impolitic conduct in the affairs of the Low Countries, 475
 Insurrection in India, 311
- JERVIS'S sermons on the claims of humanity, 98
 Jones's history of the county of Brecknock, vide Brecknock.
 Journal of a regimental officer during the campaign in Portugal and Spain under Lord Wellington, 176.
 Barbarous ravages of the French at Belem, 179. Palace of the Prince Regent at Cintra, 180. Houses at Redinha, *ibid.* A Portuguese funeral, 181. Battle of Talavera, 183
 Jubilee sermon, Nelson's, 99
 Jubilee sermon, Pless, 434
- KEY to Thompson's arithmetic, 334
 Knapp's abridgement of universal history, 221
- LACEY'S life of Erasmus, vide Erasmus, 391
 Lâcretelle's history of France during the eighteenth century, vide France.
 Latin prosody, Carey's, 395
 Lavalie's history of religious Inquisitions, vide Inquisition.
 Lectures on theology, 149
 Leslie's elements of geometry, 443
 Lenoir's French translation of Blair's sermon on the duties of the young, 110
 Letter on the late insurrection in India, 311
 Letters on the Morea, and the isles of Cerigo, Hydra, and Zante, vide Morea.
 Letter on the genius and dispositions of the French government, vide French.
 Letter from Lord Grenville to the Earl of Fingal, 214
 Lichtenau, memoirs of the Countess of, 519. Death of Frederick II.d. 522. Lichtenau arrested by the new king, 524. Is liberated and obtains the royal permission to bestow her hand on M. Holbein, an Austrian, 526. Character of the Earl of Bristol, 526
 Lochie's topography of London, 334
 London and its environs, Wakefield's perambulations in, 220
 Lost child, 104
 Love, Grandmason's classical description of, 103
 Lover and husband, 161
 Luxmore on strictures of the urethra, 209
- MACDONALD'S travels through Denmark and Sweden, 353
 Madras, letter on the late insurrection at, 311
 Marsh's lectures on theology, 149
 Melville's (lord) speech relating to the reports of the commissioners of naval revision, 331
 Melville, cursory remarks on the correspondence between Mr. Perceval and Lord, 215

INDEX.

- Memoirs of the countess de Lichtenau,** vide Lichtenau.
Memoirs of marchioness de Pompadour, vide Pompadour.
Mermaid not fabulous, 109
Methodism, a few words on the increase of, 213
Mines of the East opened by a society of amateurs, 539
Montagu, on the punishment of death, 261. The ascendancy of a selfish principle the most obvious in the history of legislation, 262. Inadequacy of the penal code to the purposes of justice, 264. Paley's defence of the criminal law, 265. Discretion vested in the judge, the only ground on which any pretension to the justice of the present system is supported, 269
Morea, Castellan's letters on the, 477. Description of the country-houses, which are called towers, *ibid.* Description of the towns of Coron, of Turkish justice, of the manner, usages and governments of the Mainotes, 478 & seq.
Morley on comports, 446
Murray's grammar examined, 221
Mylius' school dictionary, 430
- NATIONAL debts,** Crauford's essay on, 483
Naylor's history of the Helvetic republics, 383
Nelson's fasts and festivals of the church of England abridged, 100
Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Clarke's address to the burghesses of, 221
Northmore's Washington, or liberty restored, a poem, 89
- O. P. war,** rise and progress of the, 333
Onesimus examined, 219
- PAINTERS,** Edward's anecdotes of, 35. Origin of the beef-steak club, 38. Account of the Wrights, 38. Defence of Wilson against Sir Joshua Reynolds, 39. Some account of Gainsborough, 40. Of Hodges, 41
Paley's beauties, 144
Parke's rudiments of chemistry, 221
- Pearson's** remarks on Simeon's sermon, 325
Pearson on church communion, *ib.*
Perambulations in London and its environs, 221
Philopatris Varricensis's, character of Mr. Fox, 114
Philosophy, Gregory on experimental, 108
Philosophical transactions, 69. Crompton lecture on the function of the heart and arteries, *ibid.* Account of some experiments performed with a view to ascertain the most advantageous method of constructing a Voltaire battery for the purposes of chemical research, 71. Davy's account of some new analytical researches into the nature of certain bodies, particularly the alhals, phosphorus, sulphur, carbonaceous matter, and the acids hitherto undecomposed, with general observations on chemical theory, *ibid.* An account of a method of dividing astronomical and other instruments by ocular inspection, in which the usual tools for graduating are not employed, 79. A letter on a canal in the medulla spinalis of some animals, *ibid.* A numerical table of elective attractions, with remarks on the consequences of double decompositions, *ibid.* Account of the dissection of a human fœtus, in which circulation was carried on without a heart, *ib.* On the origin and formation of roots, 81. Of the nature of the invertebral substance in fish and quadrupeds, 82
Picture of the year 1806, 500. Character of lord Cornwallis, 501. Of lord Nelson, 502
Pilger's inquiries as to the influence of Galvanism in ascertaining the effects of certain poisons, or medicines on animal irritability, 533
Plan for registering and securing charitable donations, 443
Plee's jubilee sermon, 434
Plunket's dangers through life, 377
Poems, by Sir J. Carr, 215
Pompadour, memoirs of madame de, 505. Account of her first interview with Louis XVth, 506. Her first appearance at court, 507.

INDEX.

- Character of Louis XVth, 508.
 Madame de Pompadour becomes the favourite mistress of the king, 509. Marshall Saxe's remarks on the importance of Holland to Great Britain, 510. Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, 511. Character of Marshall de Saxe, 513. The origin of the war in 1756, attributable to the English, 515. Character of a court, 516. Sentiments on the christian religion, 517. Extraordinary trait of insolence and meanness in a prince, 518
 Poor laws, essay on the, 331
 Porchester's resolutions, 434
 Portugal, Chatelet's travels in, 401
 Portugal and Spain under Lord Wellington, journal of a regimental officer during the campaign in, 179
 Proseody, Carsey's latin, 395
 Psalms and hymns, selection of, 325
 QUINTILIAN, Ingram's, 176
 Quintus Curtius, translation of, 360
 RELIGIOUS emblems, 297
 Remarks on open love, 443
 Republics, Naylor's history of the Helvetic, 383
 Ricardo on the High Price of bullion, 100
 Romilly on the criminal law of England, 392
 Rudiments of chemical philosophy, 221
 SARAGOSSA, exposition of the most interesting circumstances attending the second siege of, 63
 Scenes in feudal times, 440
 Scripture characters 432
 Semple's journey in Spain, vide Spain.
 Sensibility, influences of, 417
 Sepulchres, Godwin's essay on, 29
 The sensations excited on visiting the spot where the ashes of genius and worth repose, 30. A visit to Westminster Abbey, 33
 Serry's treatise on local inflammation, 219
 Sights I have seen, 485
 Simeon's sermon, Pearson's remarks on, 325
 Smith on water meadows, 420
 Simeon's cautions to the public, 434
 Sonnets, 335
 Spain, Semple's journey in, 19. Impression which the state of affairs had made on the public mind at Lisbon, and the general disposition of the people in January 1809, 20. Friendly disposition of the Spaniards towards the English, 21. Resemblance between the manners and habits of the Scottish peasantry and those in many parts of Spain, 21. The ridge of the Sierra Morena, 22. Account of the Merino sheep, *ibid.* Of Seville, 23. Superstition of the Spaniards, 24. A singular custom of the Spaniards to a stranger, 25. Approach of Alcantara, 27. Ascent to the Sierra Nevada, 27. Similarity between the customs of the Spaniards and the Moors, 28
 Spirit of christianity, 434
 Spry's reflections on evangelical preaching, 67
 Strachan's public letter, 435
 Strictures of the urethra, Luxmore on, 209
 Subjugation of Europe, England the cause of the, 215
 Supplices Euripides, 225
 TALAVERA, battle of, 439
 Tegg on the rise and progress of the O. P. war, 333
 Theology, Marsh's lectures on, 149
 Thomas's religious emblems, 297
 Thompson's arithmetic made easy, 334
 Thompson on the cow-pox, 107
 Topography of London, 334
 Tour through Cambridge, Gilpin's, 372
 Transactions philosophical, vide philosophical, 87
 Travels through Denmark and Sweden, Macdonald's 353
 Treatise on the anatomy, pathology, and surgical treatment of aneurism, 316
 Tube's select passages, 434
 VALENTIA'S voyages and travels, 42. Grinding corn in India and Arabia always performed in the night, 43. Arrival at Geneter, the capital of the district of Agowms, *ibid.* An Abyssinian banquet, 44.

INDEX

Arrival at Chelicut, 45. At Am- talow, 46. Nocturnal vigilance of the Ras, <i>ibid.</i> . A game at chess, 48. Arrival at Adowa, 49. Account of an <i>ebelink</i> , 44. Of the mode of hunting, 51. Cere- mony of killing the cow in the presence of the Ras, 52. Account of a grand feast which took place in the great hall of the Ras' man- sion, 53. The travellers find an old man who went with Bruce to Gondar, 54. At Baraddo they inhabit a shed, part of which was occupied by a family of the Hazorta tribe, which was come to assist in getting in the harvest, 57. They arrive at Jidda; de- scription of <i>ditto</i> , 58. Arrival at Cairo, 59.	Voice of nature on the origin of government, 528
Veneral disease, Adam's commen- tary on Hunter's treatise on the, 293	UNIVERSAL history, Knapp's abridgment of, 221
Veto, 438	Urethra, Luxmore on strictures of the, 209
	WAKEFIELD'S perambulations in London and its environs, 328
	Wallace, or the flight of Falkirk, 149
	Washington, or liberty restored, a poem, by Northmore, 89
	Warner's Scriptura character, 432
	Water-meadows, Smith's observa- tions on, 490
	Watt's cases of diabetes, 411
	Wishart's treatise on the anatomy, pathology, and surgical treatment of aneurism, 316
	World, Bettr's appreciation of the, 494

END OF VOL. XIX.

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